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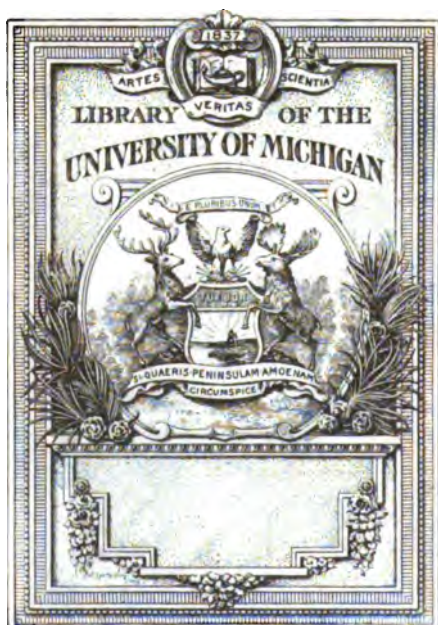
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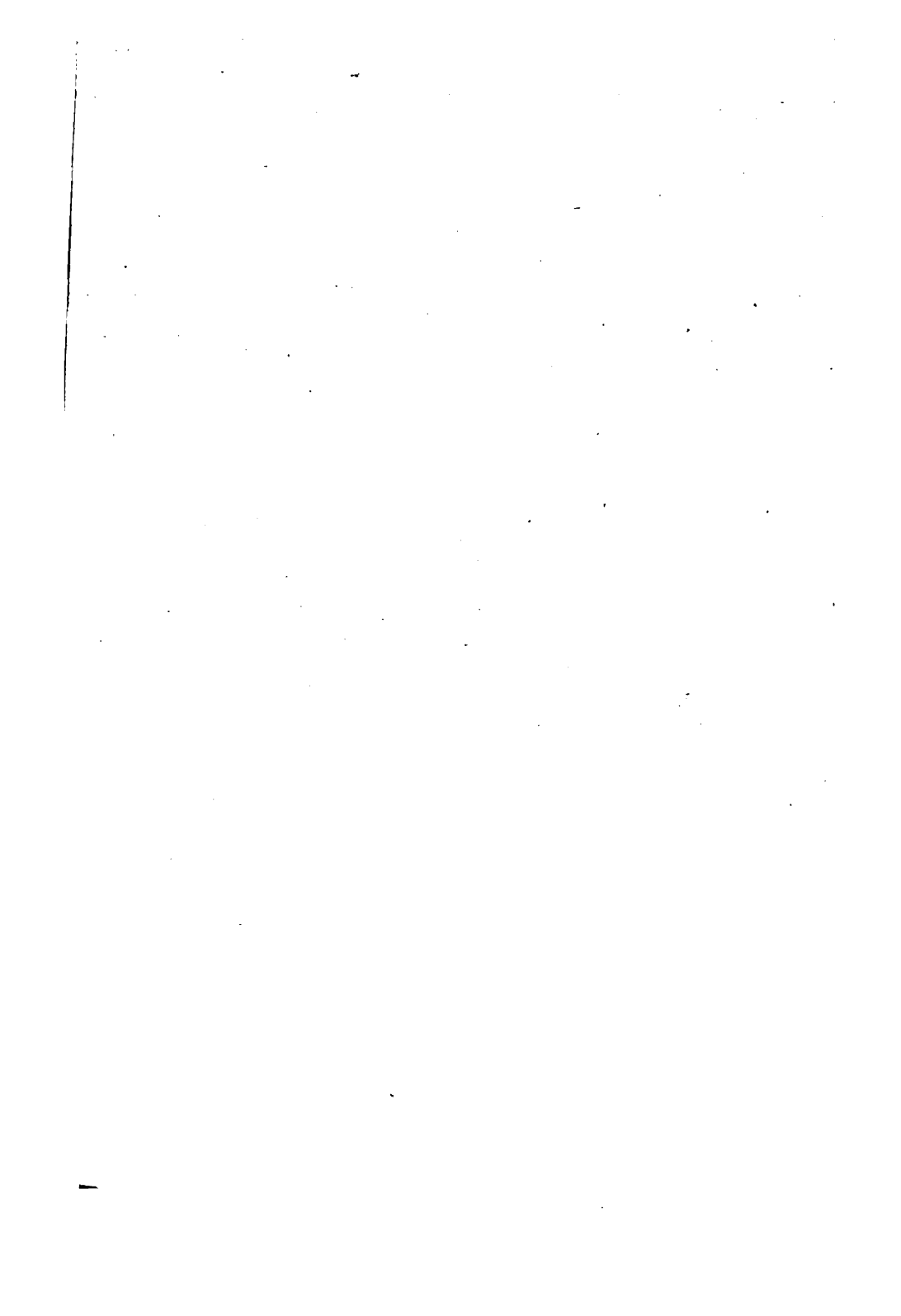
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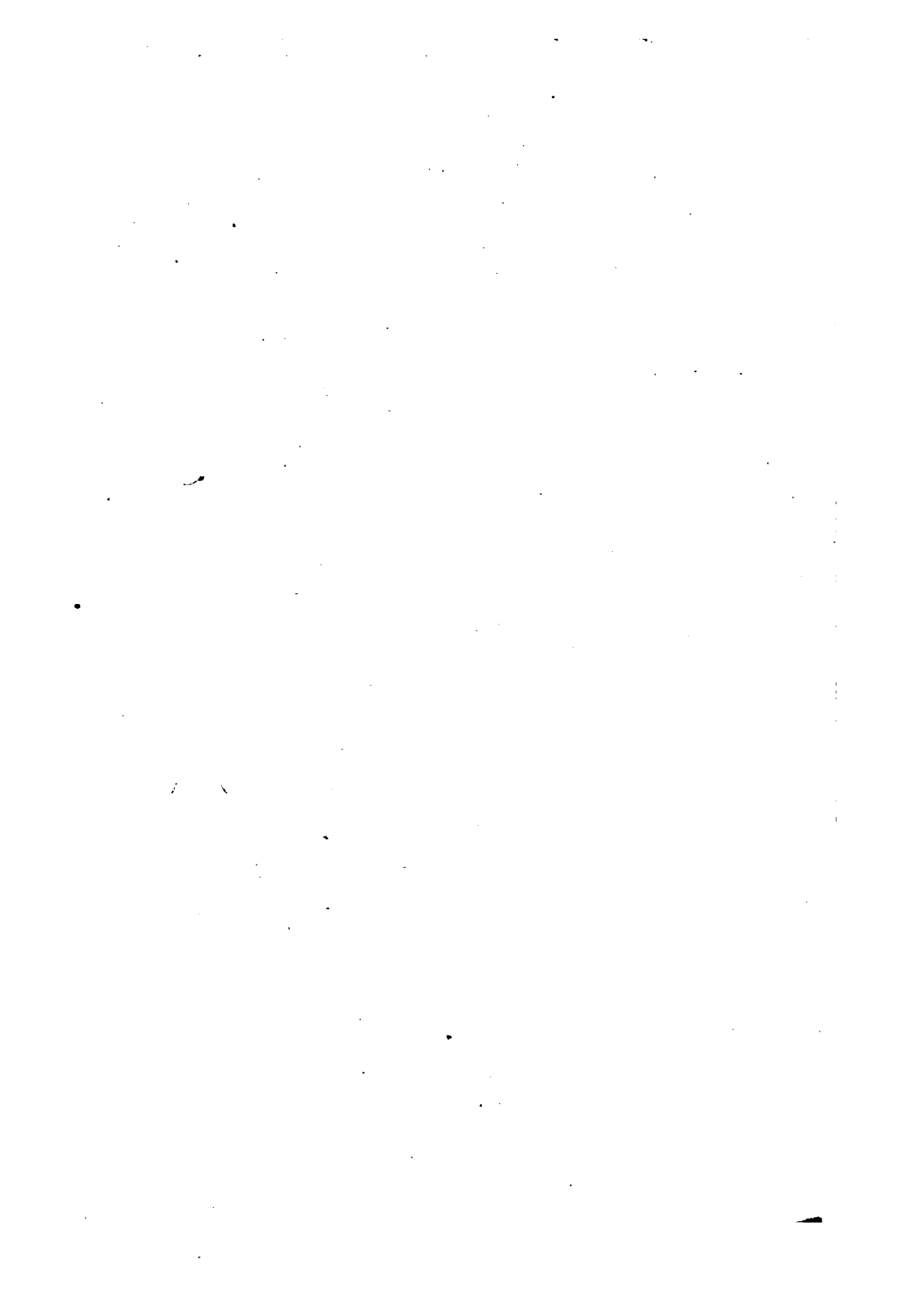


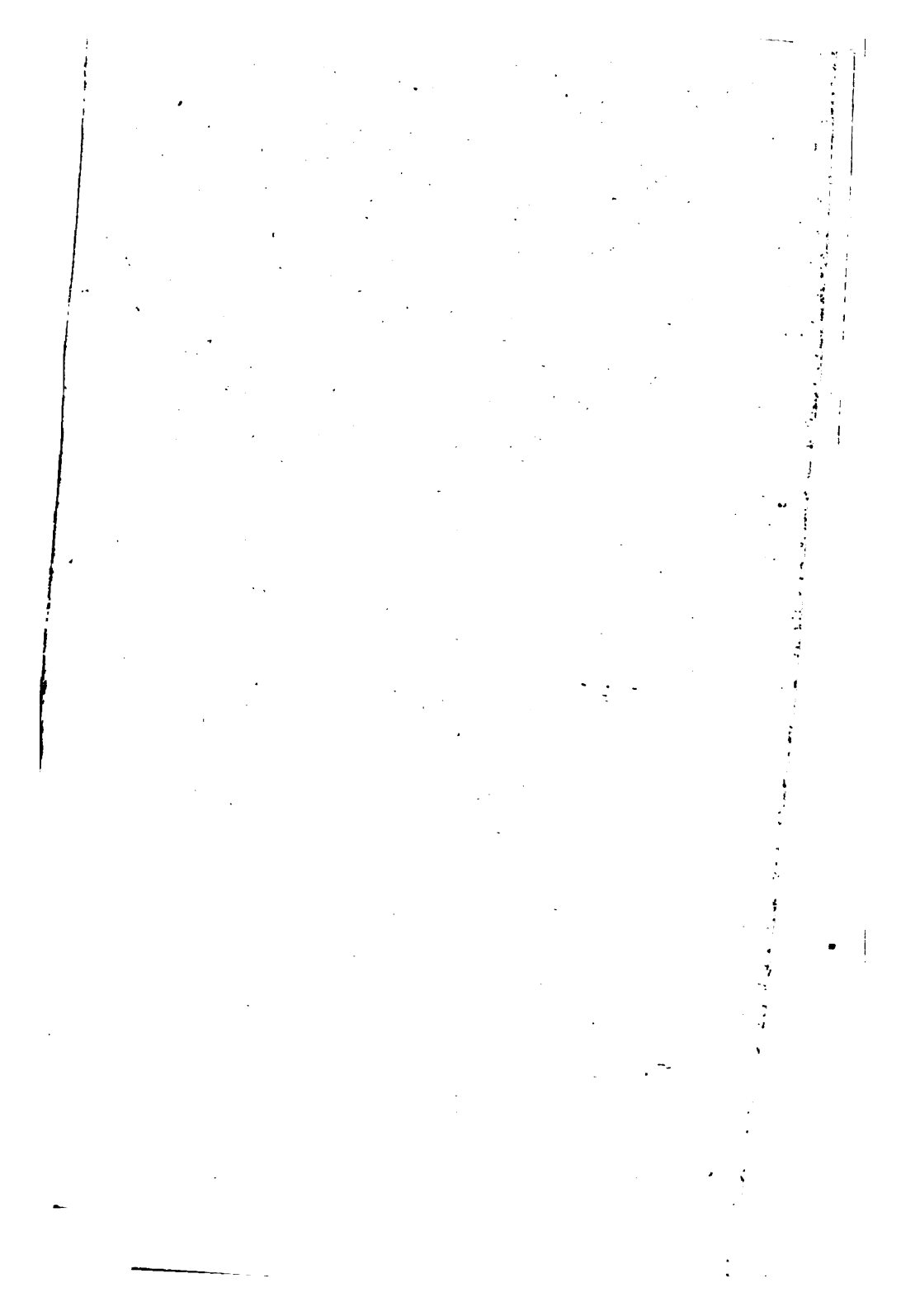
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HOLLAND

BOOKS BY MISS SINGLETON

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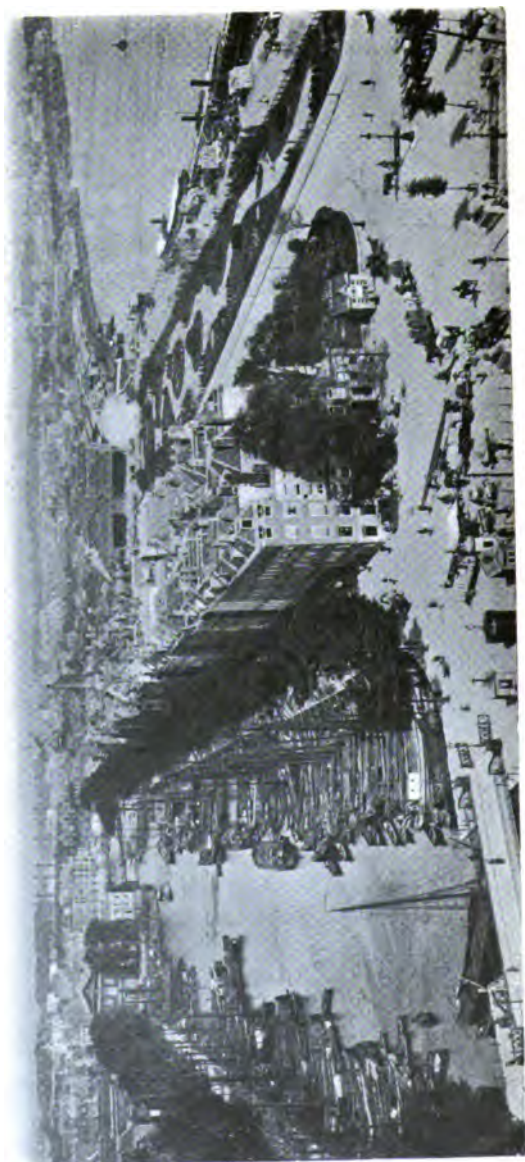
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HOLLAND.



GENERAL VIEW OF ROTTERDAM.

HOLLAND

As Seen and Described
by Famous Writers

Collected and Edited by
ESTHER SINGLETON

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS



New York
Dodd, Mead and Company
1906

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Published, March, 1906

PREFACE

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The purpose of this book, planned on similar lines to my former books on *Japan* and *Russia*, is to furnish the traveller with a general view of Holland. From many writers who treat of the history, topography, manners and customs and art of this interesting country, I have selected such essays and extracts as will best contribute towards this end; and have gathered between these covers such descriptive matter and general information as I think the tourist would like to carry with him, or to refresh his memory with on his return.

26.6.25 15-11-34
Holland has much to offer to the traveller: the country alone, with its meadows, polders, dykes and windmills, its canals and curious boats, its country-seats and farm-houses, its cities and towns, with their picturesque architecture, presents a series of pictures that the memory will ever retain. To the student of history, Holland is full of associations; the art-lover has the splendid galleries of the Rijks, The Hague and the Boymans, and the antiquary finds innumerable museums in the small towns. Those who love gaiety will find much to delight them at the "Venice of the North," The Hague and Scheveningen.

My plan has been to conduct the traveller from Amsterdam through North Holland into Friesland and Groningen, then along the shores of the Zuyder Zee into the Eastern provinces of Drenthe, Over-Yssel and Guelderland to

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PREFACE

Utrecht, South Holland, Limburg, Zeeland, South Holland again and North Brabant, thus obtaining a bird's eye view of each province.

I have ventured to include two brief descriptions of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, written last summer during my stay in those cities, when I also selected the illustrations.

E. S.

NEW YORK, *January, 1906.*

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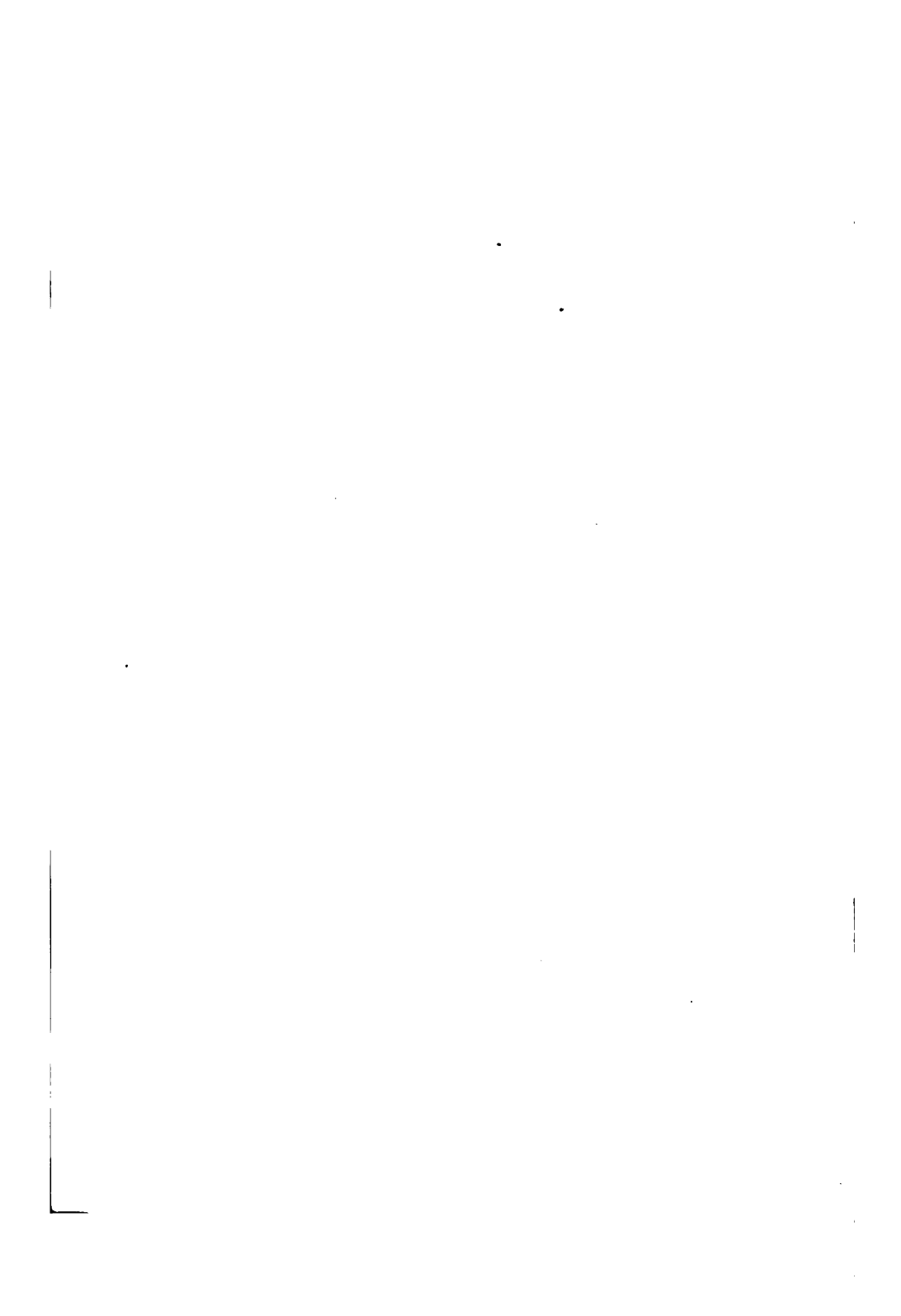
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THE COUNTRY

LOUIS VAN KEYMEULEN

IN the northwest corner of the Continent of Europe, on the borders of the North Sea, which, sometimes lapping and sometimes beating, surrounds it with its dull green waves, there lies a mass of sand and alluvion which rises almost imperceptibly by gentle inclines to join itself to the plains of Lower Germany and the moorlands of Belgium.

Gnawed by waves, swept by hurricanes, washed by long and frequent rains, enveloped in mist and fog, and saturated with water like a sponge, this wet land, without consistency, may be said to resemble a boneless body whose vascular system is monstrously exaggerated. The arteries here are rivers, rivulets and brooks; and the veins are canals, dykes, and trenches. In this network whose threads intersect and mingle in an infinite number of ways, the water ripples or sleeps,—that blood of Holland which gives her life and which sometimes threatens to destroy her.

Three large rivers, enriched by innumerable affluents, bring to the Low Countries the waters of Central Europe as well as a prodigious mass of terrestrial alluvion. These are the Scheldt and the Maas (Meuse), which, coming from France, pass through Belgium and enter the territory of the Low Countries on the southern frontier, one on the west, the other on the east; then both turn to the left and throw themselves into the sea, the first by means of two mouths, the second by three.

The Rhine comes from Germany and passes the frontier on the southeast at an altitude of fifteen metres above the level of the port of Amsterdam. It has barely entered the territory of the Netherlands, when it divides into two arms. The one on the left—the Waal—carries off two-thirds of the water, turns towards the west, and re-uniting at Loevenstein with one of the arms of the Maas then takes the name of Merwede, passes to Dordrecht, and, under the name of the Maas, empties into the sea. The one on the right divides at Arnhem into two arms, of which the more western, the new Yssel, flows into the Zuyder Zee. The other divides again, and forms on the left the Lek, which reunites with the Maas, while the arm on the right divides in its turn, at Utrecht, into the Vecht, flowing into the Zuyder Zee, and into the Old Rhine. The latter formerly extravasated itself into pools and marshes upon the sands, the feeble current not being able to overcome the obstacles. In 1808, the ocean was opened to it at Katwijk by a canal provided with colossal sluices.

In the delta of the Rhine, south of the Merwede, is a vast fluvial district call the Bilsbosch, which recalls one of the most terrible inundations of which Holland has been the theatre. On the 18th of November, 1421, on Saint Elizabeth's Day, a furious tempest from the northwest broke the dykes that protected this part of South Holland. The country was submerged, a hundred thousand persons perished and seventy-two villages were engulfed. They attempted to drain and dyke the territory of thirty-eight of them, but the others form to-day an archipelago of seventy

odd islets, the most of them uninhabited and covered with reeds separated by narrow canals.

In this maritime country the maritime province *par excellence* is Zeeland (country of the sea). Situated in the southwest of the kingdom, it is composed of seven islands: Walcheren, North and South Beveland, Tholen, Schouwen, Duiveland and Saint Philipsland, formed by the two arms of the Scheldt and one of the arms of the Maas. It also comprises a continental part, Zeeland Flanders, which forms on the left bank of the western Scheldt a straight band of territory, invaded by the ocean in the Fifteenth Century and reconquered again by it and again drained, and which, geographically, belongs more to Belgium than to Holland.

● North of the Zeeland archipelago and the estuaries of the Maas and the Scheldt extends the littoral of the two Hollands, the north and the south, the line of which is lightly deflected towards the northeast. It forms a sandy shore, above which rise the dunes that form here a natural rampart against the invasions of the ocean.

These dunes are hills of sand, whose height does not surpass fifteen metres. They form several parallel lines that rarely attain a league in width. Thanks to the frequent rains and the humidity that habitually saturates the atmosphere the white sand of which they are composed is of a certain fixity. Sometimes, however, it happens that the violent tempests displace the dunes or cause them to roll down into the valleys separating them. As a whole, these small sierras look like waves suddenly congealed.

On the summit of the dunes vegetation is rare and

meagre. The broom is the only plant robust enough to resist the wet and chilly storms from the sea as well as the dry blasts from the northeast. Its long green plumes sway and writhe in all the winds, whilst its sloping roots, pushed out in all directions help to bind the soil.

In the valleys the flora is richer and more varied. Patches of green and yellow moss stand out from the tawny white of the sand. Rushes, grasses and thistles are the neighbours of tufts of violets and broom. The dune rose opens its white corolla beside the pink blossom of the eglantine, and the thyme mingles its aromatic odour with the resinous effluvium of the pines and the junipers, whose sombre tints contrast with the light foliage of some small poplars and occasional clumps of stunted birches and willows.

A deep melancholy reigns upon the dunes. They are indeed mournful under the white light of the spring sunshine. At the approach of a tempest, when the sky is veiled with inky clouds, they become really sinister. Then, beneath that black vault, a wan light seems to issue from the whitish sand and you are seized with anguish, as if it were the landscape of a nightmare.

On the dunes are perched the villages of fishermen, the most celebrated of which is Scheveningen, which dominates a wave of fine sand in a gentle decline and which has become during the bathing-season the *rendez-vous* of fashionable Dutch society and of a polyglot crowd of cosmopolitan worldlings. Beyond the dunes like a quiet sea extends the immense green plain of Holland. Only three or four small hillocks

at Amersfoort, Gooiland, Leyden and Bergen-op-Zoom break this monotonous flatness.

This region, whose sandy soil was formerly covered with impenetrable forests, is of a marvellous fertility. It is truly the garden of Holland, a sort of northern Eden, with landscapes that evoke ideas of placid happiness and pious poetry. Fields of wheat, flax and colza alternate with the vast kitchen-gardens whose squares of green, white and red cabbages, beside long rows of poles, invisible under the light foliage and the long, pendulous pods of the beans and peas, variegates the scene with harshly contrasted colours. Then there are orchards full of fruit-trees, where all imaginable flowers are cultivated on a large scale, fields of roses beside fields of strawberries, interminable greenhouses, whose glass panes shining under the bright sunlight shelter marvellous orchids, incomparable chrysanthemums and all kinds of exotic flowers. English parks surround the villas, which are samples of every kind of architecture and painted in all the light and striking colours in the scale. In the meadows where the thick high grass is of an incomparable green owing to the wetness, handsome cows, mostly black and white, pasture tranquilly, sometimes raising their heads to follow with their serene eyes, like those of an Asiatic goddess, the square sail of a pinnae gliding on the mirror-like canal behind the road planted with limes, where a horse walks slowly upon the tow-path drawing the *trekschuyt*, the Dutchman's water conveyance. Everywhere on the horizon are outlined the large windmills, which are one of the most characteristic traits of the Dutch landscape. Often

made of wood and affecting the form of a little square house placed on a sort of pedestal, and sometimes made of stone with a round or polygonal tower, they are surrounded half-way up with a circular gallery that serves as a kind of balcony, and they are painted in the brightest colours. They work the pumps used to drain the sunken land, grind grain, thresh rice and barley, triturate chicory, pulverise shells for cement, and perform many other industrial duties.

Forests are rare; some small pine woods are to be found in the neighbourhood of the dunes, and near Alkmaar, Haarlem and The Hague are woods in which the beech, which sometimes attains a colossal size, dominates.

The roads, often paved with hard bricks and perfectly arranged and kept up with a care that makes Holland the paradise of cyclists, are bordered with elms, willows and mountain ashes or limes. One of the most beautiful, without any doubt, is that which leads from The Hague to Scheveningen between rows of ancient trees throughout its extent of three miles, and bordering it are innumerable country villas with bright flower-gardens that perfume the air.

A part of Dutch soil was formerly covered with large lakes, lagoons and marshes formed by the invasions of the sea and the overflowing of the rivers. Since the end of the Sixteenth Century the greater number have been dyked, drained and converted into pastures and agricultural lands at the cost of persevering efforts and enormous expense. These are called *polders*, and these low regions, often several metres below the sea-level, are no less fertile and cultivated than the zone which is soon to be described, but they present

a very different aspect and one that is absolutely characteristic. Everything here reveals a human creation made on a utilitarian and practical plan—the work of engineers, geometricians and agriculturists. The parcels of land are perfectly rectangular and are bordered with straight roads and crossed by canals and ditches that cut them at right angles. The picturesque is represented solely by the mills for draining them, and these standing on the dykes in rows—sometimes numbering a hundred—show on the horizon their high silhouettes and the febrile motion of their long arms.

There are four islands in the Zuyder Zee: Wieringen; Urk, which the families of fishermen share with seals; Schokland, so often submerged that the inhabitants abandoned it in 1845; and, finally, Maarken, whose population, in its picturesque costume, has established its dwellings, its church and its cemetery upon eight artificial hillocks, the peaks only emerging from the sea.

Low banks, dyked in the dangerously menaced places, bordered with meadows, fields and gardens broken by the outlets of rivers and canals, surround the Zuyder Zee from North Holland to Friesland in traversing the provinces of Utrecht, Over-Yssel and Drenthe.

West of the Zuyder Zee is situated Friesland, joined by a bridge across the islands of the coast to the most northern point of Holland. On the littoral of Friesland and Groningen, which lies east of it, the sea recoils before the invasion of the land. Incessant deposits of marine alluvion elevate the *nodden*, those soft shores whose mud shines in the sunlight and which form a transition between the earth and the

ocean. Soon the sea-weeds and marsh-grasses spring up and salt meadows are formed; here flocks of sheep come to pasture where seals once sported and swam. Finally, the engineers come to dyke and drain and dig canals and ditches. A new district is conquered from the sea.

The fat pastures and the opulent glebes of Groningen form a vast and verdurous plain whose flatness is broken only by the *terpen*, little hillocks, which are the work of the people who sought refuge upon them before the dykes were built. On every side the horizon is lost to sight beneath the mists, which are sometimes white and transparent, at sometimes grey and opaque. Here and there the landscape is enlivened by a spruce little village, grouped around its pointed clock-tower. A grove of trees half hides a farm-house, low but spacious and prepossessing in appearance; in Friesland it has two stories; in Groningen, it has all the comfort and luxury of a town house.

Here, as everywhere in Holland, the country is cut by beautiful shady roads and a labyrinth of canals for navigation, irrigation and drainage. In Groningen and Friesland there are immense bogs which spread over a portion of the provinces of Drenthe and Over-Yssel and continue into Guelderland and Brabant on the borders of the Zuyder Zee and along the Lek, the Vecht and the Maas, covering a part of the peninsula of North Holland, and in certain places only ending at the foot of the dunes.

The landscape of the bogs is characteristic. It is a sad and solitary plain, covered with marsh-grass; and here and there rises a willow or a group of bushes fantastic in

form. Among the rushes and the reeds are sleepy ponds whose stagnant water, coloured by organic matter, is often of a brownish or violet hue. In the high regions, like Drenthe, which rises about sixteen metres above the level of the sea, one sees sometimes towards the end of the summer a rising smoke that covers the whole country and veils the horizon with its clouds and from which issues a penetrating odour that the wind carries as far as Belgium, Germany and even the north of France. The soil is burning for hundreds of acres. The peasants have set fire to it by means of a torch. When the fire is extinguished, the ashes are mingled with the subsoil. In the following spring the fields will be in a flourishing state in the places thus fertilised. More and more, however, is this system being supplanted by more scientific and rational methods.

Often, in the ditches dug to extract the peat, are found the trunks of pines, oaks and poplars,—the *débris* of the forests that covered the country in the first centuries of our era. There, where the spongy, soft and muddy bed vibrates and trembles beneath your foot, these trees rise slowly and finally emerge above the surface. In the bogs of the lower regions another phenomenon is occasionally seen. A portion of the bank of a lake is suddenly detached, and, driven by the wind, becomes a floating island. Whole meadows have been seen to part from the bank with the cows upon them continuing to graze peacefully.

The region of the *landes* borders that of the bogs in the provinces of the southeast. Here the country is at once dryer and flatter. Under the greyish brown mantle of the

heath that covers it, it undulates in folds and in Guelderland even swells into a series of hills, half arid and naked and half covered with pines, which forms the chain of the Veluwe. In places a tuft of green broom with yellow flowers stands out upon the sombre uniformity of the heaths that carpet the ground. When August comes, the heath blossoms gaily in pink and violet, and the air is filled with the humming of bees. The juniper with its almost black foliage stands solitary in these *steppes* whose horizons inspire inexpressible sadness and vague terror. In the midst of such solitude, where nothing speaks of man nor the work of man, it is hard to believe that you are in Holland. In the far distance the silence is occasionally broken by the joyous note of the lark, or the rapid and gentle tramp of a flock of sheep that are grazing here and there in a more moist hollow. Occasional huts with pointed roofs shelter some poor peasants who try to fertilise this corner of the earth, so arid and ungrateful in the eyes of the agriculturist, but so full of charm for the poet and dreamer.

In the heaths of Drenthe, vaster than all the others, are found erratic blocks of granite brought from Scandinavia by the waves of the North Sea. Sometimes portions of these rocks, coarsely chipped and piled together, cover sepulchres which are called in this country "beds of the Huns," but which are probably of Celtic origin, whilst the tumuli in the neighbourhood are the work of the Germans.

Here, where many rivulets meander through groves of elms and birches, the grass grows thick and high, affording pasturage to milch cows and fattening oxen, while farms



FISHING BOATS LANDING THEIR CATCH.

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with thatched roofs are shaded by leafy elms, and little villages are picturesquely grouped around their church.

In Limburg, the most southern of the provinces of Holland, lying on the right bank of the Maas in the form of a long narrow band, you feel far away from the land of polders, dykes and canals. Geographically, you are on Belgian soil.

At once fertile and picturesque, Limburg exhibits a rich culture of cereals and industrial plants, side by side with attractive and pretty rather than magnificent landscapes. Numerous rivulets with clear and lively waters, rapid of motion, wind capriciously in the depths of the verdurous valleys between the hills partly covered with woods in which coniferous trees predominate. Here and there a feudal ruin rears its silhouette on the top of an escarpment. Little torrents of water descend in foam and turn the wheel of some mill. The valley of the Geul and that of the Gulp offer particularly fresh and gracious landscapes. To the traveller who comes from a visit to the polders of Beemster and the bogs of Friesland, the miniature mountains here, of which Bescheiberg, of two hundred metres, is the highest, seem Alps or Himalayas.

Near the Maas and on the Belgian frontier there rises the mountain of Saint Peter, a hundred and twenty metres high, perforated, pierced and hollowed out by the quarries that furnish calcareous stones for the whole country. This labyrinth of about two thousand galleries has served as a refuge for entire populations during the religious wars. On the east, near the Prussian frontier, is the coal-mine of

Kerkrade, whose layers then even with the ground were exploited as early as the Twelfth Century. It is the only coal-mine in the kingdom.

Politically, one step to the right or one step to the left, and we are out of the Netherlands. Geographically, we have already left the country.

HYDRAULIC WORKS

ALPHONSE ESQUIROS

WHEN the first inhabitants arrived on the soil of the Netherlands, what did they find? A marsh.

Fortunately these ancient pioneers were Batavians and Frisons; the former belonged to the Saxon race, a race patient and powerful, born for the conquest of the soil; while the Frisons, whose origin is not thoroughly known, were a branch of the Germanic or Saxon family. They came in the train of ice and erratic boulders; for the deluges of man follow the path traced by nature in the great outbursts of the elements. These barbarians wanted a country, and vowed to give themselves one. It was a world to form; they must begin as in the ancient cosmogonies, by separating the earth from the surface of the waters. The cradle of the Netherlands consisted of a few sterile, shifting spots of ground, the possession of which the overflowing rivers and high tides disputed with each other.

The genius of the Netherlands has grown in an incessant struggle with the elements. This country, inhabited by a numerous and flourishing population, is entirely artificial. Were it not for the Dutch, Holland would not exist. This country is their work, their creation, and they have a right to say, in the words of the Bible, *et vidit quod esset bonum*. Were it not for art, such a region would never have seen light. Were it not for the incessant vigilance of its inhab-

itants, it would speedily be lost. Its birth is a miracle of human genius; its preservation, a prodigy.

The hydraulic history of the Netherlands may be divided into three periods: the dyke-works, undertaken against the sea and rivers; the creation of polders; and the employment of machines to dry the internal lakes.

The first inhabitants encamped on hillocks and mounds themselves raised. This position was necessarily molested by the peculiar state of the rivers, which were a species of vagabond torrents inconstant to their bed, and at each movement ravaged the timid essays of cultivation. It was requisite that art should give banks to the streams and the waters learn to flow regularly to the sea. The first date of dyking the country cannot be established, but it is believed that the Cimbri formed dykes which were destroyed but afterwards restored on the same foundations. These artificial banks protected the growing cultivation; without them Holland would have remained what it originally was, an uninhabitable land. A tradition has it that the first dyke in Southern Holland was formed against the Rhine in the lowlands in the vicinity of Leyden. This system spread, and similar works were employed to prevent the irruption of the Meuse. Historians are not agreed as to the origin of these works, some attributing them to the lords, others to the people. The nobility had formerly a share in the establishment of dykes, but it would be an error to suppose that the castles were the starting-point of the hydraulic system, for many towers which command the course of rivers and streams are, on the contrary, of a much more recent date than the embankments.

These ramparts of earth were at first constructed district-wise: the proprietors of the soil clubbed and formed a species of nautical insurance to protect themselves against the overflow of the waters. The hydraulic districts were more or less extensive, more or less constituted in accordance with the defensive requirements. Not only were the feudal nobility strangers to the movement, but the administration of the waters (*Waterstaat*) gave birth to a new nobility of thoroughly plebeian origin. The Counts of the Dykes, as the inspectors intrusted with watching the streams were called, enjoyed very extensive powers, which, at periods of a crisis, surpassed even the authority of the Counts properly so called.

Everywhere nobility was originally grafted on the conditions of conquest, and as in Holland the enemy was the ground, those functions which produced the victory of man over the elements were from the earliest period honoured. Before the Christian era, Drusus had a canal dug to join the Yssel with a branch of the Rhine; half a century later, the Romans connected another branch of the Rhine with the Lek, which at that period was but a small stream; and lastly, in our time, gigantic works have united the same river to the North Sea. It would be too long a task to recall the other conquests gained over the rivers of Holland, those dangerous friends of the country.

The processes of embankment vary with the obstacles that have to be surmounted. At one spot the dykes are simple earthwalls; elsewhere the uneven or shifting soil is covered with a layer of fascines, while in some instances it is necessary to support these ramparts with brickwork. In

spite of these great labours, well adapted to give a grand idea of the people that made them, the state of the Dutch rivers leaves much to desire.

The education of rivers, if we may be permitted to employ the image, would have been as nothing without another system of embankment and protection against the sea. The ocean, that great destroying force, limits itself by its dunes; but human industry has been obliged to support and fortify the girdle of sand behind which the Netherlands are sheltered. As the country is generally flat, these dunes form relative chains of mountains. These advanced works, which seem, as it were, a bulwark against the waters and a shelter from the tempest, require constant repairs. The Dutch cover these dunes with a species of bulrush or reed, which is known by the name of *Arundo arenosa*, or Sand Reed. It is planted in spring or autumn, and protected from dangerous winds by straw. When this weed has taken root, it unites and consolidates the shifting mass of sand; it is the vegetable cement of the Dutch coast. The dunes have, in addition to the wind, a very serious enemy in the rabbit. This indefatigable miner craftily attacks the dry soil, which stands like a padding between the sea and the interior of the country. Hence a constant surveillance is requisite to repair the damage committed by this feeble animal. On all those points of the littoral where these natural dykes did not exist, they have been created; sometimes it has even been necessary to strengthen them with wood, stone or rubble. The sight of these works gives a lofty idea of human power; it is difficult to imagine how much perseverance, courage and sagacity

the Dutch have displayed in this combined system of artificial and natural defences, which now form Holland's buckler against the sea.

In order to understand the extent and nature of the dangers to which the Netherlands are daily exposed, we must describe what the Dutch engineers call the water-scale. A large portion of the Netherlands is situated much below the level of the sea and the rivers. To estimate these differences of position, art has traced an imaginary line, which is called the Amsterdam level. This stands to the other degrees of the hydraulic scale as the zero of the thermometer does to the different degrees of temperature. Starting from this basis, it has been found possible to form an idea of the relative position of land and water to each other in the kingdom of the Netherlands. The results of these calculations, we are bound to state, are anything but reassuring. During bad weather, or, to speak the local language, during the northwest tempest, the tide rises near Katwyk 11 feet above the Amsterdam level; the tide of the Meuse near Rotterdam, 10 feet 6 inches, and that of the Lek, near Vianen, 17 feet. We can see from this what would become of a country placed under such conditions were the hand of man withdrawn.

Industry has drawn Holland out of nothingness; and it is industry that preserves it. The system of sluices is combined with that of the dykes, as a means of defence against the waters. It has been said that the Dutch have no architecture. Some civil or religious buildings protest against this opinion, which is far too exclusive; but it must be always

borne in mind that the building art is moulded on the nature and necessities of a country. Now, in Holland, the truly national architecture is the hydraulic architecture, which has produced immense and colossal constructions. The first sluices were of wood: at the present time they are monuments of stone and the most magnificent works that can be seen. The peculiarity of this art is not elegance, but strength. To form an idea of the style of such works you must visit the great Amsterdam sluices, and especially the buildings at Katwyk. This fortress, raised against the sea, has truly a stern and imposing character. Three sluices succeed each other at the mouth of the Rhine, in the canal intended to support the failing strength of the river and protect Holland on this side. On tempestuous days it is considered prudent to make concessions to the sea. The sluice gates nearest the mouth of the river allow a passage to the waves, which dash madly at the second gate and are broken against it. These masses of stone which defy the ocean, these powerful machines directed by art founded on experience, these gates which open and shut according to the current and bent of the waters and direction of the wind—all these reveal the existence of an admirable and complicated system; all announce a species of administrative providence that watches over Holland.

The dykes, sluice-gates, and all the great defensive works erected against the "external waters," as the rivers and sea are called here, would not have suffered to render Holland habitable if the country had not also discovered the art of getting rid of the "internal waters." In conse-

quence of rains and the overflow of rivers from time immemorial, pools, lagoons, and perpetual marshes were formed, extending a long distance inland, and everywhere defying cultivation. Another cause for the presence of water was the extraction of peat. Owing to the want of wood, the inhabitants were constrained to ransack the earth in order to warm themselves, and the exhausted peat-beds were soon converted into lakes. Holland presented then the singular spectacle of people incessantly menaced by inundations, yet incessantly occupied in producing water. It is against such a state of things and such dangers that the hydraulic art was summoned to re-act by the creation of polders. This name, derived from a Dutch word signifying inclosed lands, was given to the ancient marshes, which the first inhabitants surrounded by weak dykes and supplied with clumsy sluices. The system of polders became developed with the progress of agriculture and industry. In the infancy of the hydraulic art the employment of machinery was unknown, and it was not till a later date that one of the enemies of Holland, the wind, was put under contribution to dry the land. It is impossible to say who built the first mills destined to draw the water off the polders, but a tradition leads to the belief that this system was practiced in Holland toward the beginning of the Fifteenth Century. It is said that in 1408 there lived in Alkmaar in Northern Holland a certain Florent Alkmade, who put up an hydraulic wind-mill. This mill served as a model for many other machines of the same nature, and the invention speedily spread even to remote districts.

At the outset these mills were small and incomplete; they would only act with the wind blowing from one quarter, the northwest, but gradually they increased in power. At the close of the Fifteenth Century the employment of mills in the Dutch polders had become general. From this period date the regular dyking of the lowlands, the formation of trenches to discharge and guide the water, the construction of sluice-gates to establish the level between the reservoirs: in a word, a tolerably scientific system of desiccation. Through this discovery the internal state of the country was changed and agriculture could spring up. At the present day mills of all shapes and dimensions stand in the middle of rich plains, whose superfluous waters they draw off: their busy wings are in the distance blended together in a tranquil sky, and give the landscape a singular character. Some of these mills are true edifices, which seek the wind at a considerable height; others, smaller and built of wood or brick, are very prettily finished off. This rustic coquetry—these huge sails which flutter in the air like the wings of gigantic and fabulous birds; this *tic-tac* blended with the rustling sound of the waters, spread over the calm nature of Holland an undefinable charm and movement. Elsewhere mills, those monuments of a pastoral life, are only employed in one way; but here, on the contrary, they are hydraulic machines, saw and flour-grinding-mills. You see some polders served by a single small mill, while several large mills are employed in draining others. Formerly efforts were limited to draining ground at no great depth; but since science has progressed, the wind is called upon to exhaust



DYKE WITH WINDMILLS IN SOUTH HOLLAND.

1911

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even deep marshes. The polders have given Holland a second nature; this country, agriculturally regarded, is placed under most peculiar conditions. Elsewhere, it is necessary to create the produce of the soil, but here the soil itself must be created. When you now see this land, fabricated and kept up by the hand of man, covered in summer with rich pasturage, fruit and vegetables, and frequently abundant crops, you cannot sufficiently admire the condition of the art which has converted land buried beneath the waters into a garden.

One of the difficulties consisted in maintaining the balance between the private interests of the polders and the general interests of the hydraulic system to which Holland owes her existence. All this could only be regulated by an administration possessing precise and delicate knowledge. When we reflect that the sea is for Holland an indefatigable enemy and think of the net-work of dykes, ramparts and canals which are connected together, and all forming links of a system; when we calculate the terrible consequences of the slightest neglect in a country where a mole or a rat-hole may imperil the safety of a dyke and open a passage for the water, we are no longer surprised that from the earliest age the functions of the Waterstaat have been considered most important. These offices were conferred by the States-General and exclusively on men of the Reformed faith. At Delft there is still a special school, in which pupils are educated in hydraulic engineering. This body of civil engineers is the real army which watches over the defence of the country. It is almost impossible to form an idea how scientifically the sluice-gates must be worked not to open the

gates to the enemy, or what practical and minute art must preside over the harmony of the waters throughout the interior of the country. It is our conviction that the Dutch alone are capable of this continual and methodical surveillance, without which their country might disappear at any moment beneath the sea. It is owing to their perseverance, the skill of the engineers, and the enormous outlay contributed to by all the citizens that Holland strives against the waves, and still floats on the surface. *Luctor et emergo!*

The success obtained in drying the polders, some of which are twelve to fifteen feet below the natural surface, necessarily inspired man with great confidence in his resources. It was, in fact, a premium of encouragement to undertake even more daring works. In the Seventeenth Century, considerable stretches of land were, so to speak, dragged from the bosom of the waters. The first drainage on a great scale took place in North Holland, in 1614. Lakes formed by nature, especially the Beemster, Purmer, and Schermer, were changed by the hand of industry into one of the finest and richest estates in the Netherlands. An observer of that day, William Temple, tells us of his surprise and admiration on seeing an old lake two leagues in diameter (the Beemster) on which cattle were grazing. This ground, divided by canals, traversed by regular roads, and bordered by avenues of trees, formed, even in his day, one of the prettiest landscapes imaginable. From 1608 to 1640, twenty-six lakes were thus transformed into polders in the same province. In 1820, there were more than 15,000 acres of drained land in North Holland, while in the south the quantity of land

restored to agriculture amounted in 1844 to 72,500 acres. Since then the waters have been drawn off the Nootdorp polder, which was a marsh, and on its site a little village has been built.

In spite of so many victories gained over the external enemy, a dangerous and restless guest disturbed the peace of Holland: we mean Haarlem Lake. This lake the Dutch saw created. The history of its formation should be studied in the old maps, where the development of this mass of water, which ended by intimidating Leyden and Amsterdam, can be followed step by step. In 1531, there existed near Haarlem four insignificant lakes on whose banks three villages flourished, whose names alone have been preserved. In 1591, one of these villages had already disappeared; in 1647, it was all over with the other two. The lakes were at first separated; in 1531, there only existed between the Haarlem and Leyden lakes an opening so narrow that, according to the old chronicle, it could be crossed on a plank; and in 1647, the four lakes were united, and their several names blended into that of the Haarlem Lake. Only one point of land, Beinsdorp, still remained above water; but in 1687, it had diminished and the Meer was still increasing. It had gradually attained a circumference of eleven leagues. It was a sea, and a stormy one, too. On the Meer naval actions were fought; fleets of seventy flat boats manœuvred and several vessels perished. We saw at Haarlem, in the natural history collection of Dr. Van Breda, two specimens of the *Silurus glanis* caught in this lake, and which are the largest of all fresh-water fish. In turn, calm or violent, this lake

seemed to obey special laws of its own. On November 1, 1755, it was afflicted at the moment of the famous Lisbon earthquake. Crossing its waters was perilous, and shipwrecks frequently took place. Like those animals which become more savage with age, the Haarlem Meer daily displayed a more wild character. At each heavy storm mountains of waters were seen to rise in this inland sea and dash violently against the defensive works, over which they hurled clouds of spray. Haarlem Lake remained in existence until, on November 9, 1836, the waters, impelled by a furious westerly wind, dashed over the dykes and roads, and reached the very gates of Amsterdam. This event decided the fate of the Haarlemmer Meer; the lake had threatened Amsterdam, and Amsterdam said to the lake: "You shall disappear."

From that day, in fact, its sentence was pronounced; and the only point was to find the means for carrying it into effect. The drainage of the Haarlem Lake had been several times proposed, and various systems had been brought to public notice. In 1643, an engineer and mill-maker in North Holland, John Adrian Leegh Water, seeing the peril that menaced Holland if the Haarlemmer Meer continued to exist, published at Amsterdam a small work, the conclusion of which was: "We must get rid of this ruinous and invading mass of water." *Ergo, delendum est mare!* To this work ("Haarlemmer Meer Boek") were added a plan of desiccation and a map. The author of the project required one hundred and forty mills to pour the lake water into the sea. This project met with more than one objection; it would have been necessary for the wind to blow strongly

and long in the same direction for the mills to work properly. Many other systems were produced; but to extract this powerful mass of water a considerable force was needed, independent of the variations of the atmosphere, and solely and entirely submitted to the will of man. These embryonic plans were, as regarded the means of execution, only Utopian; a discovery was wanting which would remove all obstacles, and render the most daring designs of human genius practicable. That discovery was the power of steam. Such a mighty invention utterly changed, in fact, the conditions of this difficult and hitherto daring work. In April, 1840, a commission set out from Holland for England, with orders to make inquiries about steam and pumping machinery. Nothing that had been hitherto done or practised was applicable to the Haarlemmer Meer: an entirely new system of machinery was needed. After a few experiments, the principal organs of the new apparatus were formed. It was less a machine than a colossal and animated being; the name of Leegh Water was given it, in memory of the man who had first ventured to counsel the drainage of the sea. The Leegh began removing the water by itself on June 7, 1847. Two other machines came to its aid, one on June 7, 1848, the other in the commencement of April, 1849. At the present day the drainage is an accomplished fact.

THE DUTCH RACE

ZABOROWSKI

HOLLAND, geographically speaking, is an entirely new country, with the exception of two or three regions, such as Limburg and South Brabant, which are joined to Belgium. Its soil is of contemporary formation, so to speak, and, what is more, it has only recently been inhabited. Anthropologically, it has not a long history, but that is no reason for saying that certainly there are no old races to be found there. Like all lands of the same kind, long unfertile, and even now largely insalubrious, although it may have been settled recently, it has served as a refuge for tribes that are descendants of the most ancient dwellers in the neighbouring regions.

Thanks to its situation, and the special conditions that have more than once protected it against armed invasion, families of ancient races have been preserved there better than elsewhere, far from mixtures and changes. This is the general rule. And if we keep this in mind we shall certainly not be surprised to find something archaic in the physiognomy, manners and customs of the Dutch.

It is customary to refer their origin to the three Germanic races: Frisians, Saxons and Franks; and the territory of the Low Countries has been, in fact, under the exclusive domination of the Frisians on the north and west, the Franks on the south as far as the Rhine and on the east, and the Saxons all through the east.

Different dialects, moreover, indicate the respective limits of these three dominations, almost as they were already established in the reign of Charlemagne; but one would be mistaken in thinking that one grasped in this way all the essential elements of Dutch ethnology. The Franks were but a very small minority of the races that for a moment constituted their empire. We know also that the Saxons, whose invasion does not antedate that of the Franks, were largely, three centuries later, rooted out of the land that they had conquered. Historically, the Frisians seem to be the real indigenous tribes of Holland. As far back as we can go, we find them in the province that still bears their name and is occupied by their descendants. In the first centuries of our era they were even the sole masters of nearly the whole of the Low Countries—the entire coast, at least, from the Weser to the Scheldt. There they remained unattacked, or at least unexpelled, for more than a thousand years. The Frisian language was the sole one spoken on the coast from Flanders to Jutland till the year 800; it did not yield place to Dutch till 1498.

In all probability, the Frisian comes from the primitive Germanic or Cymric stock. Their country is only an out-of-the-way corner of the region in which the Germanic languages formed and from which that people issued. Later on they mixed with the Saxons, and perhaps with the Angles, who went to settle Great Britain. The true Germanic type is that to which belong almost all the skeletons found in such numbers in the "grave lines" (*Reihengrober*) of the ancient territories of the Franks, Allemani, Burgundians, Bavarians,

Saxons, etc. These skeletons are of men tall, blonde, and of capacious and long heads, in accordance with ancient description. The brunette element, represented in Denmark in its purity by nearly three per cent. of the population, also penetrated into Friesland. The great majority of the inhabitants there have still an extremely pale complexion, eyes of different tones of blue, and blonde hair.

The inhabitants of Maarken, on the other side of the Zuyder Zee, are noted for their fidelity to their ancient customs and are rightly considered to have preserved the original characteristics of the Dutch more purely than anywhere else. Foreigners visit them in order to learn the manners and customs of former days. And this constant contact has not yet changed them in the least. To the present day they are particular not to marry outside their own circle. Dr. Sasse does not hesitate to call them Frisians. And if they are Frisians, it is among them, even more than in Friesland, that the type of that race is preserved. If, as historians tell us, they were not settled in Maarken till the Thirteenth Century, in any case they represent the population of the country as it was more than five hundred years ago. These islanders are generally taller than their neighbours on the coast. They have straight and prominent noses, long and somewhat bony faces, very bright eyes, and open and bold countenances. As for the women, it would be difficult to discover in their features anything different from the genuine Swede. Generally, they are apparently stronger than the latter and have somewhat heavy extremities. They have a more prominent nose and longer face. In moral relations,

these islanders present a striking similarity with small groups of isolated population of similar origin such as that of the famous French "bourg de Batz." Their virtue and uprightness have a high reputation; and these qualities are common throughout Friesland. Their life, however, is neither a gay nor an easy one. Fishing is their sole resource, and their dwellings, in which they live under strings of smoked fish, are certainly not inviting. However, the inhabitants of Amsterdam entrust them in great numbers with the bringing up of their children.

Along the neighbouring coast, at Edam, Vollandam, etc., the general aspect is still almost equally archaic. In the Island of Urk, situated to the north, not far from the Frisian coast, the settlement of which appears to have been prior to the formation of the Zuyder Zee, we find not only the same type as at Maarken, but similar customs also. This points to an identical origin.

In Holland, properly so called, even in the north (the old West Friesland), we no longer find Frisians in distinct and separate groups. There they constitute simply an element in various degrees of change and mixture. We are assured of this by the results of scientific measurement of skulls. The bulk of the population is of the blonde type.

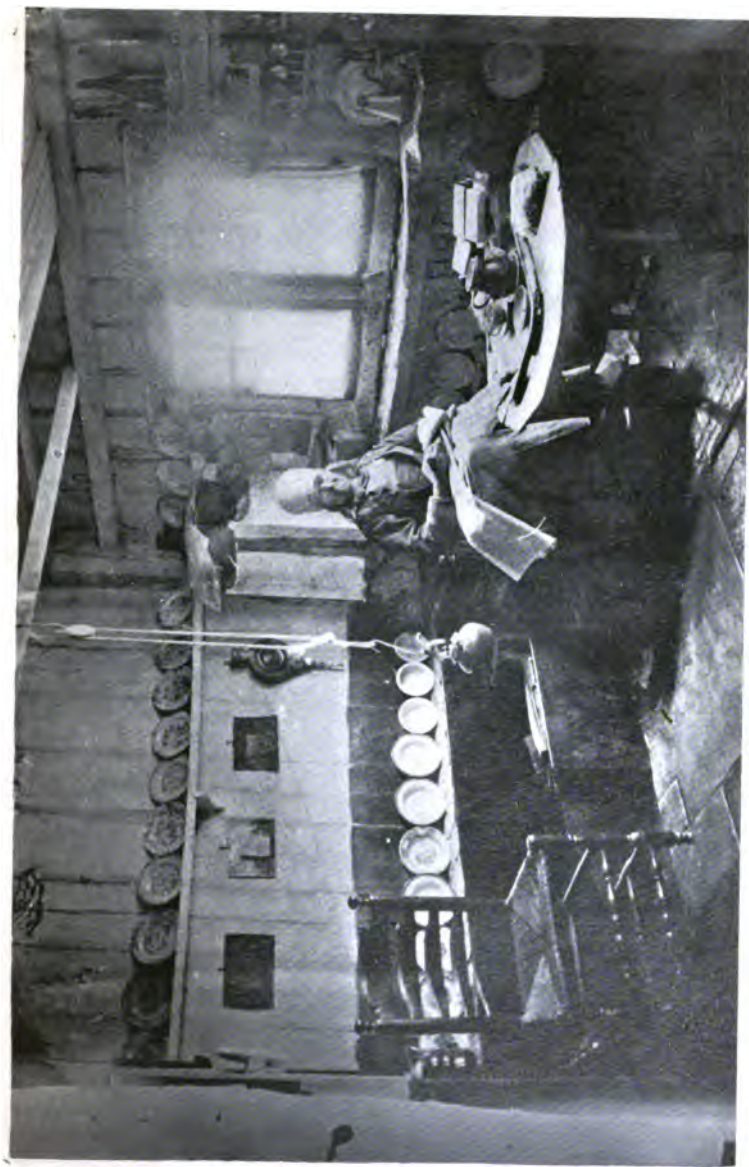
In the towns, especially the great commercial towns, we find almost as great a variety of physiognomies as in our own cities. And this very variety at first sight troubles the observer who is fond of local colour, and is trying to settle the distinctive traits of the population of Holland.

As to the opposite brunette element, it is more particu-

larly Walloon and French, at least at the present day. The Protestants who found a second fatherland in this proud and free country brought serious contingencies into Holland. And again, Holland was French at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, and that again has not been without influence, since in every locality there is always someone to be found speaking that language. However, dark brown and black eyes are not very common; but we meet with a more or less Spanish cast of countenance and Jewish features outside the Hebrew population itself, which, excepting a little group of Portuguese origin, is of the German stock, and occupies an important place in the large Dutch towns.

In Southern Holland, around Utrecht and Brabant, confusion grows sensibly greater. In Guelderland, the Frisians have doubtless in all ages been in contact with other races, and, in old days, must have mingled with those that successively occupied the banks of the Rhine—Gauls, Franks, Suevi, and Southern Germans. Moreover, the Meuse, like the Rhine, has been a line of penetration throughout this region and as important a cause of mixture as the Rhine itself, for it puts Southern Holland in communication with Central Belgium and Northern France.

In Drenthe, as also in Friesland and North Holland, great blocks of stone are thought to be megalithic monuments. As usual, legends have gathered round them and the Dutch have given them the name of "beds of the Huns" (*Hunnenbedden*). They form, however, veritable "covered ways," particularly in the northeast of Assen, and it is evident that man used them for monuments, places of refuge,



FISHERMAN'S KITCHEN, MAARKEN.

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habitations, and for defence. There are also real tombs,—mounds from which skeletons, pottery and weapons have been excavated. These monuments could easily be pre-historic without being of a very remote epoch. The soil of Drenthe is older than that of the provinces we have just described; but it is sterile and not very habitable. It formed part of the territory of the Franks before it belonged to the Saxons.

It would be surprising if its population differed from that of Friesland, which it separates from Hanover. The type is blonde and of the same general character, but presents many points of contact with the German. There also exists a brunette element with a round head relating to the type of the tribe which, in the Stone Age, passed through Denmark to Sweden.

Zeeland, thanks to its remote situation, is, like Friesland, an ethnological province, and the origin of its population has been as fully studied and discussed. As Cæsar called the inhabitants of this part of the continent Menapians, a connection has been sought for between the ancient Menapians and the Zeelanders of to-day. M. Jacques of Brussels considers them Celtic brunettes, but without proof. M. Sasse identifies them with the Suevi, who gave their name to the country, *Zeuwenland*, and who up to the Seventh Century appear to have been the sole inhabitants.

The inhabitants of the Frisian type appear to have been the most ancient natives of this country. There are, moreover, no tombs more ancient than theirs in the island of Walcheren. It may be supposed that they came by sea

along the coasts of this large isle, and finally reached the mainland occupied by others. We do know, however, that the Frisians extended their dominion throughout Holland as far as the Scheldt. The conclusions of M. Man, that the ancient population of Walcheren is identical with the Frisians of the coasts and the Anglo-Saxons, is justified.

In Zeeland Flanders it is not rare to encounter blue eyes with black or brown hair, or brown eyes with light hair. This combination has a very agreeable effect. M. de Coster, who confounds the Frisian and Saxon, marks a difference between the peasant of the flats, who is large, heavy and thick-set, with wide shoulders and a Herculean strength, rancorous and vindictive, and the peasant of the polders, who is slower, more melancholy and more apathetic. The soil and the mode of life would suffice to impress on each of these men his individual character.

THE NETHERLANDS

EDWARD A. FREEMAN

THE lands which we are accustomed to group together under the name of the Netherlands or Low Countries lay mostly within the bounds of the Empire, but the country of Flanders has always been a fief of France. Part, however, of the dominions of its counts, the northeastern corner of their dominions, the lands of Alost and Waas, were held of the Empire. These lands, together with the neighbouring islands of Zealand, formed a ground of endless disputes between the Counts of Flanders and their northern neighbours, the Counts of Holland. This last country gradually disentangles itself from the general mass of Frisian lands which lie along the whole coast, from the mouth of the Scheldt to the mouth of the Weser. And those great inroads of the sea in the Thirteenth Century which gave the Zuyder Zee its present extent helped to give the country a natural boundary and to part it off from the Frisian lands to the northeast. Towards the end of the Thirteenth Century, Friesland west of the Zuyder Zee had become part of the domains of the Counts. The land immediately east of the gulf established its freedom, while East Friesland passed to a line of counts, under whom its fortunes parted off from those of the Netherlands. Both the counts and the free Frisians had also dangerous neighbours in the Bishops of Utrecht, the great ecclesiastical princes of this region, who held a large temporal sovereignty lying apart from their

city on the eastern side of the gulf. These disputes went on, as also disputes with the Dukes of Geldern, without any final settlement, almost to the time when all these lands began to be united under the Burgundian power. But before this time the Counts of Holland had become closely connected with lands much further to the south. Among a number of states in this region, the most powerful was the duchy of Brabant, which represented the duchy of the Lower Lotharingia, and whose princes held the mark of Antwerp and the cities of Brussels, Löwen or Louvain, and Mechlin. To the south of them lay the country of Hennegau or Hainault. At the end of the Thirteenth Century, this country was joined by marriage with that of Holland. Holland and Hainault were thus detached possessions of a common prince, with Brabant lying between them. South of Brabant lay the small mark or county of Namur, which, without being united to Flanders, was held by a branch of the princes of that house. All these states, though their princes held of two separate overlords, had much in common and were well fitted to be worked together into a single political system. They had much in common in the physical character of the country, and in the unusual number of great and flourishing cities which these countries contained. None of these cities reached the full position of free cities of the Empire; but their wealth and the degree of practical independence which they possessed form a main feature in the history of the Low Countries. In point of language, the northern part of these states spoke various dialects of Low Dutch, from Flemish to Frisian; in the southern lands of Hainault, Artois and

Namur the language, though not French, was not Teutonic, but an independent Romance speech, the Walloon. To the west of these states lay another group of small principalities connected with the former greater group in many ways, but not so closely as those which we have just gone through. The great ecclesiastical principality of Lüttich or Liège, lying in two detached parts, divided the lands of which we have been speaking from the counties, afterward duchies, of Lüzemburg or Luxemburg and of Limburg. Of these, the more distant, Limburg, passed in the Fourteenth Century to the Dukes of Brabant. Luxemburg is famous as having given a series of princes to the kingdom of Bohemia and to the Empire, and in their hands it rose to the rank of a duchy. Lastly, to the north of Lüttich, forming a connecting link between this group of states and the more purely Frisian powers, lay the duchy of Geldern, of whose quarters the most northern part stretched to the Zuyder Zee. These eastern states, though not so closely connected with one another as those to the west, were easily led into the same political system. Without drawing any hard and fast line, we may say that all the states of this region formed, if not yet a middle state, yet a middle system, apart alike from France and from the Empire, though in various ways connected with both. Mainly imperial, mainly Teutonic, they were not wholly so. Besides the homage lawfully due to France from Flanders and Artois, French influence in various ways, in politics, in manners, and in language, had made great inroads in the southern Netherlands. Brabant and Hainault had practically quite as much to do with France as with the

Empire. And this French influence was, of course, helped by the fact that a considerable region in the south was, though not French, yet not of Teutonic speech. Altogether, with much to unite them to the great powers on either side, with much to keep them apart from either of them, with much more to unite them to one another, the states of the Netherlands might almost seem to be designed by nature to be united as a separate power under a single head. Such a head was supplied by the princes who were at once Dukes of Burgundy and Counts of Flanders, by whom in the course of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries nearly the whole of the Netherlands was united into a single power which was to be presently broken into two by the results of religious divisions. The great increase of territory in this region was made during the long reign of Philip the Good. His first acquisition was the county of Namur, a small outlying district, but one which, as small and outlying, would still more strongly suggest the rounding off of the scattered territory. A series of marriages and disputes next enabled Philip to make a much more important extension of his dominions. Brabant and Limburg had passed to a younger branch of the Burgundian house. John, Duke of Brabant, the cousin of Philip, by a marriage with Jacqueline, Countess of Holland and Hainault, united those states for a moment. The disputes and confusions which followed on her marriages and divorces led to the annexation of her territories by the Duke of Burgundy, a process which was finally concluded by the formal cession of her dominions by Jacqueline. Meanwhile Philip had succeeded to Brabant and Limburg,

and the union of Flanders, Brabant, Hainault, Zealand, and Holland, together made a dominion which took in all the greatest Netherland states, and formed a compact mass of territory. On this presently followed a great acquisition of territory which was more strictly French than the fiefs which Philip already held of the French crown in Flanders and Artois. The Treaty of Arras, by which Philip, hitherto the ally of England against France, made peace with his western overlord, gave him under the form of mortgage, the lands on the Somme. These lands, Ponthieu, Verman-dois, Amiens, and Boulogne, had once been largely Teu-tonic, but they were by this time thoroughly French. Their acquisition advanced the Burgundian frontier to a dangerous neighbourhood to Paris on this side as well as on the side of the Burgundian duchy. It had the further effect of keeping the small continental possessions which England still held at Calais and Guines apart from the French territory during the reigns of Philip and Charles the Bold, the continental neighbour of England was not France, but Burgundy. But this great southern dominion was not lasting. The towns on the Somme, redeemed and again recovered, passed on the fall of Charles the Bold once more into French hands. So did Artois itself, and though Artois was won back, Amiens and the rest were not. Yet, if the towns on the Somme had stayed under the rule of the successive masters of the Low Coun-tries, it might by this time have seemed as natural for Amiens to be Belgian as it now seems natural for Cambray and Valenciennes to be French. The Treaty of Madrid

drew a definite boundary. France gave up the ancient claim to homage from Flanders and Artois, and Charles the Fifth, in his Burgundian, or rather in his Flemish, character finally gave up all claim to the lands on the Somme.

The southwestern frontier was thus fixed; but meanwhile the new state had advanced in other directions. Philip's last great acquisition was the duchy of Luxemburg. He now possessed the greater part of the Netherlands; but his dominions were still intersected by the bishoprics of Utrecht and Lüttich and the duchy of Geldern. The duchy of Geldern and the county of Zutphen were added by Charles the Bold. But they formed a precarious possession, lost and won more than once, down to their final annexation under Charles the Fifth. Of the two great ecclesiastical principalities by which the Burgundian possessions in the Netherlands were cut asunder, the bishopric of Lüttich, though its history is much mixed up with that of the Burgundian Dukes, and though it came largely under their influence, was never formally annexed. But the temporal principality of the Bishop of Utrecht was secularised under Charles the Fifth. Friesland, the Friesland immediately east of the Zuyder Zee, had already been incorporated with the dominions of the prince who represented the ancient Counts of Holland. The whole Netherlands were thus brought together under the rule of Charles the Fifth. They were united with the far distant country of Burgundy, and with it they formed the Burgundian circle in the new division of the Empire. The bishopric of Lüttich, which intersected the whole southern part of the country, remained in

the circle of Westphalia. Seventeen provinces, each keeping much of separate being, were united under a single prince, and, after the Treaty of Madrid, they were free from any pretensions on the part of foreign powers. The Netherlands formed one of the most compact and important parts of the scattered dominions of the Emperor, who was also lord of Burgundy, Castile, and Sicily. But the final union of these lands under the direct dominion of an Emperor at once led to their practical separation from the Empire. They passed, with all the remaining possessions and claims of the Burgundian house, to Philip of Spain, and they were reckoned among the crowd of distant dependencies which had come under the rule of the crowns of Castile and Aragon. In Spanish hands they acted less as a middle state than as a power which helped to hem in France on both sides. Had the great revolt of the Netherlands ended in the final liberation of the whole seventeen provinces, the middle state would have been formed in its full strength. As it was, the work of the War of Independence was imperfect. The northern provinces won their freedom in the form of a federal commonwealth. The southern provinces remained dependencies of Spain, to become the chosen fighting ground of European armies, the chosen plaything of European diplomacy.

The end of the long war of independence waged by the northern provinces was the establishment of the famous federal commonwealth of the Seven United Provinces—Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Gelderland, Over-Yssel, Friesland, and Groningen. These answered nearly to the do-

minions of the Counts of Holland and Bishops of Utrecht in earlier times. But besides these, part of the duchy of Geldern formed one of the United Provinces, while its southern part shared the fate of the southern provinces. But, besides the United Seven, the Confederation also kept parts of Brabant, Geldern and Flanders as common possessions. The power thus formed, one which so long held an European importance quite disproportioned to its geographical extent, had under Burgundian rule become practically independent of the Empire, but it was only by the Peace of Westphalia that its independence was formally acknowledged. The maritime strength of the Confederation made it more than an European power. It had become a colonising power in three parts of the world. In the course of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, the Seven Provinces extended their dominion over many points on the continent of India and over the neighbouring island of Ceylon, over the great equatorial islands of Java, Sumatra and the Moluccas, over many points in Guinea and southern Africa, and over part of Guiana in South America. But the great North American settlement of New Amsterdam passed to England, and New Amsterdam became New York. Singularly enough, this great power never had any strict geographical name. Netherlands was too large, as it took in the whole of the Low Countries and not the emancipated provinces only. Holland was too small, as being the name of one province only, though the greatest. And, by one of the oddest cases of caprice of language, in common English usage the name of the whole Teutonic



RESIDENCE OF THE PRINCES OF THE HOUSE OF ORANGE, THE HAGUE.

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race settled down on this one small part of it, and the men of the Seven Provinces came to be exclusively spoken of as *Dutch*.

Meanwhile the southern provinces, the greater part of Brabant and Flanders, with Artois, Hennegau or Hainault, Namur, Limburg, Luxemburg, and the southern part of Geldern—a region taking in Antwerp at one end and Cambray at the other—remained under the sovereignty of the representatives of the Burgundian Dukes. That is, they remained an outlying dependency of the Spanish Monarchy. But their southern frontier was open to constant aggressions on the part of France. During the endless wars of Louis the Fourteenth's reign, the boundary fluctuated with each Treaty. Acquisitions were made by France at the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, some of which were surrendered, and others made by the Peace of Nimuegen. At last the boundary was finally fixed by the Peace of Utrecht in the last days of Louis. Part of Flanders and Hainault were finally confirmed to France, which thus kept Lille, Cambray and Valenciennes. The provinces which had hitherto been Spanish now passed to the only surviving branch of the House of Austria, that which reigned in the archduchy and supplied the hereditary candidates for the Empire. The first wars of the French Revolution added the Austrian Netherlands to France, and with them the bishopric of Lüttich which still so oddly divided them. A later stage of the days of confusion changed the Seven United Provinces, enlarged by the addition of East Friesland, into a *Kingdom of Holland*, one of the states which the new conqueror

carved out for the benefit of his kinsfolk. Presently the new kingdom was incorporated with the new "Empire," along with the German lands to the north-east of it. The Corsican had at last carried out the schemes of the kings of the House of Valois, and the whole Burgundian heritage formed for a moment part of France.

As the general settlement of Europe, after the long wars with France, the restoration of the Low Countries as a middle state was a main object. This was brought about by the union of the whole of the Netherlands into a single kingdom bearing that name. The southern boundary did not differ greatly from that fixed by the Peace of Utrecht. As in the case of the Savoyard frontier France kept a little more by the arrangements of 1814 than she finally kept by those of 1815. To the east, East Friesland passed to Hanover, leaving the boundary of the new kingdom not very different from that of the two earlier powers which it represented, gaining only a small territory on the banks of the Maes. But the bishopric of Lüttich was incorporated with the lands which it had once parted asunder, and so ceased altogether to be German ground. The new king, as we have already seen, entered the German Confederation in his character of Grand Duke of Luxemburg, the duchy being somewhat shortened to the east in favour of Prussia. Lastly, after fifteen years of union, the new kingdom again split asunder. It was now divided into the kingdom of the Netherlands, answering to the old United Provinces, and the kingdom of Belgium, answering to the old Spanish or Austrian Netherlands.

AMSTERDAM

ESTHER SINGLETON

THE first view of Amsterdam is a surprise to one unfamiliar with Holland. The combination of curious buildings, canals, and bridges, streets and boats impresses him strangely, and the word quaint constantly rises to his lips as he walks about. At times he seems to be transported to the Middle Ages, and is annoyed when such anachronisms as tramcars, telephones and advertisements of commercial companies that unite the uttermost parts of the earth, impertinently remind him of the achievements of modern science and that he is living in the Twentieth Century.

The houses, built of small black or brown bricks for the most part, heavily seamed with white cement and heavily adorned with white window-sills and cornices over doors and roof, generally terminate in a pointed gable, with a "crow-stepped" roof. They all lean forward slightly; and are all, in consequence, a little out of the perpendicular. This singular appearance of line is still further accentuated by the crane that projects from the cornice of nearly every house; for it is a universal custom to hoist goods to the top windows from the delivery wagons or trucks below. Another curious feature is that there are no sidewalks: the houses are placed directly upon the cobble stones that extend to the coping of the canals: hence wagons, carriages and people, mingle in the streets.

Amsterdam is a city that the tourist may enjoy without troubling himself about its history. It matters little to him that the commercial capital of Holland originated in 1204, with a castle built by Gysbrecht II., Lord of Amstel, at the confluence of the Amstel and Y, where he also constructed a dam; he cares little for a recital of the part played by the most powerful city in the Spanish Netherlands during the terrible sieges of the Sixteenth Century, and still less for the story of its declining fortunes towards the close of the Eighteenth. He prefers to enjoy the town from the pictorial standpoint: strolling leisurely about the streets, noting the peculiarities of the architecture, and, lingering idly upon the bridges, to watch the constantly moving boats upon the canals and the shipping in the harbour.

The plan of Amsterdam is quickly understood. The city has grown in a series of semicircular canals, called *grachts*, around the Y, the principal ones being the *Heerengracht*, *Keizersgracht*, and *Prinsengracht*. From the latter, short streets run at right angles towards the *Singelgracht*, formerly known as the *Buitensingel*, or outer girdle, which separates the old part of the town from the new, the latter lying chiefly between the Amstel and Vondel Park. In the centre of the city is situated the Dam, a public square and the centre of the business life. Upon it stand several public buildings, including the Royal Palace and the Nieuwe Kerk and private houses and shops. Here the tramcars meet; and here the chief streets, including Kalver Straat and Damrak, diverge. Damrak Straat leads past the Open Haven and

takes us directly to the Central Railway Station, which, with the Eastern and Western Stations, erected on artificial islands, separates the city of Amsterdam from the Y.

The old part of the city is, of course, more interesting than the new. Among its crooked streets and canals the most jaded traveller will find plenty to entertain him, while the artist and lover of the picturesque will delight in many quaint and choice bits. Walk, for instance, down Warmoes Straat and behind the Oude Kerk, whose jangling bells will probably chime several times before you leave the vicinity, to the canal behind it, and look at the long row of dilapidated houses reflected in the sluggish stream. They present a curious medley of steps leading to the canal and balconies overhanging it, window-shutters, blinds and curtains of varied hues, clothes of all colours and sizes dangling from window to window on lines, bird-cages hanging on the wall, and pots of flowers brightly blooming on window-sills and doorsteps. These are the backs of houses, generally one room deep, and inhabited, as you will find out if you take the trouble to walk to the next street, by petty shopkeepers. The fronts of the houses are much neater than the backs would lead you to suppose. The backs on the canals are somewhat reminiscent of, though far more picturesque than, the tenements of New York. Here are milk-shops, bake shops and vegetable shops bearing the legend *aardappel*; and the piles and baskets of potatoes offered for sale show that apples of the earth are the chief commodity. If you happen to be walking early in the morning, you will see the postmen in their pecu-

liar uniform driving by in the delivery waggons; peasant women, in heavy, clumsy shoes, short skirt and white cap, trudging briskly across the bridges and down the streets; little carts filled with shining brass milk-tins and drawn by the ever-patient dog; and occasionally a larger cart piled high with baskets of green vegetables until it has reached four times its original size, to which are harnessed two dogs that now footsore and weary from their long journey to the city, limp painfully upon the rough cobble stones.

Very little life is stirring at this early hour. Amsterdam is a late town—late to bed and late to rise. The streets are deserted save for the early workmen and the stray dogs—yellow curs and black mongrels—that sit in the lonely doorways, wander aimlessly about, or else trot along the sides of the *grachten* and over the bridges, as dogs do when they are on errands of importance known only to themselves. Some of the warehouses have now opened, and workmen in blue blouses are busily loading the barges that lie before their doors. You will perhaps stop to see one of these heavily laden with barrels, and watch with wonder the single man push off, unaided, by means of a pole and slowly punt his way out towards the Y. The discordant chimes now remind you that your breakfast of *rookflesch*, cheese, black bread and coffee is awaiting you, and on your way towards the hotel you will find the streets filled with maid-servants beating rugs and carpets before the houses with a kind of wicker paddle, for every piece of carpet or rug in the house must be carried into the street and violently whipped every day. Other

servants are deluging the windows with water, and others are even brushing off the lamp posts.

You are never at a loss for a picturesque walk, for canals intersect and wind about the city in every direction, dividing it into ninety islands spanned by three hundred bridges. The canals are on the average three feet in depth. Some of them are very narrow, while others, for instance the *Heerengracht* and the *Keizersgracht*, are 150 feet wide and are bordered with avenues of large elms. Here are to be found some of the best examples of Dutch architecture of the Seventeenth Century. Among other residents of wealth and fashion on the *Heerengracht* was Burgomaster Six, the friend and patron of Rembrandt. His house is now unfortunately rebuilt; but there are many old buildings of small bricks, leaning out of plumb and reflecting their white trimmed gables into the canal that will carry the imaginative traveller into the past of Amsterdam's commercial greatness, when she was one of the richest, if not the wealthiest, of cities in Europe.

It is difficult to say whether the buildings or the boats contribute most to the physiognomy of Amsterdam. The difference is this:—the one is permanent; the other, changeable. You will take a walk one evening and return to your hotel with a memory of the canals so filled with boats and craft of so many kinds that it seems to you as if a feather could not be placed between any two of them,—and when you repeat your walk the next morning,—lo! so many of them have sailed or rowed or poled away, that the canals are almost empty, and a certain feeling of desolation reigns

over the still waters that now reflect only the trees on either side. Two or three days may elapse before the canals are really gay again: a stray boat or two will enter, and, perhaps, several will come together and contest for the best little dock to tie up to. This constant change and incredible variety in the population of the canals is, I think, one of the chief and peculiar charms of both Amsterdam and Rotterdam. You will, perhaps, first note the colours of the boats that traverse the whole country of Holland, through its meadows and polders from one end to another. Many of them are painted a bright grass green, ornamented with red stripes and bands, and they carry red sails that sun and wind have turned to a beautiful shade of terra-cotta. Instead of a centre-board, these boats are furnished with a curious sort of movable paddle at either side, shaped like the fin of a fish. Many of them are houses, I should say homes, as well as carriers of produce. The little square port-holes are draped with lace curtains, and sometimes a pot of red geraniums or roses stands in one of them; and, if one is open, you can catch a glimpse of the inhabitants within. Sometimes men and women are seen washing their linen in the canal and drying it on the deck, or they are sitting on the deck drinking tea and dipping up the water from or washing the dishes in the canal. When you remember that all the drainage of the city flows into the canals and you have noted that the waters are, as a rule, very sluggish, despite the assurance of the natives that the canals are freshened by the waters of the Zuyder Zee, you would prefer not to drink tea on a Dutch barge. If the owners of the

boats are not eating and drinking, or washing their clothes, they are very apt to be engaged in cleaning something. If it is not in sluicing the deck and washing the windows, then it is in rubbing up every bit of already bright brass that is visible on the boat. Sometimes, however, the skipper will be seen idly talking to a neighbour on another bright green or bright blue boat, both smoking vigorously. Here, indeed, is a new community to take into consideration,—Holland's enormous and constantly shifting canal population.

It is interesting, too, to note the cargoes these barges carry. They are laden with boxes, barrels, hay, cheese,—every commodity necessary to modern life. You are continually surprised at the heavy load that one man will undertake to navigate alone. It is not unusual to see a large barge piled up with a pyramid of barrels and, standing on it, one man, who, by the aid of a long pole, slowly pushes his way to the landing. He hardly advances more than an inch at a time, and you fear that the pressure of the pole will wear a hole through his bent body. Yet on he toils. He walks to the end of the boat, plants his pole firmly down through the water into the mud, leans his breast against it, pushes hard, and the boat moves slowly onward, as he walks along aft. Then having advanced, he walks forward, and, again planting his pole, repeats the performance. Poor man! he may, indeed, have been working weeks or months in this slow fashion, creeping from canal to canal through various provinces until he reaches the capital. Then he must unload and reload, and return as he came.

How strange it must seem to the residents never to

know what boats will be moored before their doors! Some families, indeed, especially those who have villas on the *Singelgracht* with pretty and well kept gardens sloping down to the canal, erect placards prohibiting landing on their premises.

You will notice, as you extend your walks, that the same mania for cleaning exists in the rich as well as the poor homes. The servant maids, in their lilac gowns and wearing on their heads a peculiar little cap, which is really nothing more nor less than a rosette (and this rosette, be it noted, is generally worn awry and is not over clean), beat carpets and rugs, and wash down windows and door-steps and scrub the lamp-posts with an energy that is worthy of a better inspiration. They form, indeed, part of the street-life, but do not compare in tidiness to the London, Paris or New York maids. One is struck by the absence of horses and vehicles drawn by horses. Cabs rattle by over the very rough cobble stones that pave the streets, postal-wagons thunder along, and conveyances and 'buses from the hotels and private equipages are occasionally seen. The bakers and butchers and candlestick-makers and all other purveyors appear to deliver their goods by means of a box mounted on a bicycle worked by a boy. The streets are full of little carts or booths presided over by a gentleman in white, who sells ice-cream and sweet cakes. Sometimes the canopy of these booths is gaudily painted. Occasionally there flits by a curious figure clad in black. He wears low shoes and knickerbockers, a long-tailed coat and a shovel hat! It is a Lutheran preacher,—and notwith-



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standing his solemn face, you feel that his right place is on the boards of the Opéra Comique. Another strange figure passes by you—an old woman who wears a brass helmet upon her head! This is, I fancy, the most singular of all singular headdresses. It seems to be in three pieces, one fitting tightly over the back of the head down to the neck, the two others above the ears. This metal plate gives one the unhappy impression that the poor thing's head or neck has been broken and that the surgeon has done the best he can for her. Underneath this helmet she usually has a frill of lace or muslin, and above it she not unfrequently wears a bonnet which is Holland's interpretation of the latest Parisian confection of lace, ribbon, velvet, feathers, or flowers. If the lady is in mourning, the bonnet is of crape! If any traveller can behold this for the first time and not relax his or her features, I should like to make that person's acquaintance. Peasants of many provinces are often seen, particularly in the more crowded districts of Damrak and Kalver Straats, the *Heerengracht* and the Dam. Sometimes quite young and very healthful, though not at all beautiful, women, with sandy hair and ruddy complexions, large rough hands and bare red arms are seen. They wear, as a rule, short striped skirts, white napkin-like headdresses, black bodices, and around their necks rows upon rows of beads. Soldiers, too, are very much in evidence. They might indeed be accused of being democratic as they walk about with their swords dragging behind them and their best girls or wives hanging upon their arms. Business men, at certain times of the day, are easily spotted,

—but the stranger asks where are the shop-girls and the type-writer class, and where are the ladies of fashion? The streets are wonderfully quiet and deserted until the shades of evening begin to fall over the stage. Then it is that Amsterdam awakes. Let us go down Kalver Straat,—the Regent Street of Amsterdam. Carriages and all other vehicles are now excluded. Every shop is brightly illuminated and windows are filled with goods to attract the pedestrian; but, to anyone accustomed to the choice articles and chic styles of the London, Paris, and New York shops, Holland's temptations are slight. Guldens remain rooted in one's purse and have not the wings that sovereigns, francs and dollars possess. However, the Amsterdammers are not of this opinion, and they gaze most longingly at the display of the merchants in Kalver Straat. The traveller is astonished to see that every shop is flanked on each side by a *café*. Some of the *cafés* are immensely large, and at the windows of every one, sit men and women, rows deep, watching the procession as it moves both up and down Kalver Straat, for the sidewalks and the centre of the street are likewise thronged. What are they doing? Well, they are drinking sweet syrups, as a rule, and smoking, of course, and enjoying the passers-by. You hear the click of billiard balls, and occasionally a song, or the sound of an instrument,—but there is a curious feeling that everybody is waiting for something that never happens. Kalver Straat takes us into the Dam, and now we go down Damrak Straat. More *cafés*! Many houses that we did not notice when the sun was shining have now produced innumerable little green

iron or wicker-tables and chairs, and planted them in rows upon the sidewalk,—and every one of these is engaged. Here men and women are also sipping sweet drinks and smoking and watching the others pass. In the morning, all these tables and chairs will be folded up and carried away, and you will not know a *café* when you pass by it. The most celebrated of all the *cafés* in Amsterdam, however, is the Krasnapolsky on Warmoes Straat, not far from the Oude Kerk. This, I believe, is the largest *café* in Europe, and I am sure that it is not the quietest. No one save Richard Strauss could reproduce the combination of sounds that issue from Warmoes Straat at night, accented by the curious shuffling footsteps of the Dutch upon the pavement.

Among the pleasures of Amsterdam are the numerous excursions that it affords. Comfortable little boats will take you for a small price to many points of interest in the Zuyder Zee, and to Alkmaar and Zaandam and other places of interest. Before embarking, you can mark the quaint shipping in the harbour and when you leave the dock gain the beautiful panoramic view of distant Amsterdam. On your way through rippling waters and waving reeds, you see charming scenes: lush green meadows, pretty red farm-houses veiled by grey-green willows or flanked by tall poplars, while in the distance innumerable windmills squat on the horizon like little, grey rabbits twiddling their long ears. Amsterdam is not noticeably strong in public buildings. It is the general collection of civic and domestic architecture that interests the visitor, the curious leaning façades, the denticulated and heavily trimmed gables, and

the delightful variety and broken lines of the houses that charm the eye; and when seen from a distance, either approaching from the Y, or by the tram that leads from Haarlem, the roofs and towers and cupolas mass and stand against the horizon as if they were the fancy of an artist rather than an unconscious collection of buildings.

The chief buildings on the Dam are the Royal Palace and the Nieuwe Kerk. The former, intended originally for a Town Hall, seems rather unfitting for a royal residence. It was built in the Sixteenth Century, and the reader will be interested to learn that its foundation rests upon 13,659 piles. The building is massive and unpretentious; its roof is pierced by gables and surmounted by a cupola containing a chime of bells. The interior has been altered, although some of the decorations appropriate to a civic building still adorn various rooms. Several rooms are furnished in the style of the First Empire.

The Nieuwe Kerk was erected about 1408 and has been several times restored. It contains a richly carved pulpit of the Seventeenth Century, some remnants of stained glass, and monuments to Admiral de Ruyter and other heroes. This is considered one of the finest churches in Holland. The Oude Kerk is at least a century older. Its fine old Gothic tower dominates nearly every distant view of Amsterdam. The stained glass well repays examination. That depicting the history of the Virgin dates from 1555. Two windows by the entrance are decorated with the arms of all the burgomasters of Amsterdam from 1578 to 1767.

Two other towers also attract the eye: one is the Montal-

baans, a typical Dutch tower, about which little or nothing is known, standing on the *Oude Schans*, a wide canal leading from the Eastern Dock; the other, the *Schreyerstoren*, or Crier's Tower, so called because here the friends and relatives of the bold sea-farers used to gather to bid them farewell. This stands on the *Prins-Hendrik-Kade*, originally the *Buitenkant*, but re-named for Prince Henry of the Netherlands in 1878. Upon it is situated the rather picturesque, though modern, Roman Catholic Church of St. Nicholas, built in 1885-6, and which blends well with the other buildings of Amsterdam in the picture seen as you approach it from the Y. A few municipal buildings, dwellings of distinguished persons, and museums end the list of notable buildings. Yet it must not be imagined that one can dismiss Amsterdam satisfactorily in a day or two. The Rijks Museum alone demands as much time as the traveller can spare. Taking the tram at the Dam, you pass down the *Spui Straat*, and, after crossing two or three canals, find yourself in the vicinity of the Vondel Park. Here the Rijks Museum is situated, and it is interesting to note that the streets in this new part of the town bear the names of famous Dutch artists, as, for example, Paulus Potter, Hobbema, Honthorst, etc. The Rijks Museum is a fine, large building occupying about three acres of ground. It faces the Stadhouders Kade, and is first seen across the *Singelgracht*, which long constituted the outer rim of the city. Notwithstanding its ornamental façades, handsome towers and decorations, and its attractive, though small, and formal gardens, including a holly maze, the exterior will

not detain the visitor very long. He will be too anxious to examine the treasures within, for here are to be found many of the finest examples of Dutch art. Within its walls are Rembrandt's famous *Night Watch* and Van der Helst's *Schuttersmaaltyd*, the marvellous *Banquet of the Arquebusiers* of Amsterdam, consisting of twenty-five lifesize portraits, and the even finer work opposite by the same painter, —the *Company of Capt. Rælof Bicker and Lieut. J. M. Blauwe*, containing thirty-two lifesize figures in very brilliant costumes. Room after room is passed, filled with the choicest works by Frans Hals, van Ostade, Wouwerman, Potter, Flinck, Rembrandt, Terburg, van Mieris, Metsu, Moreelse, Jan Steen, Maes, Dou, Rubens, Snyders, Weenix, Hondecoeter, de Heem, Ruysdael, Hobbema, Van Goyen, Cuyp,—in fact, the list is far too long to enumerate. If several days are needed for the study of these superb canvases, how much time is required for the porcelains, of which there is a marvellous collection? Then there is one of the most complete collections of prints and engravings in the world, and when we come to the glass, the wall-panelling, chimney-pieces, carvings, tapestry and furniture,—it will easily be appreciated that weeks, not days, are necessary for the proper study of the Rijks Museum. The traveller will do well to walk down Paulus Potter Street to the Stedelijk Museum, for here he will also find much to interest him, especially if he is generous in tips. If he parts with a gulden or two, he will see many treasures behind closed doors.

The tower known as the Mint, at the other end of Kal-

ver Straat, must also be mentioned. It has been restored and the lower part of it is now used as a shop.

The *Geldersche Kade* leads from the *Schreyerstoren* to the Nieuwe Markt, by the side of which is the Fish Market. Between the two stands *St. Anthonieswaag*, the old weigh-house, built in 1488-1585. This old town-gate is one of the most delightful constructions in Amsterdam. The large tower that rises above the numerous smaller ones, also covered with peaked roofs, was built in 1692.

In the Fifteenth Century, St. Anthony's Gate marked the limitation of the city on this side of the *Binnen Amstel*, and stood partly within and partly without the walls; but Holland's rapidly growing city quickly pushed beyond the gate even in the Sixteenth Century. Here various guilds and societies used to meet, notably St. Luke's guild of painters and sculptors. The room occupied by the mason's guild is unaltered and in that in one of the towers used as a dissecting-room by the surgeons Rembrandt's famous *School of Anatomy*, now in the Mauritshuis in The Hague, originally hung. Not far from this romantic pile is the Jewish quarter, which is well worth a visit. The children of Israel have dwelt here for centuries, and here the lover of Rembrandt may see familiar scenes and types. The streets and canals are narrow and winding, the houses tall and black, the bridges high and the windows small; and from the latter hang all kinds of rags and garments. The streets fairly swarm with human beings of the Oriental cast of face and feature. Those who are not crying old clothes and fish and curios and trinkets in the streets are

sitting idly at the doors, for in this quarter the inhabitants appear to live in the open air. The Rembrandt lover may easily find the house in *Jodenbree-Straat* near the bridge, where the great artist lived from 1640 to 1656.

During the persecution of the Jews in the Middle Ages, Amsterdam was regarded as a harbour of refuge: indeed it became almost a second Jerusalem. After the sack of Antwerp in 1576, there was an influx of Portuguese Jews, who introduced the art of diamond polishing for which Amsterdam had a monopoly. This craft is still carried on, but is no longer Amsterdam's exclusive privilege. The most important mills are situated in the *Zwanenburger-Straat* and the *Roeterseiland*, on the *Achter Gracht*.

ZAANDAM

EDMONDO DE AMICIS

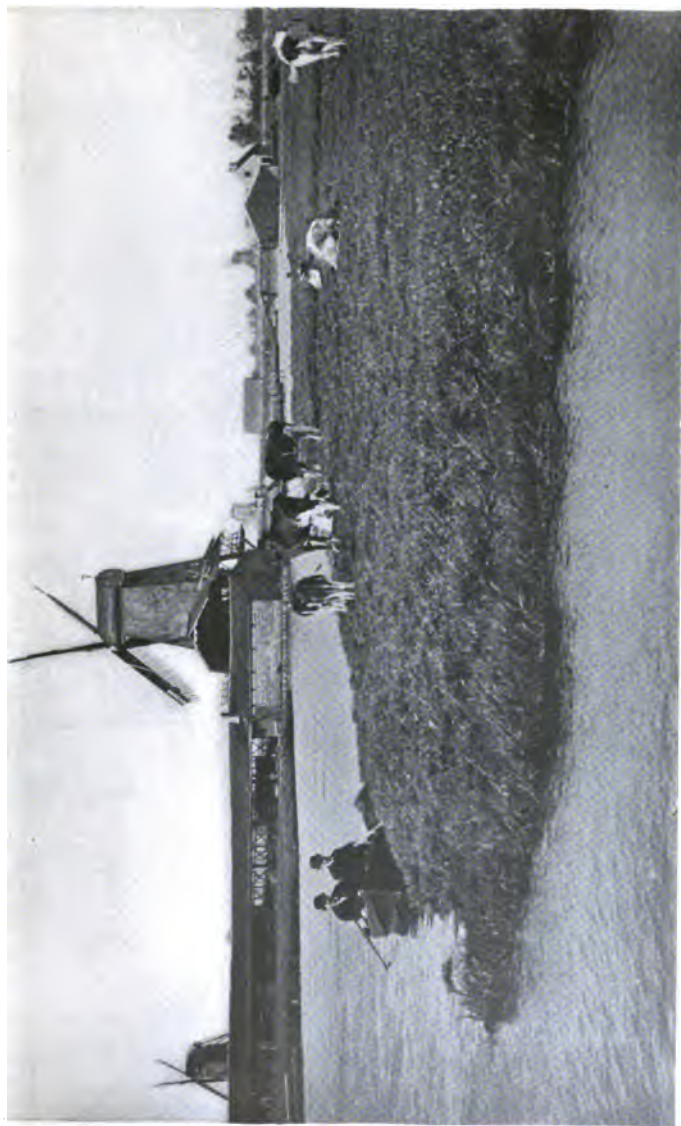
ZAANDAM, seen from the gulf of Y, looks exactly like a fortress encircled by a crown of a myriad of towers, from the tops of which the citizens, waving their arms with frantic gestures, are imploring help against some invisible foe. The towers subsequently turn out to be merely so many windmills, raising their bulky forms among the houses along the dykes and the coast, all over the country in the midst of which the town is situated; some of them are employed in draining the soil, others in manufacturing rape oil, which constitutes one of the most important items of Zaandam's trade; some in grinding to powder a kind of volcanic peat which is drifted ashore by the Rhine, and is used to manufacture a peculiar kind of cement employed in hydraulic works; others in sawing timber, grinding barley and paint, making paper, mustard, enamel, starch and paste. The town remains hidden from view until a few minutes before entering the harbour.

It resembles a scene in an Arcadian ballet. It is built on the two banks of a river called Zaan, which flows into the Y, and round a small creek formed by the Y itself, which does duty for a harbour. The town is divided into two equal portions, connected by a bridge which can be raised to allow of vessels passing through. There are but few streets and

few houses in the vicinity of the docks. The principal part of the town is scattered along the banks of the Zaan. Zaandam is a larger Broek, only prettier and not so childish as its smaller counterpart.

The houses are all one-storied wooden structures, with peaked façades, and almost all painted green. There are whole streets where not a vestige of any other colour is to be detected, till the general aspect is that of a town carved in box and myrtle. As in Broek, the tiles on the housetops are varnished, the windows adorned with curtains and flowers, the streets paved with bricks and as clean as a ball-room floor. You see your own image reflected in the metal plates on the street doors, on all the things displayed upon the window-sills. A most attractive aspect of fresh and joyous innocence pervades the whole place. It is a wealthy and populous city, yet its outward appearance is that of a small village. It possesses all the characteristic features of a Dutch town, and at the same time has a novel and exotic appearance that defies description, and seems to place it at a boundless distance from all the rest.

Being a holiday, the streets were thronged with people going to and from church. The first thing that attracted my attention was the head-dress worn by the women. Beneath a hat profusely laden with flowers, they wear a kind of lace cap hanging down upon their shoulders. From under it, two knots of hair curled and smoothed down till they look like bunches of vine tendrils fall down upon the forehead. The gold or silver band encircling their heads and shining from under the lace of the cap terminates on the



ON THE ZAAN.

UO: M

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temple with two small plates of the same metal, bent forward and ornamented with a rosette in the centre. Another band of gilt or wrought metal, a sort of metallic ribbon, attached somehow to the circlet, crosses the forehead obliquely, sloping down to the opposite temple or the eye, looking as if it were a part of the band itself, broken off or allowed to hang down through carelessness or coquetry. Two long pins vertically attached to the ends of the band stick up like a pair of horns over the two bunches of curls. Long earrings dangle from the ears, the neck is adorned with several strings of beads, and the whole expanse of neck is covered with as many buckles, clasps and chains as would fill a jeweller's shop-window. All the women wear the same head-dress with but slight modifications; they have all the same pink and white complexion, and display the same want of taste in their way of dressing, so that at first sight the stranger is unable to distinguish a peasant woman from a lady. It certainly would be hazardous to maintain that their head-dress, or the profusion of ornaments they wear about their person, are either elegant or becoming, and yet their white faces peeping out from under that mass of lace and gold, this mixture of the princely and the rustic element of opulence and dinginess, of ingenuousness and ostentation is stamped with a grace peculiarly its own, harmonising admirably with the outward appearance of the whole town; and when the first feeling of astonishment called forth by it has been got over, is found to be rather pleasing and attractive than otherwise.

Even little girls wear a diadem and lace cap. The men

dress mostly in black. And withal, girls, big and little, men, women, young and old, all seem to be content with their lot, all wear an indescribable look of ingenuous innocence and freshness which makes it hard to believe that they are Europeans of the present century, and which rather leads you to fancy yourself upon some other continent, in a different era of civilisation, or in a country where wealth flourishes independent of labour, where life flows on undisturbed by passions, where society is ruled and progresses without shocks or perturbations, where no one desires anything but peace. And if, while these thoughts are passing through your brain, the silvery tones of a clock upon a neighbouring church tower ring out some well known popular ditty, the delusion is complete, and you feel you would like to bring your family and friends over to Zaandam and end your days in one of these green cottages.

But, even granting that this blissful state is but apparent, it is none the less an incontrovertible fact that Zaandam is one of the most prosperous towns in Holland, that many of these little green cottages are inhabited by millionaire ship-builders, and that there is not a starving family, nor a homeless child to be found in the whole place.

Besides this, Zaandam can boast of possessing what Napoleon I. called Holland's finest monument, namely, Peter the Great's hut, in honour of which the town was at one time, and still is by many people called Czardam, or Saardam. A legion of guides murmur the name of this world-renowned hovel into the ear of every stranger who comes to Zaandam, and it may be said that it constitutes the great

and sole attraction which induces foreigners to visit this town.

When and wherefore the great Emperor came to live in that hovel is well known to everyone. After defeating the Tartars and the Turks, and entering Moscow in triumph, the youthful Czar determined to undertake a journey to all the principal European Courts in order to study their trade and commerce. Accompanied by three ambassadors, four secretaries, twelve noblemen, fifty retainers, and one dwarf, he quitted his dominions in April of the year 1697, passed through Livonia, Brandenburg, Pomerania, Berlin, Westphalia, and arrived at Amsterdam fifteen days before his suite. Unknown to anyone he spent some time in the Admiralty dockyards of this town, and in order to learn by personal experience the art of ship-building, in which at that time the Dutch nation had attained a very high degree of proficiency, he donned the garb of a sailor and went to Zaandam, whose docks had the reputation of being the best in Holland. Assuming the name of Peter Michaeloff, he proffered his services to one Mynher Calf, a wealthy shipbuilder. He caused his name to be entered among those of other workmen, he worked hard as carpenter, smith and ropemaker, and as long as he remained at Zaandam he wore the same dress and lived upon the same food as his fellow workmen, and slept as they did in a wooden hut, the one at present exhibited. It is not known certainly how long he remained at Zaandam. Some suppose that he stayed there several months, others maintained with more probability that, exasperated by the inquisi-

tiveness of the inhabitants, he only remained there a week. Be that as it may, it is an indisputable fact that when he returned again to Amsterdam, after a brief absence, he built with his own hands in the India Company's docks, a vessel of sixty guns; that he studied mathematics, the physical sciences, geography, anatomy and painting, and that he left Holland in January, 1698, for London.

The memorable hut is situated on the outskirts of Zaan-dam in sight of the open country, enclosed, so to speak, in a small brick building which Queen Anna Pawlovna of the Netherlands, a Russian by birth, caused to be erected to shelter it from the inclemency of the weather. It is a regular fisherman's hut, built of wood, consisting of two small rooms, but in so dilapidated and tumbledown a condition that, were it not for the sheltering structure around it, a gust of wind would easily blow it to pieces. The first room one enters contains three rude benches, a broad table, a cupboard bed, and a large fire-place of the old-fashioned Flemish style. In the second room are two large portraits, Peter the Great, in workman's garb, and the Empress Catherine. Russian and Dutch flags are suspended from the ceiling. The tables, walls, door-posts, doors and beams are all covered with names, poetry, mottoes and inscriptions in all languages of the globe. A marble slab, inscribed with *Petro magno Alexander* was placed there by order of the Emperor Alexander of Russia in commemoration of his having visited it in 1839, and underneath it is a line by a Russian poet, saying: "Over this humble abode holy angels wing their flight. Bow down, Czarewich. Here is the cradle of thine

Empire, here Russia's greatness first saw the light." Other stone slabs commemorate the visits of kings and princes; more verses, and especially Russian inscriptions expressing the joy and enthusiasm of fanatic hero worshippers upon attaining the end of their pilgrimage. One of these inscriptions mentions that it was from this hovel that Peter Michaeloff, the carpenter, directed the operations of the Muscovite army fighting the Turks in the Ukraine plains.

As I was retracing my steps towards the centre of the town, I was thinking that the proudest day in the life of Peter the Great must have been that on which he fell asleep in this very hut after having tasted of hard manual labour for the first time, just as his happiest one must have been the day when, eighteen years later, he returned in the full flush of his might and glory to show Catherine the place where, studying the trade of carpenter, he had learned that of Emperor. The inhabitants proudly recollect that day, and speak of it as of an event they had personally witnessed. The Czarina had stayed behind at Wesel; the Czar arrived at Zaandam alone. We can fancy how joyfully, how proudly he was welcomed by the merchants, the carpenters, the seamen, whose comrade he had been eighteen years before. For the world, he was the civiliser of Russia, the victor of Pultowa, the builder of Petersburg, but for them he was plain Peterbas, Master Peter, as they familiarly called him in the days when they worked together. He was a child of Zaandam who had attained the rank of Emperor, he was an old friend coming back again to his familiar circle. Ten days after giving birth to a daughter, the Czarina joined

her husband at Zaandam, and she too was desirous of seeing his former dwelling. The Emperor and Empress unaccompanied by any suite, without pomp or solemnity, went to dine at Mynher Calf's, the ship-builder who, in the days of yore, had engaged the crowned workman. They were followed by a crowd, shouting: "Long live Master Peter!" and Master Peter, the exterminator of boyards and strelitzes, the merciless judge of his own son, the awe-inspiring potentate, wept.

Zaandam, seen from the river, is a motley confusion of little green houses, roofed with tiles of brightest red, surmounted by kiosks, painted green, with multicoloured streamers, or many-hued wooden balls, strung upon an iron rod, turrets surmounted by balustrades or bowers, buildings imitating Greek temples and villas, booths and huts of hitherto unseen forms and colours, whimsically piled up over each other or huddled closely together as if they were fighting for breathing room; a flimsy style of architecture, all vanity and outward show. Among these buildings, run streets, so narrow as scarcely to allow room for one person to pass along, squares no larger than a moderate sized room, courtyards of about the size of a table, canals that only a duck can swim upon, and in front, between each house and the river, toy gardens, bristling with sheds, poultry hutches, bowers, lattice-work, toy windmills, and weeping willows are daintily laid out; in front of the gardens on the bank of the river are miniature harbours, teeming with little green boats, moored to posts greener still. Above this medley of gardens and buildings tower the tall windmills, also painted

green edged with white, or white edged with green, with their sails painted like flag-staffs and their axles gilt and ornamented with multicoloured whirligigs; green belfrys, varnished from top to bottom, little churches looking like village theatres, painted in squares, with borders of all the colours of the rainbow. But what is stranger still is that the buildings, small enough at the mouth of the river, diminish in size as you proceed further inland, as if the inhabitants had been classed in order of their stature, so that at length the houses dwindle down to mere sentry-boxes, hutches, mousetraps, bandboxes, *oubliettes* which might easily be taken to be the projecting housetops of a buried city; a miniature style of architecture which makes houses you would merely need to stretch your arm out to touch appear as if they were a long way off; a tiny model of a town, a regular human hive, where children look like giants, and cats spring up upon the housetops from the street below at one leap; where a garden is effectually blocked up by one chair, a bower is barely large enough to contain one person, an arbour is of about the size of an umbrella, and, to complete the picture, the inevitable weeping willow, little steps of stairs, still smaller windmills, gaudy streamers, bright hued flowers filling all vacant spaces.

MAARKEN

CHARLES S. PELHAM-CLINTON

AN undoubted result of our modern civilisation is the destruction of old landmarks and the reduction to a monotonous dead level of the costumes of the world. In a few places, however, we still find the primitive costumes of the inhabitants preserved, but such spots are very few and far between. One of these spots is the quaint little island of Maarken in the Zuyder Zee, though it is very hard to determine why an island so close to a large city like Amsterdam, and apparently having such a large amount of intercourse with it, should have retained its simple customs and primitive costumes all these years. Perhaps the reason is to be found in the shallow water which surrounds it and prevents any but local boats from reaching its shores; but when the reclamation of the Zuyder Zee becomes an accomplished fact—and that it will do so there is but little doubt—quaint Maarken and its quainter inhabitants will be among the things of the past.

The island can be reached from Monnikendam, which is best reached by the light railways that form a network all over Holland, and is about an hour's sail from that old-world little Dutch village. The usual way of getting there, however, is by the Sunday steamer from Amsterdam, which during the summer takes a large number of excursionists who wish to see one of the most curious spots in Western Europe.



ENTRANCE TO THE GROOTE KERKBUURT, MAARKEN.

U. S. M.

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After leaving Amsterdam the boat passed through the locks into the Zuyder Zee, and eventually came to an anchor about a mile from the island, which even at this distance appeared little more than a bank with a forest of masts rising from the harbour, and a few steeples and lighthouses. A couple of broad-bowed fishing-smacks soon made their appearance from the harbour, and we were at once made acquainted with the curious costume worn by the men of Maarken, which consists of a species of skirt, or tight-fitting coat, buttoned at the side, made of dark blue or brown serge, having a double row of black buttons, the top being fastened by a double gold button in the form of a link. The boys' coats, as a rule, had a silver button, but the men, almost without exception, had the more precious metal. A coloured kerchief was loosely tied round the neck, and on the head was a closely fitting cap with a shiny peak. It was the breeches, however, that were so extraordinary, there being more stuff in each leg than in an ordinary woman's skirt; and when the wind blew against it and spread out the folds it fairly astonished one: gathered in at the waist and at the knee, the size was accentuated by a perfectly straight leg in almost every case devoid of calf, covered with a dark blue stocking, or in some cases a gaiter and a wooden sabot, which was kicked off on board ship, the sole of the stocking being covered with leather.

The men on the boats were a specimen of what we saw all over the island, being tall and powerfully made, with harsh but not unpleasant features, one curious idiosyncrasy

being that I did not see a single man with the peak of his cap straight on his head.

The number of people these skimming-dishes which are used for fishing-boats on the Zuyder Zee can carry is extraordinary, and the whole of our steamer's passengers were speedily on board the two smacks, which soon took us through the entrance to the harbour, where we were greeted by a throng of at least two hundred children and grown-up people, all of whom were dressed in the costume of the island. I dare say to Maarken eyes our costumes seemed fully as quaint as theirs did to us; and even to ourselves some of those on board were got up in a fashion that excited one's risible faculties.

What first attracted me was the extraordinary shape of the children, none of whom were less than twice the width round the hips that they were round the chest. I found, however, that art, and not nature, had caused this extraordinary phenomenon, the Maarken idea of beauty in a lady's figure being by no means what it is in other countries, where a slim figure is the aim and object of female existence. I did not make an anatomical examination of the Maarken's women's costumes, but the ladies of our party did and I was informed that the tub-like effect in both them and the children was produced by a number of padded petticoats, which are first put on and then covered by the plain red or blue serge skirt, which forms the outer dress, and which has a sort of worked band at the waist. The bodice of the dress is very quaint, and consists of three separate visible pieces; of the invisible parts I can tell

nothing, but the length of the arm is covered by a sleeve of much the same material as that of which the dress is formed. As far down as the elbow come the sleeves of a sort of shirt of cambric or linen, the collar of which appears occasionally at the throat, though, as a rule, this is closely covered up with a kind of over-corsage worked in many colours on a red or blue ground. The hair is worn in plaits at either side in front of the ears, the front hair being cut short and appearing just below the headdress, which is of white cambric, rather like a nightcap, tied close over the ears and on gala occasions having a second cap worked in bright colours partially pulled over it. The whole effect is quaint in the extreme, and the children—for boys also, until six or seven years old, wear the same dress—clatter about in their wooden sabots, not disdaining, though they may be the offspring of the local capitalist, to beg for coin or pose for coppers before the camera.

The women's costumes are made during the long winter, and it takes many months to work their intricate patterns, but, when finished they last a very long time. No other costume is to be seen among the women of the island; old and young alike are dressed the same, and fashions have not altered in the past century or two; and from the sabots to the top of the starched head-dress the Maarken belle of to-day is dressed in exactly the same way as her great-great-grandmother was in the year of grace 1700.

The island itself is rescued from the encroachments of the sea by the embankments so general in Holland, and the inhabitants, of whom there are about one thousand, live in

seven villages built on a corresponding number of mounds, which prevent the encroachments of the floods which every year partially cover the island, the water having to be pumped out by the curious little windmills to be seen on every side. The men gain their living by fishing, and they are said to be the best fishermen in the Zuyder Zee, and they are so thrifty that the larger number have considerable sums laid by.

The houses are mostly two-storied, a very narrow staircase or else a ladder leading to the upper rooms; their cleanliness is extraordinary, and the art treasures to be found in some of the poorest-looking cottages are a matter for surprise to everybody who visits the island. Not one of these treasures will the Maarken fishermen dispose of, and no offer will tempt them to sell the quaintly carved chairs and charming pieces of Delft, the curious old Dutch clocks, or the pictures that have in many cases been handed down from father to son for generations. They will sell the produce of their nets or the costumes worked during the winter, but these old heirlooms they will not part with, and the islander who would do so would have a sorry time of it in the future. Money has no fascination for them in this case. The small meadows, divided from each other by tiny canals, which are crossed in their turn by little swing hand-bridges, give just enough sustenance to the cows that supply milk for consumption fresh and for making cheese, while a few sheep eke out a poor existence and supply a certain amount of wool, more of this coming from the mainland, as does dress material and the flour and groceries consumed.

There is a not tree on the island; and I do not remember seeing more than a dozen bushes, and these seemed to possess but a weak hold on life.

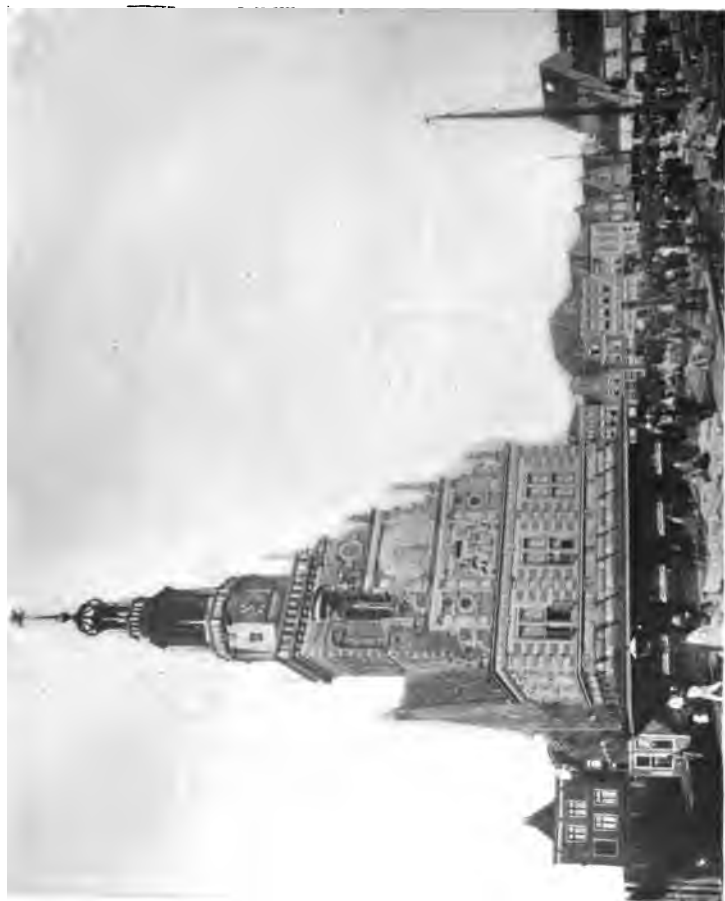
Uneventful as life is there, Maarken has its history, for in the middle of the Thirteenth Century the Premontre monks established themselves on the island, building a cloister and a church, the latter being called Marienhot and being dedicated to the Virgin Mary; it stood till 1845, though it was only built of wood, but in that year had to be pulled down, when it was replaced by the present structure, which is of little interest. The monks who erected the original building only remained on the island for about a century, and in 1346, Margaret, the wife of the Emperor Louis, ceded this amongst other islands to the burghers of Amsterdam. A hundred years later the inhabitants had so much increased in wealth that the island was worth the attention of their neighbours from Kampen, who paid it a visit and pillaged it, an attack which its fortunes never recovered and the poverty of its inhabitants guarded them from further interference. Fire, however, has twice or three times in each century partially destroyed the various hamlets, but they have always sprung up again, maintaining their original plan of construction.

ALKMAAR

EDMONDO DE AMICIS

AFTER leaving Zaandam in its wake, the steamer that was to carry me to Alkmaar pursued its course for a considerable length of time between two uninterrupted ranges of windmills, stopping for a minute or so at several villages, turned down into the Market Vaart Canal, crossed the Lake of Alkmaar and finally entered the great Noord Canal. We were in the very centre of North Holland, that small peninsula bounded by the German Ocean and the Zuyder Zee, which lies almost entirely below the level of the surrounding waters, protected from them on the one side by the dunes, on the other by a series of colossal dykes, irregularly interspersed with innumerable canals, marshes and lakes, which give to it the aspect of a partially submerged territory, destined shortly to vanish altogether beneath the waters. As far as the eye could reach the uniform monotony of the boundless level plain was broken only by a few clumps of trees, a sail or two, and here and there a windmill.

The part of the Noord Canal we were then upon runs along the Beemster polder, the largest expanse of land drained in the Seventeenth Century, formerly the bed of one of the forty-three lakes which overspread the province of Alkmaar, and which were subsequently metamorphosed into fertile meadows. Like all polders, the Beemster polder,



THE WEIGHING-HOUSE, ALKMAAR.

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which covers an area of nearly eighteen thousand acres, is managed by a committee elected by the local landowners and all expenses of culture and drainage are met by a tax levied upon the local landowners proportionately to the number of acres they respectively possess. It is divided into a great number of squares, separated from each other by canals and brick-paved streets, causing its general aspect to resemble that of a huge chessboard. Its level being nearly three and a half metres below that of Amsterdam, the rain water has incessantly to be drained off by means of wind-mills, which pour it into the canals, which, in their turn, convey it to the sea. Altogether the polder contains about three hundred farms, representing a total of some six thousand head of cattle and four hundred horses. The only trees I saw there were poplars, elms and willows, planted in clumps about the houses to shelter them from the wind. The place is one vast meadow, and what applies to Beemster may be said of all other polders. The only objects diversifying those verdant plains are the poles, placed at irregular intervals, for the storks to build their nests upon, and, here and there, the huge skeleton of a whale, ancient trophies, brought home by the Dutch fishermen of olden times and set upright into the ground for the cows to rub against. The produce of the fields and dairy is conveyed from one farm to another in boats; each house is entered by means of a bridge, which is raised at night like the drawbridge in a fortress; the cattle browse unwatched, ducks and swans freely paddle up and down the long canals, an air of security, prosperity and peace pervades the whole scene. These are

the provinces where the renowned breed of cattle, to which Holland is in part indebted for her prosperity, flourishes in all its beauty; this is the home of those large, mild-tempered cows, that yield as much as twelve gallons of milk a day, the descendants of the noble animals imported during the Middle Ages into France, Belgium, Germany, Sweden and Russia. There is a tradition that a herd of these animals was driven across the continent as far as Odessa, thus retracing, step by step, the very road by which the mighty wave of Germanic invasion had penetrated into Europe. A delicious cheese, of world-wide renown, which derives its name from Edam, a town in North Holland, is made from the milk these animals yield. On market-days all the towns of this province are literally filled to overflowing with fine, reddish cheeses, piled up like cannon-balls in the squares and streets, and pointed out to the foreigner by the natives with a feeling of legitimate national pride.

Those who are acquainted with other Dutch towns must not expect to find anything very remarkable or novel in the way of sight-seeing at Alkmaar. The town is regular in shape, traversed by broad canals and still broader streets, lined with the inevitable red houses, surmounted by their inevitable peaked façades. Some spacious squares are paved throughout with little yellow and reddish bricks, arranged in symmetrical patterns, which—seen from a distance—look exactly like a carpet. Every street has two footways; the one paved with brick for the ordinary passengers, the other, upon a somewhat higher level and paved with flags, is reserved for the inmates of the adjoining houses. No outsider

dare set his foot upon this sacred ground under pain of being withered by an eagle glance darted at him by some irate householder watching his proceedings from the window. Many houses, I cannot say why, perhaps merely for the sake of some singular whim, are whitewashed only halfway up; some are painted black, as if they were in mourning; others are covered with a coating of varnish, like carriages, from roof to basement. The windows being very low down, the fine hyacinths and tulips in the embrasures, the sitting-rooms flashing with mirrors and profusely ornamented with china, the family groups gathered round little tables laden with liquor cases, glasses of beer, plates of biscuits, packets of cigars, may be taken in at a glance from the street. You may walk about the town for a long time without meeting a human being; and, stranger still, the people you meet or pass as they are standing on the doorsteps, men, women and children, all courteously salute you.

There are no remarkable monuments to be seen at Alkmaar, with the exception of the Town Hall, built in the Seventeenth Century, partly Gothic, partly no style at all, somewhat resembling, though on a smaller scale, the Town Hall at Brussels, and the fine Church of St. Lawrence, belonging to the same epoch, containing the tomb of Count Florentius V. of Holland and a model of Ruyter's flagship suspended over the choir in lieu of a lamp. Outside the eastern boundary of the city lies a compact grove, which the townspeople use as a public promenade and where, upon high days and holidays, the so-called *Harddriverij*, or trotting race-meetings, are held, and the eminently Dutch prize of a

silver coffee-pot is conferred upon the winner. But notwithstanding its picturesque grove, its Town Hall, and its 11,000 inhabitants, Alkmaar might be taken for a large village; and so deep is the silence pervading its streets that the music of the church bells, which here is even wilder than in other towns, rings out from all quarters as at the dead of night.

IN THE NORTH HOLLAND POLDERS

J. BALLINGAL

RICHNESS, fertility and greenness are felt to be inadequate expressions when applied to the polders of North Holland. Three very large ones, all within the thriving little town of Purmerend, are known as the Purmer, Beemster and Wormer polders. Formerly lakes and marshes, these polders were dyked and girdled with broad canals, into which all the water of the lakes was pumped by powerful engines, leaving a soil of unrivalled fertility to be made the most of by the industrious Boors. What was once dismal swamp and glimmering mere has now all the aspect of a long-settled and cultivated region studded with farm-houses and hamlets. A drive through the monotonous maze of perfectly flat rectangular fields fenced by broad water-ditches leaves one with a single but emphatic impression—that of agricultural prosperity. The broad fields of rich grass, with vast herds of black and white cows; the bright, comfortable farm-houses, which indeed are often mansions suggestive of luxury, and the Boors themselves, all seem to express in every feature that years of plenty have been and are not yet gone. The name, Boor, inevitably conveys a false impression to English ears. The Dutch Boor is usually, in these polders at least, the proprietor of his farm, and there is no more boorishness about him than is to be seen in the average Eng-

lish or Scotch small farmer, and as regards intelligence, he is quite on a level with the latter and, in some respects, owing to his less insular position, superior.

In bright summer weather an exploration of the polders is most enjoyable. Having secured the use of one of the hooded gigs, much used by the Boors, and a smart trotting-horse, a pretty creature with a beautifully arched neck, we set off at a good pace. Always the main roads were the same, interminably long straight lines intersecting at right angles, and paved with the detestable but useful "klinkers" that one sees everywhere in Holland. By the roadsides rows of carefully trimmed trees lent an agreeable shade. A visit to a fairly large farm-house in the Beemster polder initiated us into the audacities of purification and adornment achieved by the country housewife. We were ushered straight into the byre, one end of which was the farm-kitchen, where, round a glowing fire in a dark chimney recess, several people were sitting. The walls were lit up by the sheen of many brass and copper pans and utensils. The cows, being out for the summer, their stalls were decked in a way they could hardly be expected to appreciate. Long strips of dark blue carpet embroidered in yellow, with classic verses of exclusively bucolic reference, were laid down over the clean-scrubbed bricks, and the troughs were ornamented with fine old Delft platters and large foreign sea-shells. Needless to say, neither dust nor cobwebs marred the purity of the whitewashed walls or of the woodwork, which was partly painted and varnished black, and partly scoured.

It is, however, a more interesting time to see the byre

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when the cows are in, and the work concentrated within doors. Then, indeed, one marvels at the perfect purity and cleanliness that is rigidly preserved at a great expense of time and trouble. The milking of many cows, the feeding and watering combined, with all the operations of extensive cheese-making, renders the byre and kitchen, and the barns and other apartments that open off them, a scene of constant activity from morning to night. The chief result is visible in great piles of small cheeses, shaped like large turnips, and known as sweet-milk Edam cheeses.

To pass from the byre through the kitchen and into the parlour is an initiation into higher and more sacred territory. We did not wonder at the scowl of the Boor's wife as she glanced at our boots when we walked across the shining floor which she was in the very act of waxing and polishing. We noticed her husband had left his big wooden shoes in the kitchen, and now stepped warily along in his stockings. We mounted a brightly polished stair to some bedrooms, chiefly remarkable for a total absence of any signs of habitation, and the bed-curtains were all closely drawn round the beds. Descending to the parlour, where we settled down with our host to smoke a cigar and drink a glass of Madeira hospitably proffered, we had time to admire the fine carved cabinets, filled with old china, that lined the walls. In answer to some remark, our host answered carelessly, "Oh—those things—they've been long in the family." They dated, no doubt, from the palmy days of Holland in the Seventeenth Century. Few of the Boors, however, have such treasures to show. Their houses are as often furnished in very modern

style, though the furniture is sure to be solid and good. They have the utmost contempt for anything sham and flimsy. In their jewellery, of which a great deal is worn, they would never think of buying false diamonds or imitation coral. Their houses are models of neatness and cleanliness, but there is no trace of æsthetic feeling. Symmetry is admired above everything. Trees planted round the house at equal distances, trimmed to an exact height, and whitewashed to a certain height of the trunk, windows and doors to correspond, gates freshly painted, and gravel walks without a footprint—that is the country ideal. There is a story of a Boor who fancied a piano would be a handsome addition to his best room, and having bought one and got it placed, he returned a few weeks after to the piano warehouse. "Did the instrument give satisfaction?" the dealer anxiously inquired. "Oh, yes! yes! I've no complaint to make, for nobody has even touched it. What annoys us is we don't like the look of it in the room. It is not *symmetrisch*, so I've come to buy another, exactly the same, to stand in the opposite corner."

Such a story is credible enough when one sees the exactly similar way in which, through a large district, houses are built, and trees planted round them, as if every detail were compulsory. The love of cleanliness, too, has its extravagances, as, for instance, in the neighbourhood we speak of, we once enjoyed the comic spectacle of a man sitting astride on the ridge of his house, with a pail slung round his neck, scrubbing away at the tiles.

With our host of the farm we had a long, interesting con-

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versation about Dutch and English agriculture, and he finished by showing us a handsome greenhouse, very well stocked, and of which he was pardonably proud.

Another day we drove to Edam, speeding, as before, along hard level roads and always feeling as if we might be still in the same spot, for the rich green meadows, framed in shallow canals, the large black and white cows, never varied. Towards evening the scene varied a little. Here and there small groups of two or three women might be seen going out to the milking. Sometimes they were rowing along the canals, which take the place of farm roads, their white head-gear showing a flash of silver and their glittering brass milk-cans making a bright spot in the landscape. One wonders how they manage to carry, as they do, two of these huge cans full of milk long distances over soft and often muddy ground. It is certainly a proof of the physical vigour of the North Holland milkmaids. Their mothers before them have done the same for generations, but perhaps none of them were so lucky as to pick up a rarity found by some Edam milkmaids, as an old chronicler tells us, in 1403. They had gone out to milk the cows, and found among the lush grass a live mermaid. This was not so very surprising, as the sea had just before broken through the dyke of the Purmer Lake, so it was quite accountable that this marine creature should have drifted in. She could not speak Dutch, but they took her home with them, and afterwards she was moved to Haarlem, where she lived many years. Though nobody could understand her speech, she learned to spin, and so to provide for herself. She was religious, too, showing great signs of rever-

ence and adoration for the Cross. Doubtless, also, the climate of Holland suited her.

As we went on, the spires of Edam presently appeared in the distance, and we especially noted the beauty of the fine one belonging to the principal church. We were soon rattling over the roughly-paved streets, and after needed refreshment strolled out to look at the town. We had been told of an "idyllic" graveyard, and found the spot, but to English eyes it could never appear idyllic, lying as it did on the north side and immediately under the shadow of the huge church, and on the other side of it a canal. The trees and shrubs were no doubt fine, but the suggestion of the place was entirely of the dark and damp charnel-house. Within the church, we found some very old stained glass well worthy of a visit.

Cheese is less predominate in Edam than one would expect, but its prosperity evidently, in a great measure, depends on the trade of the people of the neighbouring polders. Away to the east, only a mile or so, is the Zuyder Zee; and, looking in that direction, we saw that we had quite got out of the region of the polders, with their vivid green meadows and shady roads.

LEEWARDEN AND GRONINGEN

HENRY HAVARD

ALTHOUGH Leeuwarden is not a large town, having but 25,000 inhabitants, it has all the attractions of a small capital. The streets are well laid out and lined with pretty houses, decorated with great taste, the squares are large and well situated. In fact, throughout one feels a kind of animation which indicates a life outside the commercial portion of the population led by a rich and elegant society, who reside there for pleasure and not for business.

The town, however, cannot boast of many monuments. Two old towers, one of which leans so far forward that it looks as if about to fall into the street, the Chancellerie, the Hôtel de Ville or Town Hall, and the Jacobins Church—these are the only buildings of interest.

The ramparts which ran along the basis of the town of St. Vitus have disappeared. The central portion of the town, which over and over again defended it against troublesome and encroaching enemies, is now a pleasant open walk. The gates have been destroyed, and just at the time we visited Leeuwarden the last was being dragged down; and even from the wretched prints portraying them we may justly be indignant when we see such monuments or mementoes of former towns destroyed. Besides many of these gates deserve a better fate, if only to serve as examples of the dif-

ferent ages of architecture. The ancient ramparts are not the only promenade in Leeuwarden. There is a public garden, which is not very large, it is true, but it is well laid out. Formerly this garden belonged to the Princes of Orange, but in 1795 the town took possession of it, and since then all the society and *élite* of the place gather there twice a week to listen to music and walk about.

Besides its public museums and establishments, the little capital of Friesland has a number of very elegant buildings of various styles of architecture; some gabled with redans, others supported by columns and consoles; others again painted in bright colours or in soft shades, harmonising well with the old bricks and yellow stones of the older houses, but altogether giving a charming effect to the town, and leaving one much inclined to criticise severely its general aspect. Some of the bas-reliefs which cover them are really very interesting both from a professional and local point of view; as for example in the Sint-Jacobstraat, there is one house where the sculptured entablature represents a printer's workshop during the early years of the Seventeenth Century, in which a very notable page of history may be read.

Groningen is not only a fine large town, populous, rich and flourishing, but it is, moreover, the most ancient in the country. The ancient chronicles date it as founded 500 years B. C., some by a person called Grunus, who gave it its name; according to others by a German race, the Gruines, mentioned by Tacitus. But neighbouring towns, jealous of its pedigree, affirm that the name is derived from the Dutch adjective "*groen*" (green), and from the substan-



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tive "*inigen*," which in the Drenthe and Over-Yssel *patois* means "field" or "meadow," and that really she takes her name from the green pastures with which she is surrounded.

This, however, signifies but little, for from whatever source the name is derived, one thing is certain, that in the year 48 of the present era, Corbulon found the town thriving and the position good, whereupon he endowed it with sundry institutes, and, better still, with fortifications, which were more in keeping with the age. A century later its importance was such that the geographer, Ptolemy, thought it worth mentioning in his works. In 398, the Normans, finding it easy of access, paid it a visit. An old chronicler, who refers to it as "*Grins*," mentioned it as defended by a palisade. Cornelius Kempius tells us that in 1100 the Emperor Henry IV. pulled down the palisade and substituted a rampart of bricks surmounted by forts. In 1570, the Spaniards surrounded it with double fortifications, that of the interior of brick, and outwardly with earthworks. Finally the great Coehoorn, the Vauban of Holland, turned it into a fortification of first rank.

Take a plan of Groningen, and you can easily trace these three last transformations. First is the large circular street which envelops the tower bearing the suggestive name of *Achter den Murr* (behind the wall). Then the also circular canal, which forms a second girdle, known successively as the *Loopendee diep*, *Katten diep*, *Zuyder diep*, *Noorder* and *Zuyder Haven*. Lastly, the actual fortifications which encircle the place with a third enclosure.

If the military history is easy to follow, the commercial

history is equally so. It was in 1116 that Groningen obtained its most important privileges, and in 1220, with Lübeck and Bremen, organised a fleet that took part in the Crusades. In 1220, its sailors were in constant communication with the people on the Baltic, and besides signing a treaty with the inhabitants of the Island of Gottenburg, in 1257 it contracted a commercial alliance with the King of England. In 1284, it figured amongst the Hanseatic towns. In 1285, it signed a treaty of commerce with the King of Sweden, and in 1298, with the Counts of Holland. So much for the Thirteenth Century. The Fourteenth is none the less prolific, and gives us an insight into its outside commerce. The Fifteenth deals with the formation of markets; that for fish in 1446; for provisions generally in 1447; then come those for cattle and horses; and, finally, that for corn—all of which exist to the present day; the latter being one of the most important of the Low Countries. Since then its agricultural importance has so far increased that the neighbouring provinces allow its cattle to pass through free of duty; and, as early as 1469, twelve Groningen farmers were seen driving one thousand head of cattle to the fair at Boisle-Duc.

Amidst such agricultural prosperity the manufactures of a town could scarcely remain idle. In 1436, the different trades formed themselves into the "guilds" (*gilden*), so influential in the Low Countries, first to the number of eighteen, but later on to thirty; and these constituted a real power, for their individual numbers and resources are, to say the least, considerable.

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The situation of Groningen is, however, exceptional. It not only provisions the neighbouring towns, where it has no rivals, but lying between two rivers, the Hunse and the Aa, it is in communication, by the Damsterdiep with "Eems," and by the Reitdiep with the North Sea; besides which it joins Leeuwarden and the Zuyder Zee by its canals, and by means of the "Winschoterdiep" holds communication with the German provinces.

SHORES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE: HOORN AND ENKHUISEN

KATHERINE S. AND G. S. MACQUOID

THE next morning found us early in Hoorn, a jewel among old towns for its primitive condition, though owing to the care with which the houses are washed, cleaned and preserved, they look almost new, and it is at first difficult to realise the age of the place; after a time, however, as we walked beside the rows of houses, with stepped gables and sculptured stonework, we seemed to have gone back in some mysterious way to the Seventeenth Century, when Hoorn was full of life and business, and as we looked round us it was the people in their modern costume who seemed out of character with their houses. No town in Holland is richer in old domestic architecture than Hoorn is, and though it is one of the "Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee," it is not in many parts as lifeless as might be expected; it looks here and there a well-to-do town. Just outside the railway station, however, it looks very lonely and desolate.

On our way to our hotel the only person we saw was a stumpy boy of an extraordinary square shape, with his hands buried in the pockets of his gigantic breeches; he was perhaps eight years old, and was stolidly puffing at a huge cigar. He eyed us with intense curiosity; he evidently thought we were unknown animals, fit to be stuffed and put in the museum.

Our large rambling hotel, neither comfortable nor mod-

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erate in tariff, bore upon it the date 1616. We were, however, tired by our journey, and our first meal seemed excellent: very good tea, served in the Dutch manner, with tea-canister, kettle and spirit-lamp, accompanied by delicious butter, rolls, and toothsome Hague biscuits, or rusks.

After our meal we went out in search of the harbour gate, the most interesting old building in Hoorn; we walked around the town beside the Zuyder Zee, and inquired for the Water Gate.

The quaint and lofty old structure stands in the middle of the harbour, and is built of red brick, softened and beautified by age; it is of strange and picturesque shape, round on its sea-face, but flat on that side that faces the town; I never saw a similar building out of Holland. There are on it two dates: 1532 and 1651; the last date is that of the finely-proportioned clock turret on the top of the old roof. The upper part of the turret is covered with lead. The best view of this strange old tower is from a boat on the Zuyder Zee.

Turning our long gaze at the Water Gate, we came upon a group of rough-looking Zuyder Zee fishermen, picturesquely clad in coarse shirts and trousers, enormous in girth, but short in length. One of them wore a red shirt, dark trousers, and bright blue stockings; he was squatting on the quay, carefully picking seaweed from a fishing-net; another man was mending his net.

We presently saw another quaint old gate, called the Osterport, or East Gate. It is in two stories. The lower part, built in 1511, bears the Latin inscription:

*"Nil prosunt vigilum excubia, nihil arma minaeque
Murorum ingentes, raucaeve tonitura canae 1578,
Ni deus hancce velis regere ac tutarier urbem."*

This Osterport stands on the ramparts, and the road through it leads into the country along by the banks of the Zuyder Zee. The tree-lined ramparts extend all round Hoorn, and form a delightfully shaded walk when the sun is hot.

One of us walked out into the country by way of the Osterport. The afternoon was dull, with a cool, refreshing breeze from the inland sea. It was interesting to watch the peaceful country-life of the North Holland folk. Men were mowing, with slow rhythmic movement, the tall grass that bordered the road; meditative old peasants in blouses, pipe in mouth, walked leisurely beside their donkey-carts; a man and his little fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter, in a small cart, drawn by three large dogs, passed by at full trot—though the peace of the scene was disturbed when the man brutally beat the dogs to make them go faster still. Fishing-boats with brown sails studded the pearly surface of the Zuyder Zee; seagulls, uttering their strange, mournful cries, flew lazily overhead with large, slowly-flapping wings, or wheeled round on outspread pinions, or sometimes lighted down on the dancing wavelets; swallows skimmed noiselessly along, with low twitterings.

Most of the country-people come into town through the Osterport on their way to the weekly cheese-market. There is a great traffic in cheeses at Hoorn.

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We saw them being stored in the warehouses by hundreds, looking like red and yellow cannon-balls. A man stood in a cart full of cheeses and threw them two at a time to a man below; he in turn threw them to a third man at the entrance of the warehouse, and this one flung them to a fourth inside the warehouse itself, and he piled them therein, in regular order. We afterwards saw the cheeses rolled down wooden troughs to the boats in the canal below ready for exportation.

The Weighing-House is in the centre of the town, and is a handsome Seventeenth Century building of grey stone, with a tall roof and dormer windows. The cheeses are weighed here directly the bargains are struck between the buyers and sellers at the weekly market.

Hoorn is second only to Alkmaar among North Holland towns for the extent of its dealings in cheeses. A large trade in butter is also carried on at Hoorn.

We went from the Weighing-House to see the College of the States, a stone building more than two centuries old. It is decorated with coloured shields, and among these is an English shield, supported by figures of armed men said to be negroes. The story of this shield took us back to the middle of the Seventeenth Century, the time of the naval war between the States of Holland and the English Commonwealth.

On the 30th of November, 1652, the English fleet under Blake met near the Goodwins a larger number of Dutch vessels of war, commanded by Van Tromp and De Ruyter. A stubborn fight took place, and the English were worsted;

but nightfall put an end to the battle and saved their fleet from destruction. Blake was wounded, two English ships were taken and three more were sunk or burned. Blake retreated to the Thames; and Van Tromp, in his pride of victory, fastened a broom to the top-mast of his vessel, as a sign either that he had swept the sea clear of his enemies or that he intended to do so. Some of Van Tromp's ships had been provided by the town of Hoorn, and on one of these were two negroes who showed singular daring during the pursuit of the enemy, and managed to capture a shield from one of the retreating English ships; hence the tradition represented by the shield on the Court House.

In a street near the College of the States stands the St. Jans Gasthaus, bearing the date 1663. It is a very fine old building in red brick and white stone, ornamented with a good deal of sculpture. It is now used for barracks, and when we passed it we saw soldiers at more than one of the quaint windows.

The Church of St. Antonis, near the Post Office, was begun in 1493, and added to in the Seventeenth Century. It has a charming belfry and handsome windows in the west gable.

In old days Hoorn was one of the most famous of Dutch towns; even in the Fourteenth Century its inhabitants numbered twenty-five thousand. Two centuries later Hoorn was an active agent in crippling the power of Spain, which had at that time the most formidable navy in the world. On the 12th October, 1573, a Dutch fleet sent out solely by the towns of Hoorn and Enkhuysen defeated the Spanish ships and took the Count of Bossu prisoner. Count Bossu's



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flagship, *The Inquisition*, and two of the Hoorn ships lashed themselves together, and fought hand-to-hand for nearly the whole day. While this fight went on, one John Haring climbed into Bossu's ship and hauled down his flag. John Haring was shot, and fell dead on the enemy's deck, but his sword was kept at Enkhuisen. Not far from our hotel there are still standing three houses, and tradition says that from the windows of these houses the citizens of Hoorn watched the fight. There is a series of bas-reliefs outside the houses, illustrating the various scenes of the battle.

The Count was a prisoner at Hoorn for three years. In the Guildhall is his silver-gilt drinking-cup, with this inscription:

*"Rien ou contes
Jemi-atens."*

The people of Hoorn were always sturdy and independent; it is said they were among the first in Holland to embrace the doctrines of Calvin.

The city arms consist of a hunting-horn, and this device is to be seen on every cart and carriage.

There are some pictures in the Town Hall—a portrait of De Ruyter by Ferdinand Bol, much injured by cleaning, and some remarkable examples of Rotuis, or Jan Albertz Roodtsens.

But Hoorn has greatly declined from its former power and importance. It had once ten churches, now there are only two; its inhabitants have dwindled down to about eleven thousand.

Enkhuisen is about twelve miles from Hoorn. The road took us through a very fertile part of the country; all vegetable life seemed to be abundant and luxuriant, and I especially noted the houses of the peasant farmers, some painted bright blue, others green, with their surrounding gardens bordered by canals with little bridges across to connect them with the road. Enkhuisen is on the Zuyder Zee, and is the extreme eastern point of North Holland.

Facing the harbour is a grand old water-gate, with a tower dated 1540. It has a remarkable sculptured doorway; and the building, dark red brick with white stone ornamentation, at once impressed one with the former importance of the town. There is a musical carillon in the tower, which plays at the hours and quarters. Close by, a picturesque group of old houses hangs over the edge of a canal. The town is surrounded by a canal overlooked by tree-shaded ramparts.

Enkhuisen is, perhaps, the deadest of the once powerful "Dead Cities" of the Zuyder Zee; for Stavoren has altogether disappeared and can no longer be counted among them. Once the most important town in Holland, with sixty thousand inhabitants, extended commerce, and a fleet of a thousand ships, Enkhuisen has shrunk away, until at the present time its population is only five thousand and its commerce is practically nil. The city was founded about the year 1000 A. D. Its name is derived from the Dutch words *enkele huizen*, a few houses.

It actually pained one to walk about its almost deserted streets full of fine houses. Enkhuisen must, however, be to

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the artist one of the most interesting cities in Holland, there is so much on which he can employ his brush and pencil. It was the birthplace of the famous painter, Paul Potter. It literally teems with richly-coloured old houses of fantastic shapes and out-of-the-way positions, grouped with trees, canals, and, here and there, some shipping.

At last I came upon one street which seemed like an oasis in the desert of dulness; but as I walked through it I discovered that the life in it was chiefly caused by groups of fishermen gossiping together while they cleaned and mended their nets. Enkhuysen has always been noted for its herring fishery, and this still gives employment to many of its people.

Many of the brick houses are ornamented with sculptured stone, but the portal of the Orphan Asylum is particularly rich in bas-reliefs and statues carved in coloured stone. The principal church, the Wester Kerk, or West Church, is a striking building, either when seen from land or from the Zuyder Zee. It has a fine square tower, crumbling with age, of warm-coloured red brick, surmounted by an elegant tourelle and a bulbous spire; the tower has a good set of chimes, and a fine striking bell. In the interior the carved oak screen dates from 1542 and the oak pulpit from 1568.

There is near this church a pretty little public garden full of flowers. A fine aloe was in grand blossom; and beds of cherry pie, geraniums and begonias made a mass of rich and varied colour.

As I went on I saw groups of women in full gossip at the doors of the smaller houses, their children near them at play.

But most of the inhabitants seemed only half awake, though I daresay they would have been completely wide-awake on the subject of money; it is no easy thing to catch a Dutchman napping over the value of the guilder, though maybe the lines:

"In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much,"

are too sweeping a condemnation of the friendly Netherlander.

Nowadays all enterprise and spirit seem to have deserted the good folk of Enkhuiseu, and for more than a hundred years the town has been but the shadow of its former self. It is said that owing to the moving sandbanks in the Zuyder Zee the once famous harbour became narrower and dangerous, and consequently the commerce of the city declined.

In wandering about the out-of-the-way towns in Holland one is continually reminded of their unchanged condition, their general aspect and the manners and customs of the people seem so little altered since the time of the famous Dutch painters of the Seventeenth Century.

The buildings and the street scenes look just as they were represented in the masters' pictures. Strolling along the quiet streets of Enkhuiseu, I passed just such a butcher's shop as Pieter de Hooch loved to paint. A meditative butcher sat in the middle of his shop, looking earnestly at a huge leg of beef hung up near him; various other joints were tastefully displayed among flowers and plants; while through an open doorway at the back of the shop came a vision of a cool



HARBOUR TOWER (WATER GATE) HOORN.

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green garden; on an adjoining wall a large white cat lay curled up fast asleep. The light and shade of the scene were perfect.

Before the Revolt of the Netherlands, in the Sixteenth Century, the Emperor Charles the Fifth and his son Philip the Second of Spain appear to have manned their ships chiefly with sailors from Enkhuisen. Later on, when the revolt against the Spanish supremacy was declared, Enkhuisen was the first town in Holland to open her gates to the heroic martyr to patriotism, William the Taciturn, Prince of Orange. Alas for departed greatness! Though on all sides relics of former splendour are plainly visible, Enkhuisen exhibits a melancholy spectacle.

Close the eyes, and fancy sees the city once again affluent and powerful. Crowds of people throng its handsome streets; wealthy burghers and richly-dressed cavaliers, with plumed hats and rapiers by their sides, strut along in pride of life and place; ladies in stiff silks and satins rustle by; once again sound the notes of joy and revelry, of busy commerce and full prosperity. A voice seems to cry: "Enkhuisen the proud, the powerful, the beauteous Queen of the pearly Zuyder Zee! Full of brave soldiers and of sailors to whom fear or defeat is unknown, how can possible harm come near such a city?"

What is the picture it offers now? The streets are well-nigh empty, the flood of busy, eager life has ebbed away, and the once prosperous and stately seaport is almost a city of the dead.

We had a fine bright day for our steam trip across the

Zuyder Zee from Enkhuisen to Stavoren, and we found it most enjoyable. The passage took about an hour and a quarter; the neat little steamers carry the mail to Friesland. Our captain was trim and smart-looking, and he pointed out to us various points of interest along the coast. In the early morning the sky had been dull, but as we crossed the dancing water of the Zuyder Zee the sun came out bright and strong, and the sky cleared to that exquisite tint of greyish blue so prevalent in Holland, especially in the region of the Zuyder Zee. We were greatly interested by our fellow-passengers. Many of the women wore golden helmets, with Brussels lace lappets falling from a cap below the helmet; atop of all was a gay bonnet trimmed with artificial flowers, while near each eye projected a golden jewelled ornament. The men seemed very busy with their luggage; some of this consisted of round blue bandboxes, with white edges; the boxes were fastened up with grey list. Soon we came in sight of Stavoren, the ancient capital city of the Frisians, and the oldest city of the Netherlands. Tradition says that in the Fourth Century B. C., Frisio and his two brothers fled from an insurrection in the blessed Frisia in the East Indies. After many adventures, the three brothers landed on this spot, and built a temple to Thor—in their language, the god Stavo; very soon a town sprang up round the temple, and was called Stavoren. This seaport reached the height of its prosperity in the Thirteenth Century, and was famous all over Europe; but for a woman's folly it might, perhaps, still exist. As we approached nearer we looked out for the famous *Vrouwensand*, the sandbank which proved the ruin of the once

W. H. O.

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powerful city; the legend of its origin is well known, but it may, perhaps, be told once more.

In the Fourteenth Century there lived in the flourishing city of Stavoren a very haughty and wealthy widow. Her husband had been a merchant and owned many trading-vessels, and the widow resolved to augment her riches by increased enterprise. Soon after her husband's death she sent for one of her ship-captains and bade him sail a vessel laden with merchandise to Dantzic; in exchange for the cargo, she commanded him to bring her back the most valuable treasures he could find; or, as she expressed it, "the most precious thing in the world."

Now, there had been that year throughout Frisia a scarcity of wheat, and when the captain found on reaching Dantzic that corn was good and plentiful there, he determined to give his haughty mistress a lesson, while he did his country a service; he therefore loaded his vessel with the finest wheat he could purchase, and set sail for Stavoren. He had a stormy voyage, and the vessel was long overdue, when at last, on a warm June evening, she reached the harbour and lay at anchor there. The widow was duly informed of the ship's arrival, and in her impatience to see the treasure her captain had brought, early on the following morning she went on board. She was a very handsome woman, both tall and strong; the sailors stared at her in admiring awe as she walked with stately steps to meet the captain.

"Where is my treasure?" she said, "the precious thing you have brought in exchange for the cargo?"

"You see there a sample of it, Mijn Vrouw." The cap-

tain pointed to a sack of grain loosely tied at the mouth that lay on deck. The Vrouw hurried to the sack, opened it, and saw that it was full of corn.

Her eyes flashed as she imperiously turned to the captain.

"What means this? Here is only corn."

The captain bent his head.

"There is naught else, *Mijn Vrouw*; the entire cargo is as that sample. It seemed to me that I could not bring back a more valuable treasure."

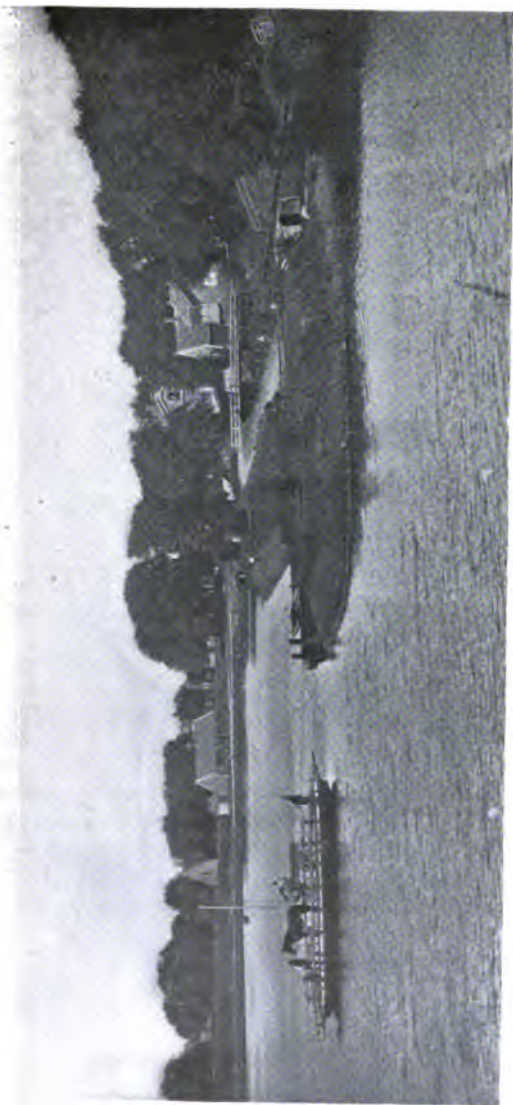
"Fool!" she stamped on the deck, in her fury. "Do you take me for such an idiot as you are? I say, to eternity with your corn!"

She seized the sack in her strong arms and hurled it over the side of the ship into the sea. Then she turned to the captain in fierce anger.

"I am not to be trifled with; I will teach you how to dispute my will," she said. "I command you on the instant to fling every sack of this miserable corn into the sea, or you shall be dismissed from my service."

She left the ship in furious anger, and the captain, who knew her power, sorrowfully obeyed her order.

The corn took root under water. It grew and flourished; it drew to itself the masses of loose floating sand, till before long an enormous bank, consolidated by the roots of the corn, had risen in front of the great harbour of Stavoren. This sandbank resisted every effort to remove it. It choked up all attempts at navigation; the commerce of the city declined, its wealth decreased, its splendid buildings, with their bolts and locks and hinges of pure gold, fell into ruins. At



BROEK IN THE WATERLAND.

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last the town entirely disappeared, and became a mere history. In its place there is now a small village; a few houses are all that mark the site of the magnificent and ancient capital of Friesland. If Enkhuisen is dead, Stavoren is absolutely buried.

**ZWOLLE—DEVENTER—LOO—ZUTPHEN
ARNHEM—NYMEGEN**

HENRY HAVARD

THERE are two ways of reaching Zwolle from Kampen, both equally pleasant: the one by rail, through most magnificent meadows, which remind one of lovely spots in Normandy; the other by steamer up the Yssel, with beautiful and charming scenery both to the right and left.

The history of Zwolle is very similar to that of Kampen, dating perhaps a little farther back; in fact, we hear of the town possessing a church endowed with benefices as early as the year 1040, when Bernulfe, twentieth Bishop of Utrecht, ordered this church to be put under the administration of the chapter of Deventer. In 1495, Zwolle, like her neighbours Kampen and Deventer, became an imperial town, increasing proportionately in wealth and prosperity. Placed between two rivers, commanding the country around, and protected by a double band of walls and towers her natural position rendered Zwolle a place of high importance in the commercial world. In 1810, when Holland was annexed to the French empire, Zwolle became the chief town of the Bouches de l'Yssel. It is now the capital of the province of Over-Yssel, has 20,000 inhabitants, and in addition to its beautiful promenades, possesses large streets,

and pretty squares, which give it—pardon the expression—a very saucy look.

One would scarcely imagine in looking at all these charming streets, clean, coquettish, and prettily arranged houses, and grand shops abundantly provided, that the existence of this charming city had four or five times been in danger of destruction from war, flood and fire. Laid waste by fire, Zwolle was not spared by water. On the 1st of November, 1571, 14th February, 1651, 21st November, 1775, in January, 1794, in 1799 and in 1825, the town was inundated to such an extent that the streets were flooded and the inhabitants were forced to go about in boats. Perhaps the last was the most severe of these disastrous inundations; but fortunately the damage was not beyond the power of the rich townspeople to rectify, and in a few months the wounds the Yssel had caused were healed over.

Added to these calamities of fire and water, the pretty town of Zwolle fell a victim to pestilential diseases, which ravaged the population to a fearful extent. Perhaps there is no town in Holland which has suffered so considerably from epidemics of all kinds as Zwolle.

In spite of its charming aspect, pretty streets, and handsome shops, even of the *Buiten-Singel*, with its lawns, cottages and fine trees, and the animated busy *Diezerstraat*, Zwolle has not so many attractions for the artist and tourist as Kampen. Its Palace of Justice is new, and its Town Hall, from an archæological point of view, is entirely devoid of interest. The churches and a few rare old houses

are the principal remarkable monuments, besides a grand old gate with its fine pointed spires.

This gate is called "*Sassenpoort*," and is the only one remaining of the nine entrances to the town, its massive form rising above the houses which surround it, which take the place of the ancient city walls with an air of proud superiority. The beauty of this gate makes one very much regret the destruction of the others, which happened in 1674, at the command of the vanquishing enemy. The only two churches in Zwolle which are interesting from an archæological point of view are Notre Dame and St. Michel, of which the latter is certainly the most important and the most beautiful.

The country around Zwolle is very magnificent, being hilly and diversified, and much more picturesque than the flat scenery of Holland and Friesland, and the immediate environs of the town offer the inhabitants many charming spots for excursions and pleasure trips.

There is one lovely promenade through an avenue of trees a hundred years old, to a place called Katerveer, where on Sundays the inhabitants flock in crowds to enjoy the beauty of the landscape and the exquisite charm of the long walk. From Katerveer one can see the Yssel winding its silvered waters through green meadows and wooded hills like an enormous serpent unfolding its coils on a green velvet carpet. Nothing can be more charming than this beautiful country, and the pleasant impression it produces at first sight is greatly enhanced by suddenly coming upon it as we did, after looking for months on a monotonous

country full of flat plains, where the only thing that forms a line against the horizon is a sheep grazing or a cow chewing the cud.

The route we chose to reach the episcopal city, which played such an important part in the history of Guelderland, was by the Yssel. The Yssel is a fine broad river, bordered on either side by rich country, fertile meadows and powerful villages. Every moment we caught sight of pointed steeples surrounded by bright-looking houses, farms and cottages.

First came Hattum with its strange look of antiquity, then Wijhe, Veessen, and Olst, were reflected in the river, after which came the groves around Diepenveen, Nijbroek and Terwolde, skirting the sides of the river like long avenues. At last the steeples of Deventer appeared on the horizon, grand and firm in their position like lords governing their domains, or mitred bishops keeping watch over their diocese.

The steeples can be seen from a long distance, and their imposing appearance gives one a favourable impression of the valiant city, which is not diminished as we draw nearer the town. Indeed the approach to Deventer has the effect of a magnificent panorama. The quay, still bordered by its old walls, shaded here and there, and commanded by a mass of pointed gabled roofs, high towers and numerous steeples and belfries, forms on the whole the most attractive entrance to a town one could wish to see. On the other side, superb plantations and grand trees with enormous outspreading branches and heads so tall they seem to vie in

height with the opposite steeples, greet the eye the instant one turns one's head from looking at the town. The banks of the river are joined by a bridge of boats, the simplicity of which seems slightly out of place in connection with the noble appearance of its surroundings. Formerly there existed here a very handsome wooden bridge, the erection of which had cost no less than 16,000 florins of gold (*Rijnsche goudgulden*), but it was destroyed by fire in 1521 and 1578, carried away by ice in 1570, and finally cut down in 1592, in which year it was replaced by the bridge of boats, which still exists, although in constant need of repair and restoration. At the head of this bridge there are still to be seen the ruins of the old walls, the glorious remains of the first fortifications of Deventer. It was the same enormous brick wall which resisted the assault of the Burgundians, in 1457.

Deventer is indebted to Bernulfe, Bishop of Utrecht, for its Cathedral. It was after having obtained from the Emperor Henry III. a spiritual and temporal power over the town and its environs, that this prelate organised a council of canons, invited twenty prebendaries from the church of St. Saviour of Utrecht to the town, and then had the first church dedicated to St. Lievin, constructed in 1046. However this building did not last long. In 1235, it was rebuilt, and again in 1334, it was found necessary to reconstruct it, in consequence of a fire which took place that year. It is this church, erected in 1334, that we visited, and which remains in existence to this day—which in spite of the alterations and enlargements it has undergone at

various periods, is still one of the finest churches in the Low Countries.

The Town Hall is built on the site where the cemetery was formerly, close to the large church. The place is still called the *Kerkhof*. The building dates from 1693. To mention its date is to mention its style, though the Dutch architects rarely succeeded in their Greek or Latin reminiscences. The large vestibule is decorated in the best styles of the Louis XIV. period. The simple white walls bring out in strong relief the grand carved frame-work of the doors, and form a sharp contrast to the bright vivid tints of the armorial shields of the old guilds.

Close to the Town Hall and built on the same site of the old *Kerkhof* is a handsome edifice used as a post-office. The façade is of brick and stone. It has five stories, the two highest of which, including the gable, have no openings, and are surmounted by a figure of a warrior, carrying on his shield the arms of the town, said to be the statue of Charles V.

The Weigh House dates from 1528, although it has triangular windows, towers and turrets; in fact, all the attractions of the Gothic style. It was erected close to the shady place called the *Brink*, and is altogether a very charming building. It has been several times restored—in 1620, 1755, and 1873—but never disfigured. It was completed in 1643, by the addition of a staircase with double balustrades and an elegant flight of steps in front. In olden times it was the *rendez-vous* of the business men of Deventer, the place where most of the commercial trans-

actions took place. The importance of these transactions was much greater at that epoch than might generally be imagined, for Deventer was a rich, industrial town, with large revenues. Even now, Deventer is a town of no mean importance. Besides its markets, which still continue very important, it carries on an active manufacture of cotton, wool and silk, and especially a certain kind of carpet which is celebrated throughout Europe.

The environs of Deventer are as charming and coquettish, as the town is full of artistic houses and rich in reminiscences. The silver Yssel winds in and out, green meadows, groves and shady walks abound along its banks; and turn in whichever direction one will from the town, a pleasant promenade is sure to invite, and then claim, our attention. The country is superb all around, but the road to Apeldoorn is specially interesting from a variety of causes. Apeldoorn is certainly one of the finest villages, not only in the provinces, but in the whole of the Low Countries; and it is there that the favourite residence of Royalty in Holland is situated. The castle is called Loo.

The distance between Deventer and Apeldoorn is about eight or nine miles. We started early in the morning, and walked this distance with the greatest ease, for the route was shady, and the cottages we passed, ornamented with flower-gardens and large verandahs, beguiled the monotony of the way.

No such village as Apeldoorn is to be found in France. Imagine several majestic avenues of elm-trees a century old, with elegant houses emerging from beneath their shade,

surrounded by beautiful flower-gardens. Each house leaves its hall-door open and chairs are placed outside. They are divided from the road by no wall or barrier of any kind, and the owners of these charming habitations appear to live altogether in the greatest harmony and peace, like one immense family party.

The Castle of Loo is reached through these magnificent elm-avenues. It is an imposing-looking building, with an immense white frontage broken by a number of windows with outside shutters of a very dark colour. A large court of honour is in front, with a peristyle, leading to a magnificent vestibule, by a staircase ornamented from top to bottom with trophies and scutcheons.

The private reception-rooms are on the first floor; two or three of which are still ornamented in the magisterial style of the Eighteenth Century. The others have been arranged according to the good taste of the royal owner, and are profusely ornamented with works of art, and furnished in a very costly manner. These rooms have a pleasant and charming appearance, and give one the impression that they have been furnished and adorned by one who had an affection for the place.

It is impossible to imagine anything more grandly beautiful than the park and garden belonging to this castle. Lawns, rich beds of exquisite-coloured flowers, gigantic black birch trees, chestnut-trees in groups and apart, meet the eye at every turn, forming the most perfect landscape and charming scenery. Each step brings one to a fresh surprise in the form of a lovely nook or exquisite grove, and

whichever way one walks, one appears to be in a fairyland of beauty.

At the end of the magnificent alleys is the ancient castle called now the little Loo. It is an old feudal building with machicoulis and turrets half covered with creeping-plants, ivy and honeysuckle. This simple edifice, destitute of any official pretension, was erected about the beginning of the Sixteenth Century by the Seigneur Johan Bentink.

First of all it was a sort of hunting-castle (*Jachtslot*); then later on it became a lordly habitation, and the owner, knowing the advantage of having a powerful protector, paid homage to Duke Charles in 1537. The result of this was that it became a transmissible fief, subject to the singular annual rent of a hunting-horn and two white greyhounds. Johan Bentink's sons dying without issue, Loo passed into the hands of Zeger van Arnhem, his son-in-law. From him it went to the Van Voorst family; from them it was inherited by Van Isendoorn; then later on by Van Stepracht; till finally it fell to the possession of Van Dornick, who yielded it to the Stadholder William III. This prince conceived a great affection for the place and had the ground laid out in the marvellously beautiful manner so much admired in the present day; commanded the erection of the new castle, the great Loo, and, in order to ornament and decorate it in the best style, he employed the highest talent of the age to carry out his wishes. In the meantime the little Loo was turned into a menagerie.

On their return to the country, the Princes of Orange naturally regained possession of their magnificent domain.

William I. was very fond of the place; he lived there constantly, and it was in the great hall of this castle that he abdicated on the 17th October, 1840. In the presence of his son and grandson, the ministers and members of the Council of State, the old King passed his crown to the Prince of Orange. The President of the Council read the form of abdication; it was signed by all present, and then the ceremony was over. Was it the remembrance of this ceremony, or some other cause which kept William II. from enjoying the shades of this peaceful retreat? He rarely, if ever, set foot in the place. Fortunately his successor, William III., was particularly attached to the old castle, and not only lived there continually, but had the domain restored to its original grandeur and the park and gardens improved, as we have already remarked.

An enormous forest, stretching to the north as far as Elspeet and to the west as far as the heaths of Miligen, joins the park and gardens of this princely residence. The desolate heaths of Miligen are admirably adapted, by their great extent, for military evolutions, and it is there that the grand manœuvres of the army take place in summer and autumn.

A beautiful wide road connects Loo with Miligen, leading on to Apeldoorn, and from thence to Zutphen. To reach this last-named town requires three good hours' walking; the moment the border of the Yssel is reached, fatigue is forgotten in admiration of the charming and picturesque appearance of this city. In the distance it looks like a great lake of red roofs instead of shimmering waves; but

on approaching nearer one can perceive the little river Berkel dividing the town into two parts, washing its old ramparts, and opening to view such delicious bits of colour and form that a painter might go mad with joy at sight of them.

The old moat and the wall, which formerly enclosed the *enceinte* of the town, form a very attractive picture, though the latter is partly hidden by houses which have been built out of it by some of the inhabitants of Zutphen. An opening here and there, and a bit of roof and behold the house was considered fit for habitation! Here and there a wall had been whitewashed, or a little plaster stuck on, and the windows ornamented with shutters or blinds; but, as a rule, these places have been left in their original state, and the impression of the old machicoulis is still to be seen under the shadow of their roofs. Add to all this, a mass of plants and flowers, white inclining barriers and black worm-eaten staircases, red roofs and grey walls, surrounded by tiny gardens gay with colours and with the branches of their trees drooping in the bright water beneath.

Then, by way of contrast, we see on the opposite side of the moat clean, well-kept houses, painted pale yellow or grey, their outlines all perfect, their angles sharp, and the mouldings above the windows as fresh and new as if only just finished by the hand of the workman. They are the backs of the houses of *Ijsselkade*, facing the large river.

Beyond the markets we have the mills—genuine mills—with enormous wheels, half rotten by constant immersion in the water, continually in need of repair. They are pic-

turesque marks of olden time, and were given to the town in 1312, by Count Reinoldt—a gift that was truly appreciated by the grateful inhabitants.

Following the mills are the bridges, with their arched vaults overtopping the street below. On either side of the river, which has no quay, there are curious groups of tumble-down roofs, latticed balconies, boarded terraces, leaden spouts, worm-eaten steps, and decayed walls covered with verdure and moss. All this, in bright warm tints, is to be seen along the road, till a grand and majestic ruin intercepts the view and draws one's attention to itself. This ruin was formerly the gate to the town—one of those called *Waterpoort*. Standing on two enormous piles, it stretches across the water like a bridge, thus commanding and defending the access to the river. Above the arches, open during the day for boats to pass under, is a long gallery, with windows and loopholes, formerly crowned with battlements. Two small towers, completing the warlike appearance of the old ruin, have fallen a prey to the ravages of time, and form support for the creeping ivy and iris.

Beyond this old gate is the new rampart, with its large bastions and grand trees, commanding the surrounding country, which, although flat and marshy, is very fertile. This new rampart encircles the city, here and there following the ancient walls, for the *Waterpoort* is not the only vestige of the old defences still remaining. Portions of the wall are still visible in various places, and in the distance can be seen the double platform of the *Drogenapstoren*.

The richness of the soil of this country has long been

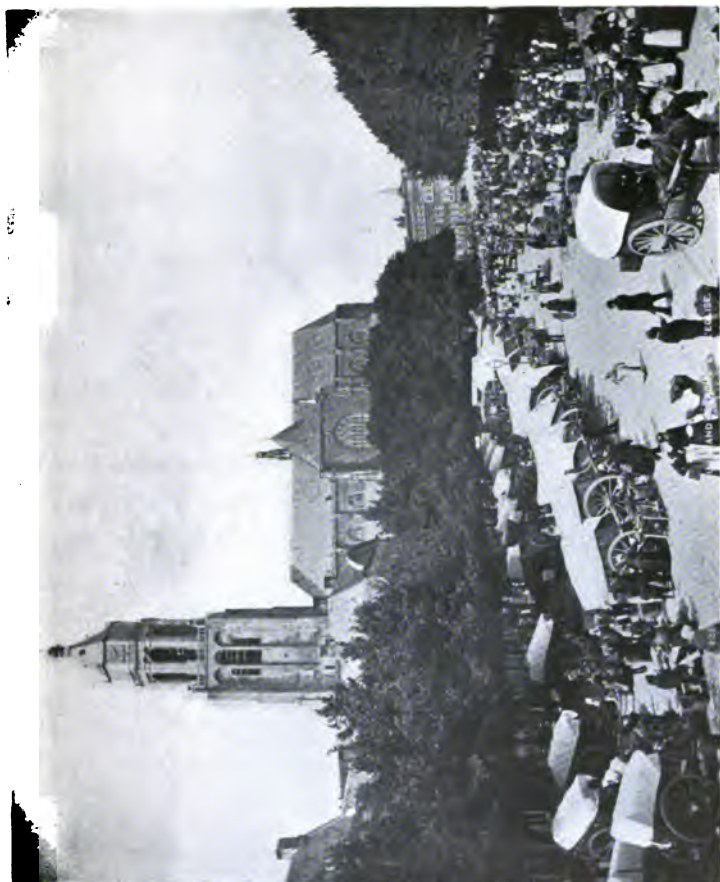
proverbial. "It is a special favourite of Heaven," cries Bleau, the geographer, in a sort of ecstasy. "The atmosphere around it and the air it breathes are salubrious and strengthening. The fields and meadows are fertile and productive, as fattening for beasts as abundant in harvest. However, unfortunately, this much-boasted salubrity of climate has not prevented Zutphen from being visited at various epochs by terrible epidemics. From 1458 to 1617 it was ravaged no less than ten times by the plague, and each time the inhabitants were frightfully thinned in numbers. This plague was not the worst disaster which happened to this charming city in those sinister times. Sieges, assaults, massacres and devastation of every kind periodically assailed it. It was almost depopulated by the Spaniards in 1572. However, in spite of epidemics, wars, assaults of arms and pillage, Zutphen continued in a rich and flourishing state. Her wealth even became proverbial, passing into a ballad, and sung about the streets of Guelderland:

"Nymegen the oldest
Roermond the largest
Arnhem the gayest
Zutphen the richest."

Even at the present time Zutphen is a very wealthy place, with considerable agricultural and commercial importance.

If in olden times Arnhem was called *Arnhem de lugtigste* (Arnhem the Joyous) what could it not be called now?

For the last fifty years this handsome town has been growing handsomer every day. Its old ramparts have been



THE GREAT MARKET, ARNHEM.

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transformed into magnificent boulevards, its military courtyards into bright flower-beds and its ancient moats have been turned into a flowing river ornamented with tiny isles and shaded by trees a century old. It is no longer a fair-sized town "*chef dee 'Estat and Seigneurie de Weluwe*," of Guicciardini's time, but the capital of the whole province; an aristocratic capital, too, abounding in pleasures and distractions of every kind.

Situated in the centre of a hilly country, washed by the calm majestic Rhine, well laid out, well built and with a salubrious air, Arnhem seems to have been predestined by nature and by man to be the *buen retiro* of Holland; and indeed it is so. Fortunes are made in Amsterdam and Rotterdam, or better still in Java; but it is in Arnhem that they are spent and enjoyed, where well-earned repose and peace are the reward of years of toil.

Here the houses are as handsome as in Amsterdam, Leeuwarden, or Groningen, of elegant outline and carved ornament; yet, owing to their being constructed in brick, their aspect is severe; they have no pointed gables or sloping roofs reminding one of Norwegian winters; no narrow doors, no granite steps, no chains or boundaries giving the appearance of a rampart to each individual house, and preserving the privacy of *home* so dear to the Batavian race.

On the contrary, the various soft tender shades of colour give to the houses a fresh gay appearance, and the terraced roofs, defying rain and storms, add to the spring-like aspect of the town. Windows are wide open, and terraces, ve-

randahs, and gardens, are as fully occupied as the interior of the habitations, enabling passers-by to gain an insight into the domestic life of the owners. Again, the presence in Arnhem of a large number of Indian families has given an exotic character to the recently-erected buildings, which is very marked. Some affect Italian style, others old Batavian; but all are decorated with rare shrubs, plants and tropical flowers, which, tastefully arranged, give a very festive appearance to each and all of these habitations.

Arnhem is one of the few Dutch towns where the public walks and boulevards are pleasant to the eye, the beauty of which is enhanced by the number of families who, as we have said, live chiefly in their gardens in the summer weather, and add colour and life to their lovely surroundings. Then, again, the extension of certain portions of the town towards Velp and Rosendaal, and the position of various *chateaux* in the neighbourhood, render communication between the town and villages less difficult and the constant passing to and fro of carriages on the highway enlivens the scene. When the time came for us to quit Arnhem, we were sorry to leave the gay little place to continue our route to Nymegen *viâ* the Rhine.

Nymegen is situated on the slope of a hill on the river Waal, which washes the lower town and separates it from Betaw, a flat piece of land forming an isle between the Waal and the Rhine. Formerly it was the spot inhabited by a people the Romans called Batavians, to whom they allied themselves when they subjugated the neighbouring inhabitants of Gaul and Germany. Betaw and Waal were the

old German names changed by the Romans to Batavia and *Vahalis*.

The town is not low down and flat, scarcely rising above the plain itself, like those we had left behind us. On the contrary, Nymegen stands boldly out from the mountain-side with its fine houses towering one above the other, their pretty gables and turrets forming irregular lines, at once pleasing to the eye and picturesque in appearance. Its bright colouring is enhanced by the green slope covered with large trees on one side, and on the other by the imposing and grand massive beauty of the Church of St. Stephen.

Nymegen is divided through the centre by a broad street, from which all the smaller ones lead, on one side towards the Waal, on the other in the direction of the open country. It is here in this principal street that the chief public buildings are to be found, for it crosses the Grootemarkt, leads past St. Stephen's Church, skirts the University, and terminates at the beautiful park where a century ago the battlements of the ancient *Valckhof* stood towering above the ground. This *Valckhof*, the name of which, according to Pontanus and Blaeu, is derived from Waelhof (residence or castle on the Waal), is incontestably the most ancient establishment of the country. It is to it that Nymegen owes its existence, and certainly it was the origin of civilisation in that part of the country. According to tradition, it was occupied and fortified in turn by Celts, Teutons, and Gauls, and one of the kings of the country, called Magus, conceived the idea of adding a town to the citadel.

UTRECHT

RICHARD LOVETT

THE ancient episcopal city of Utrecht, which has given its name to one of the most ancient and historical provinces of Holland, possesses many features of interest. One cannot walk along the streets without being reminded of that long past into which its history stretches. The old cathedral tower, which dominates the curious and busy fish market, has stood there for over five centuries. The town in which it is so conspicuous a landmark had been the seat of a bishopric for over six hundred years before that tower was built. In the early dawn of Netherland history, in the days when Roman legions were gradually bending the country beneath the yoke of the mighty empire, Utrecht is one of the few known and frequented spots now to be recognised. For centuries prior to the historic life of many Dutch towns, Utrecht took a prominent part in the political and religious life of the nation.

Utrecht exerted an influence commensurate with her wealth and importance in the War of Independence. She suffered spoliation at the hands of Alva rather than submit to his arbitrary taxation. In 1579, the document known as the Union of Utrecht was signed there by representatives of the seven provinces, Holland, Zeeland, Utrecht, Gelderland, Over-Yssel, Friesland, and Groningen. These provinces

bound themselves to offer a united resistance to foreign tyranny, and to develop as far as possible full civil and religious liberty in the Netherlands. Although not intended consciously and with deliberate forethought by the parties to this contract, the treaty nevertheless led directly to the formation of the Dutch Republic as a new, vigorous Power among the States of Europe. The States-General assembled at Utrecht until 1593, when the seat of government was transferred to The Hague.

In addition to possessing many buildings that testify to her great antiquity, Utrecht also exhibits many signs of a rich and prosperous life. Evidences of wealth are not unfrequent, such as fine streets, well-built houses, and well-stocked, attractive shops. The two main thoroughfares are the Oude Gracht and the Nieuwe Gracht, that is, the Old and the New Canal. These canal streets possess one very curious and not altogether attractive feature. They run through the town at a much lower level than usual, and have two roadways, one much below the level of the other. The upper one is lined with handsome buildings and fine shops. The lower one with cellars and stores, and, in not a few cases, dwelling-houses. At intervals flights of steps descend from the higher to the lower roadway. On the whole, the effect is very picturesque; but the thought that a number of the inhabitants live so near to the uninviting waters of the canal is not pleasing.

Near the canal part of the town, the Old Canal forms the fish-market, and hard by is a narrow street turning out of it abruptly closed by the huge cathedral tower. Busy as

the scene in the market generally is, and varied as are the faces and costumes to be seen there, the attractions of the episcopal building prevail, and the visitor soon finds himself in the cathedral precincts. Here, again, as in her canals, Utrecht possesses a specialty. The tower and the church at first seem to have no connection with each other. They stand apart on opposite sides of a large square. The puzzle is explained only when we learn that in 1674 a hurricane destroyed the nave, and the town has never since been wealthy or public-spirited enough to rebuild it. The tower and the east end of the cathedral survive; the nave has for ever gone. The cathedral was built about 1255, and was when complete one of the finest churches in Holland. The tower, originally 384 feet high, but now only 338 feet, was built in the latter part of the Fourteenth Century; it possesses a chime of forty-two bells, and affords from the summit on a clear day the most extensive view in Holland. "Of what strange, surprising, terrible events," writes Havard, "has that tall stone giant been the witness! It has seen princes and bishops, emperors and kings, pass by its base. A hundred yards away from it a pope was born, and yet it has witnessed the destruction of the emblems of the old faith. After having summoned Romanists to the Mass, its bells have summoned Protestants to their services. Often it has looked down upon Olden Barneveld, as he came to rekindle the flagging ardour of his partisans; and not only does it cast its shadow over the tomb of the Princess Solms, the wife of the Stadholder Frederick Henry, but at its feet Louis XIV., drunk with his greatness, in a day of madness there



CATTLE MARKET, UTRECHT.



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caused the Calvinistic Bible to be burnt. French bullets respected its arches; but in a night of tempest the nave was swept away. What a romance might be written with the title, *The Souvenirs of a Cathedral Tower.*"

ON DUTCH WATERWAYS

G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES

THE first appearance of a foreign coast was to me interesting, although it displayed nothing but dreary, barren sandhills, very irregular in outline, with here and there a church tower sticking up like a spike from behind them. But these sandhills were the fortifications of the country which lay in the hollow behind; its defence against the masterful power of the sea.

"We have made the land none too soon," quoth the skipper, pointing to the southward sky, where a dense black mass of clouds was rapidly sweeping towards us, below which the sails of the craft near the mouth of the North Sea haven were being blotted out by the rain-storm. In a few minutes it was upon us, a deluge of rain and a squall of wind. The coast-line disappeared and the sea began to rise. The skipper steered us in as close as sounding would warrant us, for, as he said:

"We won't lose the land if we can help it, now that we have found it. It will be a dirty night."

So, with an occasional glimpse of the sandhills through the blinding rain, we kept on until the lighthouses of Ymuiden came in sight, and our passage was safely made.

As we steamed between the long and massive piers which project into the sea from Ymuiden, and form a long harbour leading to the sluices of the great canal which goes straight

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to Amsterdam, the sight which met our eyes was interesting in the extreme.

After clearing two or three tugs and smacks and a dredger, which left us little room at the entrance, we saw some fifty *schuyts* beating down the narrow channel, out to sea for the night's fishing. These curious craft had bluff bows, flaring high out of the water at an angle of forty-five degrees, long narrow leeboards, tall masts, with mainsails very narrow and pointed in the head, which were supported by short gaffs bent like a bow, giving the sails a sugar-loaf sort of look. The jibs were fastened to the stem-head, and there was no bowsprit, while at the mastheads they had long, coloured streamers. The boats seemed uncommonly handy, for they "came about" like tops, and seemed easily handled. It was ticklish work steering amongst them, as the space was so small and they were so thickly crowded together.

Going about three hundred yards along the canal we moored to the side, the shallow, sandy bottom not allowing us to approach nearer than seven or eight yards at that spot. There was of course a good depth of water in the middle of this fine, broad canal, which has done so much to forward the trade of Amsterdam. The sea traffic used to be carried on through the North Holland Canal, running all the way up to Nieuwe Diep, and before the construction of that, through the fast-shoaling Zuyder Zee. Near us were moored several large vessels, in comparison with which we were a pigmy. Fussy little steamers passed and repassed, growing fewer as the evening advanced, so that at last we were comparatively quiet. The rain had passed off, and after a good dinner,

wash, and change of clothes, we felt refreshed, and stepped ashore to explore Ymuiden.

There was not very much to see, however. The great sluices, and the ships moored hard by, the *schuyts* already running back before the rising gale, the heaped-up sand-dunes showing yellow against the pale-green windy sunset, a few streets of clean and tidy houses, did not promise much. But there were little details which interested us. On a highly varnished oak barge, which had come up with a cargo of bricks, was a woman, not only neatly dressed in dark brown and spotless white, but with a gold helmet covering nearly the whole of the head; this helmet would cost, as we afterwards learned, some twenty pounds in the least. It was a curious contrast to the dress and appearance of an English bargee's wife. The husband's dress, it may be remarked, though tidy, was not, I should say, so expensive, by a long way, as his English brother's would have been, and that is not saying much. There were plenty of bright, healthy children playing about, and every one with either pink or white stockings on, quite clean and fresh-looking at that time in the evening, although they had probably been playing in them all day.

In the morning it was still blowing hard from the southwest, and on the bar the sea was breaking heavily, the white spray being visible above the hollows of the sandhills. We were soon under weigh, and the banks, which, near Ymuiden are very high, became much lower, so that we could see over the surrounding country. The canal was also less artificial in appearance, and the margin was fringed with reeds, tall

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grasses and bulrushes. There was a wide prospect on either hand, flat, indeed, but not monotonous, for the bright-green polders and meadows were diversified with groups of houses and clumps of trees. The houses had painted gables, generally painted a brilliant green, great sloping roofs like four-sided pyramids, covered with tiles so highly glazed that they shone like mirrors in the sun. Then there were quaint farms and taverns, quainter groups of peasants, barges sailing and barges towed; steam-tugs and passenger steamers, giving variety, life and motion to the busy water highway and its peaceful banks.

We stood in groups around Peter the pilot, who was at the wheel, and pumped him to the best of our ability and to the extent of his broken English. The morning was cheery and pleasant, with a wind strong enough to take one's breath away when one faced it, and making it almost impossible to bring guide-books and maps on deck, and difficult indeed to retain one's headgear. To right and left, canals branched off, and red-sailed barges moved briskly over the meadows on unseen waterways. Peter was anxious to show us anything worth seeing, and told us names of places to the right and left.

“Dat is de canal to Haarlem,” and so on; and at length, as a heron rose from the bank: “Dat is de bird dat pick de eel from de vater.”

“Oh, yes,” said our skipper, “that is an old trick of theirs. We have plenty of them in our country.”

We kept a lookout for storks, which we supposed would be crowded about everywhere, but, to our disappointment, none

were to be seen. A heron wasn't half foreign enough for us.

"Look yonder," said the skipper. "Is that where they store the surplus windmills of Holland?"

And truly there was some reason for this question. For in the near distance were windmills in rows, in dozens, in twenties, and apparently in hundreds, stretching away to a vanishing point, and each one trying to twizzle round faster than its neighbour.

"Dat is Zaandam. Dere is dree honered and sixty-five windmills, one for every day in de year," explained Peter.

"But why have they put all in one place?" asked Rowland, who was of a very inquiring turn of mind.

"Dey is not all in one place. Dere is nine tousand windmills in all Holland. Plenty more in oder places, as you will see for yourselves when you go about."

"But what do they all do?" persisted Rowland. "They can't all be pumping water in Zaandam."

"Saw wood, grind corn, and many oder tings—like you use steam in your country," replied Peter.

"There seems something wrong about those mills, Rowland," said I. "What is it now?"

"They do seem wrong, sir. I see that every one has canvas sails instead of the vanes, which we usually have in Norfolk, but there is something else, too."

"I have it. They turn round the contrary way. Our millsails always turn with the sun, or over from right to left. These go backwards, every one of them, from left to right."

The canal grew wider and the banks less formal, and we

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had entered the Y, as the long arm of the Zuyder Zee on which Amsterdam is built is called. The strong wind raised a respectable sea, and out of the Zaandam canal a red-sailed barge came hissing gallantly along, her sails close-reefed and her bluff bows completely hidden in the cloud of foam and spray she drove up in front of her. These flat-bottomed Dutch craft are built to go over the water rather than through it, and this being so, flat sloping bows are apparently better than fine ones, while the vessel, for a given length, carries more cargo.

The barges or *schuyts* grew more numerous, large steamers and sailing-vessels were visible in numbers, the Y broadened out to its full and goodly proportions, and there, on our right, was Amsterdam. The appearance of the city from the water is exceedingly fine. There are large and handsome buildings, wedged in between crowded gables of every variety of height and form; spires, towers and steeples, masts and sails, all mixed up together; and not only is there every variety of form, but every variety and tone of colour is there also. Houses and water and vessels are entangled together in an *olla podrida* of colour and form, which the delighted eye in vain attempts to separate.

It is easy to draw a map of Amsterdam. Draw a straight line which will represent the Y, with its crowded quays, plant one leg of a pair of compasses on this line and draw some twenty half-circles, one outside the other; these are the canals. Then draw a number of straight lines radiating from the point like the spokes of a bicycle wheel. These are the streets, with a bridge at every intersection of the half-

circles. Now you have as good a map of Amsterdam as you want, if you are a man of principles and don't go in for details.

It struck us that the prevailing idea of every Dutch architect is to design a more striking gable and ornamentation than any of his professional brethren, and that he keeps experimenting. In no other way could we account for the diversity of pointed gables which topped the high and narrow houses, and made the streets look more like a stage background than real places existing in this century. Then each gable had a crane projecting horizontally out of it at the apex, for the purpose, as we learnt, of hoisting furniture and other articles up to any story of the lofty dwellings, without the risk of chafing paint and plaster on the staircase.

Of course, there is never a straight vertical line anywhere; the crowded houses lean against each other with a gravity which does not look a sober gravity. If it were necessary to pull down or alter any of these mutually supporting tenements, the others would surely fall like houses of card. When I show any of my photographs of Amsterdam to candid friends, they remark: "I say, old man, either you or your camera must have been very unsteady when you took this." And when I reply that it is Amsterdam which is unsteady, they smile incredulously.

The numerous canals, some broad, some narrow, but almost all with a busy street alongside, and shielded by rows of trees, were interesting to us, because of the abundance of barges, *schuyts*, *tjalks*, and *snibs*, which thronged their green surfaces. Loading and unloading, punting, towing, or sail-



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ing all day long, there was a constant movement of vessels; while in the evening, when work was done, the women and children made themselves very neat and clean and tidy; and sat on the tops of their little cabins and sewed and talked, while the shadows deepened on the canals, which were now so still, mirroring the tall, straight masts and tall, crooked houses on their smooth surface. The barges are all carefully washed and scrubbed when the day's work is done, until the varnished oak shines again; and the men aboard them spend their leisure time in giving a touch of varnish here and there, or polishing the brasswork, which, in the shape of thin sheet brass, is nailed on to every spot where there is a decent excuse for putting it.

The view of Amsterdam from the Y is especially interesting, and we just drifted about here and there, admiring it as it lay in a blaze of bright sunshine, which came for a short time out of the windy sky. Numbers of *schuyts* were sailing to and fro, at what seemed to us a great pace, considering their clumsy hulls and the small amount of canvas they carried. But, at all events, they were wonderfully handy, and the huge leeboards, which take the place of our centreboards, seemed to cause but little trouble when they tacked. It was curious to see how these craft would sail away towards the city; a bridge would swing open, and the vessels would be swallowed up by the houses as they entered the canals. Again, these hidden canals would disgorge group after group of the *schuyts*, which would rapidly scud away eastward to the Zuyder Zee, or westward to the sea, or the many canals branching from the great one to Ymuiden.

The wide expanse of the Y, and its good and even depth, excited our admiration of it as a sailing-ground, yet not a single pleasure boat or yacht did we actually see sailing upon it. This day there was quite a sea upon it, as the wind was still blowing half a gale from the southwest. We had heard so many tales of the dangers of the Zuyder Zee in a breeze that we made special inquiries of the pilot, who assured us that these were much exaggerated, and that a run to Hoorn would not hurt us.

The only thing he was doubtful about was our draught of water, and whether we should be able to enter the harbour. Ordinarily there was but eight feet of water in many parts of the Zuyder Zee, but this was affected by the prevailing wind. A northwest wind filled the North Sea, raising the water at Ymuiden at high tide twelve feet above the Amsterdam level, and naturally raising the water in the Zee a foot or two. But the recent prevalence of easterly and southerly winds would have the contrary effect, and lower the level one or two feet, or more, which would make a serious difference to us.

We now reached the massive sluices at Schellingwoude, where the old arm of the Zee, known as the Y or I, was hedged across by great dykes and the water controlled by locks. We passed through these locks in company with a large light-draught steamer, bound for Zutphen, up the Yssel (which was also our intended course), without difficulty and without any charge being made, except the gratuity of a quarter guilder to the men whose duty it is to make fast the ropes to the cleats on the lock walls. Then we steamed out

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of the lock, and got our first sight of the renowned Zuyder Zee.

It was in a somewhat alarming state of bubble. Lashed by the half gale into a foaming, yeasty expanse, it was not at first attractive. It was a curious scene; the seething sea, yellow with the mud stirred up by the waves, the low green shores, with here and there the sharp spire of a village church, and a cluster of red roofs of some larger town, groups of trees scarce rising above the universal level, and, above all, the vast dome of the sky, where dark and ragged clouds hurried across the windy blue. There was no other vessel within sight on the sea, save the Zutphen steamer, which had got ahead.

As we went northward the water became a trifle deeper, and we ceased to have any anxiety about running aground. The land was often hidden in thick blue rain clouds, but in the pale gleamy intervals we could see the Island of Maarken and the "dead cities" of Monnikendam and Edam. We were most anxious to land at Maarken, but our pilot assured us that we could not enter the harbour, and that it would be impossible to land in the boat with the sea that was running. So perforce we contented ourselves with running as close by it as we could and getting a good view of its verdant shores and clusters of red roofs shining brightly in a sunny gleam against the blackness of a thunder cloud.

And now we were in the midst of a curious evidence of the shallowness of this inland sea. All around were rows of large sticks or posts, fixed in the mud, and projecting eight or ten feet above the surface. To these were attached eel-

pots and eel-lines belonging to the Zuyder Zee fishermen, among whom the eel is the staple object of pursuit. There were also numbers of anchored trimmers or "liggers," baited with worms. Threading our way through lanes of these sticks, we came within sight of Hoorn, the port to which we were bound, and the dispersing clouds gave promise of a fine afternoon. The appearance of Hoorn from the sea is particularly fine, the imposing Tower or Water Gate, dominating the harbour, being very picturesque, rising, as it does, in front of clusters of trees, masts of vessels, and houses.

Before breakfast, as the sun was shining brightly between the squalls, I had gone out with my camera and secured as many plates as the wind rendered possible, and then we debated what we should do with ourselves for the rest of the day. Somebody suggested Enkhuizen, which is another dead city, lying about ten miles to the northeast of Hoorn, on the extreme point of the promontory of North Holland, which projects into the Zee. The guide-books told us that there was a tram there along the road, passing through the interesting village of Blokker, but one of the crowd of curious natives who watched our every movement, and took the greatest interest in our deliberations, informed us in decent English that there was a railway, and no tram, and that the train started at twenty minutes to ten.

Our watches still had English time, so we asked him if he could tell us the time by the one-armed clock above us, to which, after some study (the difficulty in these clocks being that the hand is raised above the face, permitting you to see

under it, the apparent position varying with the distance of the observer from the clock, and the height from the ground), that it was either a quarter or half-past nine, and that we had better make haste and he would show us the way. So off we started, and as we neared the station and saw the train already in, our kindly guide said that if we would give him the money he would run in advance and get our tickets. This he did, and we were just in time to bundle into a carriage. It was a third-class one, which, of course, are the most interesting to travel in in a foreign country. It had several compartments, with a passage down the middle. The end compartment was reserved for *dames*, and was full of peasant women in the costume of the province. We got so that we could peep through the door, which was left open by mutual consent, and we scrutinised the ladies while they scrutinised us. The elder ones had broad gold bands encircling the back of the head and tipped with ornaments and bangles at the temples. The younger or poorer had silver crowns of a similar pattern, with a plain oblong projection on each temple. They wore clean lace caps and linen kerchiefs, and various things which I can't for the life of me recollect.

The interior of the country, for the dozen miles or so of which we explored it, seemed less interesting to us than other parts of Holland. It was, of course, as flat as flat could be, and as wet in parts, as Holland is, after all, but a raft awash with water. The meadows were not so green as in North Holland, but were more like the dull marshes near Yarmouth. They were intersected by narrow canals, the water of which

at a little distance was invisible, their course being marked by the red-sailed barges and the steamers gliding along them. Then there were wide-stretching, coffee-coloured meres, of which it was not our good fortune to see the larger ones, and everywhere were square pools occupying the spaces from which peat had been cut.

It is a rather curious thing that in a country where land is so precious, so much of it should be dug up and consumed by fire, and that the space occupied by this burnt land should be given up to Holland's greatest enemy, water, but so it is. The use of peat is still increasing, and, heat for heat, it is still cheaper in Holland than coal, although weight for weight the latter gives twice the heat.

The Friesland peat is brown and spongy, while that of North Holland is blacker, more solid and earthy. In Friesland, while some of the peat is dug out of the more or less solid bog, a small proportion of it is scooped or raked from the bottom of pools, dried and compressed into shapes. Of course, it has been found necessary to control the digging and manufacture of peat by law, to prevent irreparable injury being done to the land. Sometimes a peat-bog catches fire and is burnt out, a lake taking its place. Such is said to have been the origin at Jonker Meer in Friesland, of a lake at Brabant in 1541, and one at Utrecht in 1567. A good deal of Friesland seems already to have been consumed by the digging of peat. It is an old joke that the Dutch, having with difficulty saved their land from the water, are now burning it as fast as they can.

Looking at the map of Friesland, there seems almost as

much water as land, meres and connecting canals are so thickly distributed.

The provinces of Friesland and Groningen suffer most from inundations; a severe one being expected every seven years. One of the worst was in 1825, when not only Friesland, but Over-Yssel, North Brabant and Gelderland were inundated. Of the horrors of these inundations, the anxious watching of the levels, the breaking of the dykes, and the consequent death and destruction, it is not the province of a holiday-book to treat, but the subject is a deeply interesting one, nevertheless. It may be remarked that the level of the land is still sinking, as the spongy soil consolidates through drainage, and the beds of the rivers are rising, as their currents deposit mud.

After all, Holland is but the muddy delta of the three great rivers, the Rhone, the Meuse and the Scheldt, as a glance at the map will show. To protect this delta against the waters of these rivers on the one hand and the sea on the other necessitates the severest attention to the solidity of the dykes and the efficacy of the drainage arrangements.

In the province of Ysselmonde alone there are two hundred miles of dykes, although the province is but fifteen miles long by seven wide, and eight of the provinces of Holland have eighty-five per cent. of their surfaces under the sea level.

The brilliant green of the rich flat pastures struck us as being brighter than any English meadows. The grass was luxuriant almost to rankness, and the blades, wet with the rain, gleamed in the flying bands of sunshine so that all the fields shone with a lustrous emerald hue, which had a rich-

ness and depth all the more effective because there was but little contrast of those yellow and white and blue flowers which make English pasture land and marsh so variegated in tone.

The Dutch meadows were bright, living green ; and instead of our hedgerows, the fields were parcelled off by dykes, which either glistened like bars of silver in the sun, or were as green as the fields with the weedy scum upon them.

In these lush meadows there were numbers of cows, all black and white, and not a single red one among them. This is a distinct loss from an artistic point of view, for while we dearly love a group of red and white cows in a landscape with verdure clad ; black and white is too hard, and when, as throughout the length and breadth of Holland, every cow is black and white, there is a monotony in it, which might be avoided if the Dutch would only paint their cows as they do their trees.

We were amused to notice that many of the cows were provided with complete and very well-fitting *coats*, thus showing that extreme care is taken of these big, long-legged, and sleek animals, if they are delicate, or when first turned out to grass in the spring. These Dutch cows are valued more for the quantity of milk they give than the quality, and it was a constant complaint with us that we could never get really good milk. Probably the first cream had been skimmed off before it was sent out for sale. We also found that the butter was by no means as good as the pure country article in England.

From a *Description of Holland*, printed by Knapton, in



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1743, I find that these black cattle are, or were then, brought from Holstein and Denmark. They were bought by dealers at fifty shillings per head, sold to Dutch farmers at four pounds per head, and after two months' feed, sold to butchers at from six shillings to eight shillings per head. This presumably refers to bullocks, but as there is not much attention paid to making prime meat for the market, an old cow past milking will, in Holland, make as good beef as anything else. We were rather out of the way of obtaining information on agricultural matters, and have not troubled ourselves to look it up since.

On our right we passed a long village of a single street, the houses in which looked more like the toy-houses with trees which one buys for children at toy-shops. The description of one house will serve for the whole lot. An accurate square of ground is surrounded by a dyke with a bridge across it to the road. In the middle of this square is a square house, with low walls, and a high pyramidal four-sided roof. The lower part of this house is painted a bright red, the upper part and the gables green. The great roof is partly thatched and partly tiled in regular ornamental patterns, the tiling generally being in the region of the windows. The front part of the house is for the accommodation of its human inhabitants, the back part contains the byres for the cattle. Man and beast are in the winter time stowed under the same roof and within the same four walls, which has the advantage of compactness and convenience. Four rows of small formal trees encircle the square, and each tree is painted a light blue to the height of six feet or so. The surrounding



dyke is covered with a light green scum, that looks as if it had been painted too, but is probably natural. This stagnant dyke receives the drainage of the house (as is evident by the neat wooden structures which project over it), and it also supplies the drinking and washing-water, which is drawn by buckets from little wooden stages. True, we sometimes saw wells, but, from the nature of the soil, this extra filtration cannot be of much avail. All this does not sound healthy, but the general opinion is, that brandy, beer, wine, and gin are real safeguards against the dangers of the marsh and bad water, and that a full stomach is an excellent preventive against the ague.

HAARLEM

RICHARD LOVETT

HAARLEM is pleasantly situated in a wooded, somewhat undulating, and extremely pretty part of Holland. In the neighbourhood are scenes that have been depicted for all time on the canvas of Jacob Ruysdael. In the suburbs, especially in the direction of Bloemendaal, rich in pleasant country houses, pretty gardens, good roads, and well-grown trees, the landscapes are yet to be seen which are so brilliantly reproduced in that artist's paintings.

Haarlem has been long famous for horticulture, and hard by the great Frederick's Park is the noted Krelage's Tuin, the extensive gardens and nurseries of Messrs. Krelage and Son. The culture of tulips, hyacinths, crocuses, etc., has flourished in Haarlem for centuries, and almost incredible stories are told of the passion for tulips in the past, and the prices paid for rare roots.

The gardens that stand to the east of Haarlem, and, in fact, the wide expanse of country stretching away eastwards to Amsterdam and southwards to Leyden, occupy what originally were a series of lakes. During the time of the great siege in 1573, and indeed until very recent times, what is now one of the most fertile parts of the country was covered with water. Haarlem Lake, or Haarlemmer Meer, as it was called, is now a commune of the province of North Holland

and was so constituted by law in 1855. It embraces an area of 46,000 acres. Roads now traverse in all directions, and farm houses stand upon the spots over which the boats of the Hollanders carried provisions by night to the beleaguered burghers of Haarlem in 1573, and where, upon the ice during that awful winter Spaniard and Dutchman met in deadly fight.

The centre of Haarlem, geographically, is the great market-place. It is also the centre of interest, inasmuch as around it are found the chief buildings of the town. Here stands the statue to Lawrence Janszoon Coster. It stands only a few yards away from that building. Patriotic Hollanders maintain that to this man, and not to Gutenberg, belongs the honour of the invention of printing.

The Groote Kerk, or Church of St. Bavo, is a large and interesting building, about four centuries old. It is well-preserved, and the twenty-eight columns of the interior present a fine effect. There are two objects that please the curious. Hanging from one of the arches of the choir are some models of ships. They commemorate, not as one at first expects to learn, some great naval victory or wonderful voyage, but the fifteenth crusade, in which Count William I. of Holland took a leading part. They are not even the originals, which were hung here as a votive offering; those fell before the assaults of time, and the present ships date from 1688. They are thus late in date as compared with the models they replace; but they yet delight the artist who wishes to know exactly what manner of ships the Hollander of the Seventeenth Century went to



TOWN GATE, HAARLEM.

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sea in. There they hang, flags flying, sails all set, just as if they were sailing past Texel on a voyage to the Indies, or to meet the English fleet in the Channel.

The other and much more widely known feature of this interior is the huge organ that occupies nearly the whole of the west end of the building. It long held the proud position of being the largest organ in the world. From this high eminence it has been deposed by modern enterprise. It still, however, stands near the head of these mighty instruments. It was finished in 1738, and thoroughly restored in 1868. It possesses four keyboards, sixty-four stops, and 5000 pipes, the largest of these being thirty-two feet high and fifteen inches wide.

Over against the Great Church stands the Town Hall, a building which in its day has witnessed a good many changes. It was originally a palace belonging to the Counts of Holland; later it became the Town Hall, and now it serves partly as a barrack and partly as a museum, the latter containing the superb paintings of Frans Hals. The old building thus links the present and the past, and it illustrates the architecture and art of the land. It has lived through the feudal times, through the upheavals and wars and bloodshed that destroyed the feudal power, through the palmy days of Dutch municipal life, and it now enshrines many interesting relics of the zenith of Dutch History, and many noble examples of one of the great masters who flourished in the zenith of Dutch art. Haarlem, although not the birthplace of Hals, was the town where he spent by far the greater part of his life. Many of the pictures once

possessed by the town have found a permanent home in the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam; but it is fitting that Hals should be studied through his most famous works in the town and by the market-place where for so many years he was a prominent character. These paintings are peculiarly Dutch, and belong to the class known as "regent" or "corporation pieces." There are eight of them, great pictures crowded with portraits, painted at periods ranging over almost the whole of his working life, that is, from his thirtieth to his eightieth year.

Before we bid farewell to the town of Hals and Wouwerman and Jacob Ruysdael, we must devote a few moments to a building that ranks high, not only among the structures of Haarlem but in the architecture of Holland. This is the old Flishers' Hall, fronting on the Market Place between the Town Hall and the Great Church. It dates from the Sixteenth Century and is a very good specimen of the building capacity and taste of that age. The hall is a splendid subject of study for those interested in gables, and the ornamentation is very rich.

ON A DUTCH BULB-FARM

S. L. BENSUSAN

AMONG the many attractions that Holland offers to tourists in the springtime of the year, bulb-farms take a conspicuous place. The most casual visitor travelling in the train between Leyden and Haarlem at this season, must find his attention arrested by the splendour of colouring that greets him on either side. From early April, when the hyacinths bloom, down to late June, when the Spanish irises are at their best, the fields hold carnival, and to that carnival all the bulbous plants send their choicest flowers. Snowdrops open the ball and crocuses follow, before the *élite* begin to arrive; hyacinths, narcissi and tulips succeed; ranunculi, anemones, and peonies, come next; the stately Spanish iris bringing up the rear. The train traveller sees no more than the kaleidoscopic colouring; the man with leisure can spend days among the farms, finding a quiet welcome everywhere, for the Dutch are proud of their achievements and anxious that all who are interested should see them. If the time when rare bulbs fetched a king's ransom has passed, the achievements of the growers have brought the flowers to the zenith of their perfection, and men at the head of big firms complain that they have no fresh fields left to conquer. Time, money and care are all expended lavishly; the visitor who goes carefully from one group to another is lost in amazement at the endless varieties

in form and hue, while if his colour-sense has fully developed he has a sense of joy that few sights afford. The air has a scent whose sweetness may only be compared with that of the orange-groves of Seville or Jaffa. All through the fields run arms of the endless canals—narrow indeed, but wide enough to float barges easily; and when the fields are all aglow the flowers are plucked, taken in baskets to the barges, which pass out from the fields towards the wider waters as though they were the ferry-boats of some Charon of the garden world, bearing the souls of hyacinths, tulips, and the rest to the enchanted land where they would bloom untouched by Time. Once I saw a big flower-laden barge go down a canal at eventide, when all the gardens lay bathed in the mists of sunset, and when the air seemed full of some mysterious silence; and, strangely enough, it called to my mind the passing of the Knight of the Grail in the opera of *Lohengrin*—it seemed to give expression to the music. At another time when in the Scala opera-house of Milan, I saw the first performance of Mascagni's charming opera *Iris*, the meadow that sees the apotheosis of the heroine in the last act recalled to my mind the fields round Haarlem in mid-June.

To learn more about the growth and working of bulb-farms than a glance at the fields in bloom could teach me, I decided to call upon a firm that almost exclusively supplies English growers, a firm with a London house, and one in which all the employees speak English.

Endless patience and perseverance are demanded to make bulb-raising a success. Six and seven years are required to

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bring some bulbs to maturity; every month has its allotted task and the hours of labour are very long. In January and February, when the gardeners are planting ranunculus and preparing the land that has lain fallow for new crops, work starts at eight in the morning and ends at five in the afternoon. In March the bulbs are uncovered, anemones and herbaceous plants are put in the ground, and work lasts from 6 A. M. to 7 P. M. These hours prevail in April and May, when hyacinths, tulips, daffodils, and amaryllis are in flower, when fallow land is put under manure and sown with some light crop of vegetable, and when weeding is a delicate and necessary operation that cannot be neglected for a day. In June and July the tulips, crocuses, hyacinths and narcissi are dug up, and work starts at five and ends at eight; and in August and September, when the bulbs are cut in a manner to be described later on, and the hyacinths are planted out again, the maximum of work is reached in a sixteen-hour day, for the workers go out upon the land at five o'clock and do not return until nine in the evening. Thereafter the days shorten, and in the times of tulip-planting, bulb-covering, and similar work, six to half-past is the hour of commencement, and twilight brings tasks on the land to a close. There is a general rule of leaving off work at seven o'clock on Saturday evenings throughout the year, a rule that is most advantageous, owing to the close proximity of Haarlem to Amsterdam. The journey by slow train is rather less than half an hour, and in Amsterdam every man can find his own form of amusement, under whose soothing influence he may

forget the undeniable strain of the work that has fallen to his lot. Most of the workers seem to be very healthy. The question naturally arises, Why are the Dutch able to raise bulb-farms to such a degree of perfection? How are they able to do so well at the work? The answers are very simple. If you take up a handful of the soil on the dunes of Haarlem, you see it is wonderfully light, more like sand than soil. Dig down for a few feet and leave your ditch for a few hours; when you come back the water is settling in it. Here are the secrets: a light soil and abundant water for the roots in a supply that can be so regulated by raising the soil that the roots take what they require and no more. Bulbs cannot thrive in clay soil; watering on the top rots them. On the dunes near Haarlem the soil is perfect, and with the favourable climate there is little need for skilled gardening. Labourers are quite competent to do the bulk of the out-of-door work, and even the scientific horticulturists are at a standstill. Granting a cold January and no hailstorms, they may expect excellent results from year to year.

It must be remembered that the flower-time is of little practical importance to the bulb-grower. He wants bulbs, not flowers, and I regret to say that tons of exquisite blooms are destroyed every year. For trade reasons the flowers are not sold; for the sake of the bulbs they must be cut when they approach the zenith of their bloom, therefore they are wantonly destroyed, and this proceeding is an enduring blot upon bulb-culture. Presumably they are not available for scent, and it is obvious that they cannot be sent very far

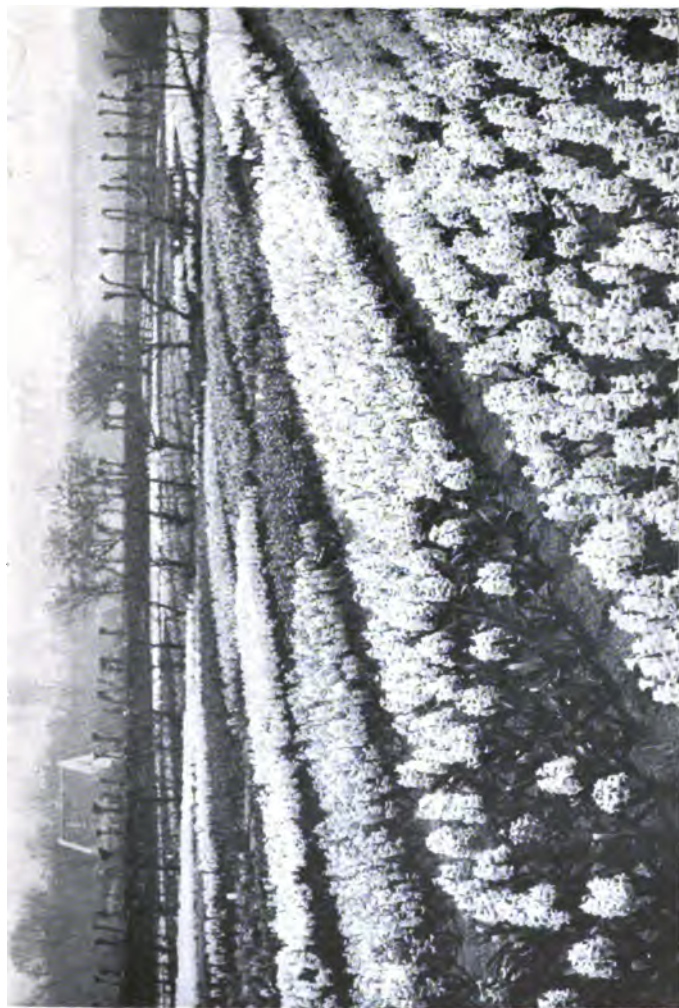
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if they are to arrive in good condition at their destination. So they are cut and thrown away, taken away in the barges to destruction, to waste the beauty of their colour and shape and fragrance. There is something very wrong here, something that the bulb-farmers should endeavour to remedy, if only by the creation of a market in their own country or in Belgium. Think of the great slums of great cities, of the convalescent wards in big hospitals—remember what the flowers would mean there!

One of the most curious details in the work of the bulb-farmer is observed in the late summer-time, when the hyacinths are prepared for the purposes of propagation. In old days a bulb was taken, slashed across transversely, and set in the ground; by the following season it had thrown off a number of young bulbs. An accident taught bulb-farmers a better method. One of their number found in some bulbs that mice had been feeding upon an extraordinary number of baby bulbs; he examined them carefully and found that where the mice had eaten the bottom of the bulb, it reproduced itself thirty or forty fold. This discovery gave rise to quite a new method of procedure. To-day the head man takes the bulb, cuts away the bottom from the centre, and stands the bulb in the sun for some time: then he plants it out, and every section of the bulb raises little ones and nourishes them with its life until, in the next season, the parent bulb has disappeared entirely, and between thirty and forty tiny little bulbs are left in its place. These are taken and planted out year by year, and in any time between five and seven years they reach maturity. Tulips and most other

plants of the same family propagate their species without any artificial assistance.

The fields are beautiful in season and interesting throughout the year; the storerooms have no beauty, but their interest is very great. Shelves and drawers are filled with the most varied assortment, the very smallest boasting a Latin name several inches long. The heads of a firm can tell the general characteristics of any bulb in the store, and know the unaccountable habits of very many. For example, I was shown a harmless specimen, looking rather like a discoloured Jerusalem artichoke. It had no odour until you pinched it, and then—you put it down just as quickly as possible and asked for the next curiosity. Some of the bulbs have most extraordinary shapes. For example I came across one assortment shaped like wisdom teeth. Some have no patience, they will not wait at home quietly and take their chance—an excellent one—of being sent out into the wide world. Before the autumn is well upon them they have flowered and faded on the dry, sunny shelves and lie in lifeless lengths, looking worn out. Packers are busy all day, executing orders that are numbered and recorded in the most careful manner imaginable, and all the bulbs sent out pass through the hands of a man well qualified to detect any possible flaw. The packages vary considerably in size; as the prices paid for consignments vary from a few shillings to several hundreds of pounds, it is easy to see that the smallest inaccuracy would lead to confusion. When a big collection of packages is ready, carriers take them to the barges that are waiting only a few yards away, and these barges take them



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direct to the ship that is to take them over sea. The bargee in Holland is a man of some importance; he does the bulk of the carrying, and of course his prices are lower than those of people who must employ horses. On bulb-farms several barges are kept busy throughout the year, taking the flowers and bulbs away and bringing dressing, gardening implements and other material down to the gardens. The trade in bulbs has plenty of local competition; the farms crowd upon one another, from beyond Haarlem down to Leyden; prices are not high, the outlay is constant and heavy, only the immense output can make the work pay. Imagine what it means to tend a bulb carefully as long as Jacob served Laban, or first promised to serve Laban for Rachel, to plant it every year in fresh ground, to keep it carefully in store when it is not in the ground, and to sell it in the fulness of time for threepence! Of course, some specimens cost a great deal of money, but the popular demand is ever for the cheaper kinds. The land requires about one man to the acre for general purposes, without reckoning the staff employed in the store. Wages are not high, considering the long hours, but the work is permanent, and the light soil is reckoned very easy to handle. Even in wet weather it dries rapidly upon the clothes, is as easy to remove as sand, and leaves no more stain. For men who love an active life in the open air, who are not afraid of hard work, are keen observers and have trained their faculties of observation carefully, the life of the bulb-farmer must be a very pleasant one, and its material advantages are not to be disregarded. Effective competition can only be carried on within the limited

area of the district between Haarlem and Leyden, and the market for the produce is world-wide and will be steadily developed in every part. Above all, the bulb-farmer enjoys the satisfaction of knowing that he helps to make the world more beautiful.

VENLO AND MAËSTRICHT

HENRY HAVARD

ON quitting Grave we go up the Meuse towards Venlo. Grave is surrounded by far-stretching meadows interspersed with shady walks and bordered by grand old trees. There rich pasture lands, which Blaeu celebrated for their fertility and verdure, are found more on the left than the right side of the river. On the opposite bank, just after passing the first bend of the Meuse, and beyond the pretty village of Mook, are perceived those arid eminences covered with wild heath, which bear the name of Mookerheide, a name very lugubrious in Dutch ears, for it reminds them of a terrible defeat, and of the death of three brave, noble men. It was on this very heath that Counts Louis and Henry of Nassau, and Prince Christopher, the son of the Elector of the Palatinate, were surprised by the Spaniards and massacred, without the cause for this terrible misfortune ever becoming known. Even the Spanish historians agree that the bravery and courage of the chiefs were irreproachable. All mourned these three noble men who fought to the death and were so confounded in the *mêlée* with their brave soldiers that their bodies could not be found afterwards.

After passing Mookerheide, the banks of the two rivers regain their smiling aspect, among meadows, fields and clumps of trees. Then come the villages Middleaar, Oeffelt, Heijen,

Afferden and Bergen, with their pointed steeples; from time to time a ruin is passed and then we see a convent with nuns, which indicates to us in a moment how very much we have changed in latitude, that we are, in fact, in Catholic Guelderland. As we advance, the difference becomes more marked, until at last Venlo appears in the distance concealed behind her huge half-demolished bastions, and with the remains of her old walls and a few new houses extending along the riverside.

One cannot call Venlo a handsome town. It has no fine squares or beautiful promenades, or excellent boulevards; its streets have no buildings of any note, neither are they very broad or well-arranged, but this kindly little town possesses a special interest for the archæologist, inasmuch as it marks a very sudden transition line. To pass beyond her walls is to enter quite a new region; the province of Limburg is the only one which does not, as it were, form a part of the whole, for it has neither the same religion nor the same traditions, and we may add, neither the same manners nor the same language as the sister provinces. It is Netherland at heart quite as much as the others, but it has the appearance of forming the rearguard to this generous country in a special, peculiar and original manner, and to have placed itself there with its extenuating differences to round off the sharp edge of transition. One finds again and again among the populations of these frontier towns the grand qualities inherent in the Batavian race; and while they repudiate most energetically all Germanic characteristics, they have not hesitated to adopt many manners and cus-

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toms from the neighbouring provinces, which up to the end of the Eighteenth Century, were under the Austrian sceptre, although they bore the name of the Low Countries.

Venlo is by no means an ancient town, in spite of some saying that it was founded in the year 95 by a noble, rich and powerful lord named Valuas. It was not till September, 1343, that it attained the dignity of a town, by the grace of Duke Renault, third of his name, who enclosed it with walls, and endowed it with privileges.

Incorporated into the duchy of Guelderland, Venlo remained faithful to its suzerains, even in time of sorrow. It was besieged by Margaret, aunt of Charles V., and heroically resisted the Imperial troops. In 1543, it was united to the crown of Spain, and fell a victim to the fate attending all the towns belonging to that country, of being taken and retaken, occupied now by the troops of the States and then by those of Austria, until the year 1715, when by the Barrier Treaty, it was definitely added to the United Provinces.

Thus, subjected to many assaults, to which we must add one more—the siege of 1794—it is not difficult to imagine that Venlo possesses few uninjured monuments. The large church, the most ancient and venerable building of the town, has suffered perhaps more than many of the smaller edifices. It would be hard to tell now what its plan was originally. Inaugurated in 1458, by a son of Venlo, William, bishop of Nicopolis, and archdeacon of Brünn, it was enrolled under the name of Saint Martin. At the present day, it is a large temple with three naves of equal height, surmounted by beautiful arched vaults. The windows are fine, but furnished

with modern panes of an agreeable tint. The pulpit is cleverly carved, but in the Louis XV. style; the carved wainscoting around the baptistry belongs to the early years of the Seventeenth Century. The font itself is of the same period, and is composed of a magnificent piece of bronze in the form of a cup, mounted on a projecting foot and ornamented with heads of angels.

Close to the church stand some old houses with very curious façades. Like many of the Dutch houses, their gables jut out on the street; sometimes the edge of the gable, instead of being smooth and straight, is carved into very singular forms.


Venlo abounds in old churches and chapels; at every step one comes across these consecrated buildings, some transformed into barracks and others into shops. The Town Hall has a very picturesque appearance. Constructed in 1595, it once formed the residence of Archduke Albert, who left nothing behind him as a memento of his presence in the house but a pretentious inscription.

If Venlo surprises the traveller coming from the northern provinces, by revealing to him a world of new customs and manners, on reaching Roermond his impressions are confirmed with double force. No one could imagine, on finding himself in Roermond that he was visiting a town of old Guelderland, a neighbour of Arnhem and Zutphen, the special quality of which rhymed with that of Nymegen. Policy, in withdrawing Roermond from the old province and uniting it to Limburg, followed the dictates of geography and ethnography. In Guelderland it was an alien,

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but in Limburg it returns to the bosom of its family, if I may so express it, morally, intellectually and religiously. Although Roermond is a pretty, well-laid out city, there is nothing about it to warrant its being called "very large," as affirmed by the old Guelderland couplet. It must either have strangely decreased in size since that time, or the others must have been considerably enlarged, for Roermond is now by far the smallest of the four. Guicciardini relates that in his time it was a "city well peopled, rich and abounding in fine buildings." Pontanus depicts it as an "agreeable town, rich, spacious and abounding in religious and civil buildings, both public and private," an opinion which might still be quoted of it, if war, and above all, fire, had not despoiled it of its monumental beauty.

In leaving Roermond, we were singularly near the end of our journey. Maëstricht was within a few leagues, and we could go no further without quitting Holland, that old Gallo-Roman city being in truth at the extreme limit of the kingdom. East, west and south it is surrounded by foreign lands, and to the north a narrow strip of territory alone attaches it to the northern country. To describe Maëstricht faithfully would need at least a volume, or even more, for many volumes have been devoted to its history without exhausting it. Every step in its street calls up a flood of memories; there is not a place nor monument which has not a tale to tell or the memory of some glorious hero to recall; at every stroke of the pick in the ground faces are revived which have disappeared beneath it. People who have cultivated, inhabited, embellished it, and covered



it with monuments, or generations which have watered it with their blood, and died in its defence, are resuscitated.

On approaching the town, proud bastions invoke recent recollections. The ramparts of Wijck, the outskirt of Maëstricht, are the portions of the city situated on the right bank of the Meuse. Their designation—the refuge—has an eloquence of its own. It seems to have been acquired by the fact that when the town was lost, the citizens felt sure of an asylum there. And first, to go from Wijck into Maëstricht, the famous bridge to which the city owes its existence must be traversed. The view from it merits a passing pause, for the panorama from this side is most charming and richly coloured. The old houses, the ancient monuments, the ramparts, and the churches commingle their picturesque outlines, their hard and elegant forms, their bright and gay colours, their bricks and their stones. It is a charming disorder, in which neither large trees, green swards, high belfries, majestic towers, with ancient profiles in walls embowered by age, are wanting. They seem to watch over the busy city as elder brothers do over younger ones.

All is animation everywhere, a busy hive of life and general rejoicing, in which the ancient river rolling its silver ripples under foot appears to participate. She bears lightly the burthen of stones which has traversed her for so many ages, and her waves bury themselves under the broad arches with a strange whistling which resembles a kiss, for the town loves the river and the river loves the town. This, in fact, is the spot where Maëstricht originally began, for it was

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a fortified Roman *tête de pont*, as the old road from Turgau to Cologne attests, as well as the underground structure of the ancient villas. Tradition affirms that it was where Wijck now stands that the Batavians, led by Claudius Civilis, exterminated the legions of Vespasian in the Fourth Century. The *tête de pont* soon became a fortified town, to which Saint Servais, feeling incensed at Turgau, transferred the seat of his episcopacy for security against the Saxons and Huns, who were always rapidly approaching the Rhine. The presence of the holy prelate seems to have brought luck to his new living, for from this time it began to increase and prosper. Its splendid position is universally recognised. Blaeu has painted it as "a convenient and well-planned city," which other authorities have endorsed. Its bridge was in truth of too great importance, for in consequence of its rich revenue all the authorities of the banks of the Meuse only sought to seize and to hold it.

This bridge, however, is not altogether unknown to us. It has a civil history, which is unfortunately incomplete, from the frequent dispersion of the archives of Maëstricht and her churches. But we know that in 1139 the Emperor Conrad II. presented it to the Chapter of Saint Servais, "for their use and its advantage to maintain it, and to divide the revenue not absorbed in such maintenance into two parts, the one for the provost of the town, the other for the Chapter." It was a wooden bridge, and the Chapter acquitted itself so ill of the first part of the pact, that in 1275, worm-eaten and rotten, it fell during the procession of Notre Dame, and killed more than five hundred persons.

It was reconstructed in wood on the spot which it now occupies, and later on (1581 to 1585) it was rebuilt in stone. This is the bridge which is now seen, but renewed more than once, arch by arch, and bit by bit. To tell of all the important events associated with this bridge would be to recount the history of Maëstricht—bombardments, butcheries, massacres, triumphal entries, religious festivals, ceremonies and rejoicings of all sorts. One of the most brilliant of the latter was the nautical *fête* given by the town to the Czar Peter the Great. This bridge which has detained us so long, interesting as it is, is neither the most curious construction nor the oldest building possessed by Maëstricht. That which is considered the most ancient is certainly the *Helpoort*, or Hell-gate. To our perception this *Helpoort* deserves neither much "praise nor much abuse," for it seems to belong to the commencement of the Roman architecture of the country, that is to say, the Ninth or Tenth Century. It is, however, more interesting than beautiful, consisting of a lofty masonry basement, flanked by two towers, round externally and square within, surmounted by small pointed roofs. As to the terrible name of Hell-gate, it originated in a sign which formerly ornamented the little street on which the gate abutted.

Maëstricht has a peculiar dialect with a grammar and a syntax of its own, in which even now amusing dialogues and pretty comic operas are written. The people use no other idiom, and in their every day discourse employ poetical terms and expressions, indicative of their love for their proper tongue, some of which when done into French lose

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neither their wit nor their sense. Thus they say of a lady favoured by nature that she has "*un beau gilet*." A woman of the lower classes will not threaten to box another woman's ears, but tell her to beware of the "star" of Maëstricht, a star which in the arms of the town has five points, resembling a "five-leaved clove," an expression still used in some remote corners of old France. In high society French is spoken, but no one is unacquainted with the vulgar tongue, which becomes more chaste and delicate when spoken by gentlefolks, yet is largely used. The Netherlanders complain because they do not understand a word of it, and it is amusing to hear them protest against this peculiarity. "Maëstricht," says one of them, "is not yet a Dutch town. They have in the first place a special language in which books are written, next they speak French, and lastly they talk partly Dutch. They pay in Belgian francs and centimes; their cigars are five or ten centimes each. The people no longer go about in woollen coats, but in blouses; the women have ceased to wear caps or capes with metal fronting, but tie kerchiefs deftly round their heads."

MIDDELBURG

GEORGE H. BOUGHTON

OF all towns in Holland, I think—after seeing about fifty—Middelburg is the most peculiarly representative and Dutch. It has in it the most charming examples of architecture and costume that one could wish to see. It is quaint and original, clean to a degree, well-kept, and not too dead and gone; in fact, on a market-day, it is for the time being about as lively and stirring a place as one could happen on; and they do say that, on the occasion of the annual *kermesse*, which lasts about a week, the great market-place at night, when the fun is wildest, is no faint hint of a public festival in the regions down below. So much of an affair is it here that they talk of the past one for six months, and prepare for the next one during the rest of the year.

In passing along some of the silent, well-swept quays, under the tall trees, one is struck by the number of well-to-do and even stately residences, seemingly the homes of descendants of the "merchant princes," who made their fortunes here when Middelburg had a commerce to boast of. There were no finer docks and waterways in all the country, but, alas! fickle Commerce one fine day found other harbours. The big ships sailed away one by one into the "Eternal Whither," and came back no more. The docks and basins took on the scum of idleness, busy shipyards grew silent, and



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the half-finished hulks rotted where they stood. 'Tis the fate of many once thriving towns. But Middelburg was only sleeping a very long Rip Van Winkle drowse, and there was still strong life in it somewhere. It awoke to energy and action. When its old neighbour and rival, Flushing, began its splendid new harbours and docks and station, high hopes were held that the new life-blood let into Flushing would revive the entire Island of Walcheren. Middelburg "shook itself together" for the long-looked-for return of prosperity, and new docks, canals and basins were made, big enough to float the vast commerce she wished to see again bustling about her long-deserted quays.

But, sad to say, after much outlay of money and labour, after grand opening ceremonies and much kermessing, coy Commerce came not, to any great extent, to gladden the souls of the good burghers, either of Flushing or Middelburg. Let us say, rather, that for many years it did not come. Just lately there is a better show of shipping at both places. "Time was" when this same Middelburg was the richest, proudest, and most powerful city in the Netherlands. Its most prosperous times were during the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, when all the wines of France and Spain that came, not only for the entire country, but for towns along the Rhine far into Germany, had first to pay duty here. There exist still many relics of this powerful "octroi." There is still the "*Rouenische Kade*," where the wine galleons of Rouen disgorged their cargoes and their heavy customs duties. The wool-staplers of England and Scotland had also rich and powerful houses here and at Veere, near

by, under the protection of the Duke of Burgundy, who married a daughter of James I. of Scotland.

It was still early forenoon, and I was wandering, loose and free, down and around crooked and devious streets, and under archways into blind alleys, and out of them into wherever the picturesque led me, making my way back to the market-place. When I wished to make sure of my Town-hall weather-cock, I had only to wait until I came to an intersection of a few streets or canals and it would show itself. And as its silvery *carillon* rang out some small tinkle every seven minutes, one could not well get out of ear-shot, if it should happen to get lost to view. There were lots of the picturesque country-people about the streets, and as I followed stray groups, sketching as I walked, I was led rather a dance. I generally found, however, that no matter how often I lost sight of the Town-hall, I could always—and did often, without wishing—get back to the Abbey. This began to bother me, finally, for when I had fairly started for my Town-hall once or twice, and, losing sight of my spire through winding, narrow short-cuts, had found myself back again every time to my starting-point at the Abbey I began to say: “Confound this tiresome old relic of antiquity, it seems to be a loadstone!”

As all roads lead to Rome, so did they here all tend to this one spot. There was, at first, only a small circular chapel built, and then the great Abbey gradually grew around it, the village grew around that, and the city, finally, with its walls and ramparts, grew around all. The streets mostly diverge from the great central church; others seem to wind

themselves spirally about it, as if planned by some old monkish humourist, to prevent the people from straying from the fold, even if they wished to. I think I got that special bit of street-plan well into my understanding before I got out of the merry-go-round of the sacred precincts. There was no time lost, however. It is mostly all fish that comes into the sketcher's net. The Town-hall looks all the better if it has a foreground of the picturesque market-day people. By the time I arrived there the picture was complete, even to the effect of golden sunlight struggling through the haze of the cool October forenoon. Market-day is generally a holiday as well in Holland. On the slightest pretext out come all the antique finery and all the family jewels; and they wear them in profusion, men, women and children, in Zeeland. They pile on the entire hoard, on nearly every part of their person available. The dress of the Zeelanders is, by far, the most complete and elaborate to be found in any part of Holland. It is rarely, nowadays, that the men resist the inroads of modern fashion, but here they keep strictly to the costume of their forefathers. Nothing creeps in to mar its perfection; it is not worn only in part; it is complete, and that seems to be their pride. Fashion may come and go, but they go on forever.

Still, if you take the *ensemble* of the male get-up it is rather mixed in periods and styles. The hat, one shape of it especially—there are three varieties—with the universal cut of hair and the closely-shaven face, has a purely Fifteenth Century effect. Such a number did I meet that reminded me of the portraits of Louis XI. of France, or certain heads

in Van Eyck's pictures! The shirt-collars, often embroidered with black lines, and fastened with large gold button-links, are Fifteenth Century also. The jacket seems to be a survival of the jerkin of two centuries later. The velvet knee-breeches are evidently a century later still, as the shoes are. The silver buckles on the nether garments are often chased richly; while as for the four great silver waist-buttons, or, rather, plates, that half encircle the belt, embellished often with Scriptural subjects in *repoussé*, there is a vague sort of impression that they must have survived since the wandering Gauls overran the islands of Zeeland. The other style of nether garment is short, wide, flowing velvet trousers. On both these there is the same profusion of silver plate, and both styles have on either side, back of the hip, a deep, narrow pocket. Exactly where the wild Texan ranger secludes his revolver, the Zeelander carries his brace of sheath-knives. They are about the size and shape and usefulness of the sort of knife that one takes to a good-sized ham. The handles are often of richly-chased silver, or the more modest boxwood, carved in quaint old design. These murderous implements, I need not say, are carried more to complete the costume of the country than for active service, though they do say that every proper Zeelander knows well how to use them in case of need. We all know how unhappy the most amiable full-dressed Highlander would be without a few dirks about his girdle, and at least one handy in his garter. So doth the genial Zeeland peasant sport his carvers, not necessarily to use on a friend, but rather on his bread and cheese.

The men are a strongly-built race, with clean-cut, serious features, bright, dark eyes that look through you, and yet kindly enough natured I found them, for all their stern looks. The women are very bonny now and then; a bright, clear complexion, rosy and fresh and strong, and as much given to smiles and levity as the men are to grimness and gravity. Of course, I am still speaking of the country-people, for even the peasantry are extremely well-to-do.

The towns-people are like nearly all town people the world over—just one regulation pattern, as if clad by the same tailors, “as per sample.” But, in towns like Middelburg, the servants are often from the country round about, and they keep to their costume religiously. I was buying some gold headgear here, such as they sell to the country girls, and, wishing to find out how it should be put on, the jeweller called in his servant from her window-splashing, who took off her own corkscrews and dangling disks of gold—more gorgeous than those I was bargaining for—and, with a certain air of condescension, tried on for me my simpler arrangement.


The “attitude,” so to speak, of the Zeelander is more dignified and proud than in most parts of Holland; in fact, I doubt if, in all Europe, you will find people with more of the air of the “grand seigneur” about them. Indeed, I have heard that the air of repose about some of the old Dutch towns is not stagnation, from their point of view; it is what they admire. They don’t wish to bustle, or be bustled about. They are all as rich as they care to be, and they don’t want to be any happier. When a stray tourist

arrives at one of their old-fashioned inns, he is made to feel that he is only entertained as a favour, and that they don't really want him.

In Middelburg, however, there is a certain movement that looks like a lingering love of trade. The shops are numerous and good—most of them, as usual, for the sale of finery and confectionery.

There was a constant fascination in and about the old Town-hall for me. The outside is very perfect, from door-scraper to the gold weather-cock. Built by a Burgundian architect, in 1468, it is more French than Flemish or Dutch in character. At the butchers' stalls, in one corner of the building, the set-out of the meat, the chopping-blocks and hooks, and the general arrangements of the place, give one a perfect picture of the shambles of fleshers' stalls of the latter part of the Fifteenth Century. The inside of the building, I grieve to say, has not quite escaped the demon of modern improvement. The fine old council-chamber, however, has been preserved pretty much in its original form. They do say that the sketch for the council-chamber scene in *The Bells*, as played by the Irving company, was taken from this very quaint old room. Holland is rich in old council-chambers, and there are few finer than this and the one at Veere—or, rather, than the Veere one was, before they took down the bronze hands. There is a most interesting collection of antiquities in this Middelburg Town-hall, filling several rooms, mostly with objects connected with the history of Zeeland. There are, among other things, the grand old feasting-batteries of the various guilds and corpora-

tions; tankards and beakers and dishes of gold and silver; plates and trenchers of pewter and quaint old Delft; goblets of glass of Venice and Bohemia; corporation seals, medals and badges; flags, banners and pennons; warlike weapons of every period; old instruments of music; books, parchments and views of old towns; plans and maps; pictures of pageants and ceremonies, many of them showing by-gone festivities at this same old burg. But most interesting to us were the several fine old guild and corporation pictures, some on the same scale, and in manner of treatment like those that Frans Hals and Van der Helst painted so gloriously years after these were done. These had a certain charm of grim sincerity and *naïveté* which the others, with all their magisterial grandeur, lack. The portraits of the leading worthies, in the guilds of wine-coopers and wine-merchants, are most vigorous and "personal" to the last degree, to every defect or merit of the originals.



THE HAGUE

RICHARD LOVETT

THE chief commercial city in Holland is not the capital, the country in this respect resembling the United States. As Washington is inferior in size and business activity to New York, so is The Hague to Amsterdam. More also than any city in Holland is it a place of "magnificent distances," that is, in possessing spacious squares and wide boulevards. Indeed, one of the first impressions on seeing it is that a French town has accidentally strayed in amongst its Dutch neighbours. Canals are to be seen, but as compared with Rotterdam or Delft they are sparse and are found in the by-thoroughfares rather than in the main streets. There are fine open spaces, broad streets lined with trees, whole districts without a canal, and the immediate suburbs on two sides at least are very well wooded.

From the earliest times it has stood high in the favour of the rank and fashion of the country. Originally it was a hunting-seat of the Counts of Holland. In fact, the Dutch name, 'S Graven Hage, or den Haag, means "the Count's enclosure or hedge." From the latter part of the Sixteenth Century it has been the political centre of the country, and there the chief nobles, the foreign ambassadors, and all the important political personages of the realm, have resided. Hence its resemblance to other European cities, especially the French, and its unlikeness to the sister towns. In walking



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through the streets, signs of wealth and fashion are to be seen on every hand.

The Hague is closely associated with Maurice of Nassau, the second son and the successor, as Stadtholder, of William the Silent. His character is indelibly stained by his great crime, the judicial murder of Olden Barneveld, and in very many ways he was greatly inferior to his father. But he had many great qualities, which stood his country in great stead, and entitle him to a high place among the makers of the Dutch Republic. His genius was for war, and he became famous as the capturer of cities. He was only seventeen when his father died, but by Barneveld's influence he succeeded to his father's power, and under the two Holland flourished. Many were the daring feats of arms accomplished by him. The chief of these was the great victory at Nieuport in July, 1600. He had been unwise enough to invade Flanders, and was attacked when in a very unfavourable position by the Spanish army under the Archduke Albert. In the end he not only beat off the attack, but inflicted a crushing defeat upon his hereditary foes. He died in 1625.

The centre of the city, the place where the most interesting historic buildings are found, where stand the chambers of the States-General, the Hall of the Knights, and the former residence of Maurice of Nassau, is by the Vyver, that is, "the fish-pond," a lake in whose waters the walls and turrets of these buildings are reflected, and by whose banks run the most fashionable promenades of the city. On the south-eastern side of the Vyver stands the Binnenhof, a group of

old brick buildings, some of which date from early times, although most of them have been restored recently. The palace built by Count William in 1250 occupies this site; his son, Florens V., in 1291, made The Hague his capital, and when the United Provinces baffled Spain and made themselves a great European power, it was here that the successive Stadtholders resided. On entering the square the most prominent object is the Hall of the Knights, a building with lofty gables and two turrets, which conveys at once the impression that it is an ecclesiastical edifice. It is very ancient, but it is not preserved as a mere archæological relic, since it now serves as a storehouse for the records of the Home Office. The north and south sides of the Binnenhof are occupied by the fine ranges of buildings which house the Dutch Parliament. Here centres the political life of to-day; here the diplomatic fencings, schemings, victories and defeats of the past have occurred, and on the square enclosed by the two ranges of buildings some of the most famous events in Dutch history have occurred.

Adjoining the Binnenhof stands the Mauritshuis, once the residence of the great soldier, now the home of the collection of pictures which of themselves justify a journey to The Hague. This collection is one of the best in Europe, and one of the most enjoyable to visit.

The Town-hall is a considerable building. It dates from 1565, and was enlarged or restored in 1734 and in 1883. The architectural features it presents are worthy of careful attention.

While the capital of Holland in itself is not so interesting

to a foreigner as many other Dutch cities, it is by no means destitute of attractions. Every visitor is certain, before he has been long there, to hear of the Huis ten Bosch—that is, the “House in the Wood,” and of Scheveningen. They are both in the immediate neighbourhood of The Hague, and are well worth visiting. A visit to them forms the readiest and pleasantest way of becoming acquainted with the pretty environs of the city. The “House in the Wood” is a royal residence. It was built by the widow of Prince Frederick William of Orange, in memory of her husband, who died in 1647. As a building it possesses no points of special note, inside or out; but the walk to it through the woods is very enjoyable, especially on a hot summer day. Sheltered from the sun, the visitor strolls along under lofty trees and along trim and well-kept roads. The walk will be all the more enjoyed if he comes to it fresh from some of the bare and treeless regions of Holland. The rooms are large, lofty and well decorated, the chief being the Orange Saloon, a large octagon chamber with lofty walls, decorated with loud and highly-coloured pictures of the Rubens School.

ON A BIKE IN THE BOSCH

COUNTESS OF MALMSBURY

BOTH the Haag'sche and the Scheveningen'sche Bosch are the property of the Dutch nation, and are kept up like a stately English park; better, indeed, than some, for the roads are like the paths in our gardens, rolled and covered with the most beautiful crushed shell gravel. The Hague and Scheveningen are so close together that it is extremely difficult to know where the one begins and the other ends. The same may be said of their parks, of which there are miles, intersected by lakes and canals.

We took a roundabout way to the Bosch from the Lange Voorhaut, whence we started. The Lange Voorhaut is the principal square, and one of the most fashionable quarters of The Hague. To begin with, it is central, and, secondly, it is removed from any canal, which renders it less liable to malaria from stagnant water. It is gravelled all over the centre and planted with beautiful trees—chestnuts, at the time of which I write, in full blossom, beeches and limes, dotted with a tender veil of young transparent green: the spring in Holland being later than ours. Under these I pass with my companion, and turn off to the right by the Vyver, or fish-pond, where the water is running and fresh, being pumped in every day. The Vyverberg, as the row of houses on the north side of the Vyver is called, is much

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sought after for this reason, and also for the beauty of the situation. On the south side is the Binnenhof, and here the Houses of Parliament and public offices are situated. The whole is surrounded by pink horse-chestnuts in flower, and there is an island in the midst, partly for the satisfaction and comfort of the ducks and swans, partly also for ornament, planted as it is with red rhododendrons. On our way we meet a number of motors—cars, tricycles and bicycles—most of which leave, as they vibrate along, a scent strong enough for twenty packs of hounds to follow. We also see a costermonger's cart, about the size of those drawn by donkeys in London. To these three powerful dogs are harnessed abreast, strongly muzzled. They are lying down to rest, and I get off to examine them more closely. I come to the conclusion that the central animal in the shafts must suffer a good deal from the leather band round his body, the tightness of which is emphasised by the line of draft of the cart, which seems to me very high. The muzzles, too, do not permit them to open their mouths as wide and hang out their tongues as far as we know dogs like to do. But presently their owner comes out; they bark with delight at the idea of being allowed to proceed, and fling themselves with enthusiasm into their collars. It horrifies me to see their driver, a tall, heavy man, get on the cart, while the dogs strain cheerfully at their work, wagging their tails, and trotting along at a great pace. I looked at their feet while they were resting and saw no signs there, or where the collars press, of any soreness or galling. I was told that, on being harnessed in the morning, the dogs bark and dance

about with pleasure; but whether this be true or not, they are obviously on the best of terms with their owners, and do their work with great good will. One must believe, however, that they suffer from the dust and heat, and long journeys with heavy loads which look so disproportionate to their size; but they are in excellent condition, being fed on a special kind of bread and on horseflesh, and we know that no dog who is suffering much in body, or unhappy in mind, will carry his tail in the air as these cart-dogs always seem to do. "Why should not a strong dog work?" asked my Dutch friend.

The size and draft of the carts and weight of the loads and harness are all regulated by law in Holland, the loads being in proportion to the weight of the dogs. They are, on the whole, well treated, but, as in England, a drunken owner will always inflict untold horrors on the wretched animals whose sad fate it is to be in his power. The breed generally used is a cross between a mastiff and a setter, but I have seen every kind of terrier even in harness.

London, as the Irishman said, would be so much nicer if it were built in the country; but The Hague actually is built in the country and has no suburbs. Trees are planted along the canals, and a great part of the town skirts the Haag'sche Bosch, while at Scheveningen each villa has quite a large garden.

We proceed round the Vyver and back through the Binnenhof, reaching a canal which we cross in order to enter the Bosch.

I had often heard that lavender-water was an absolute

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necessary adjunct to a stay at The Hague, but certainly never expected to be greeted with such a smell as that which we encountered at this point.

It is difficult to believe that such an odour of stagnant water can be harmless, or how anyone can live, as many people do, with their windows opening right on to it.

But, happily, we are over the bridge, and then our pleasures begin, for a more beautiful wood I have never seen. Cyclists are allowed on all the paths, which are most excellently well kept, the tall arching beeches protecting them from the wind, and there being hardly any hills or even undulating ground, we get along with little or no exertion. Perhaps it is the absence of hills which make the Dutch use such highly-g geared machines, but this is a peculiarity which, in addition to the low handle-bars and heavy frames, makes riding them rather hard work. It is certainly better to bring one's own bicycle, in spite of the trouble of travelling. The charges for hiring in Holland are, moreover, very high. I paid ten gulden for three days.

I felt rather nervous at first, riding on the paths on the right side of the road, and among a crowd of children armed with hoops, and was terrified by the suicidal dogs, their heads caged in what are here called "bite baskets" (there has recently been a hydrophobia scare); but by degrees it seemed a relief when foot passengers, instead of wildly dashing backwards and forwards to escape slaughter by cycle, simply walked straight at me, their gaze riveted on vacancy, and left me to avoid them in my own way. The avenues of beeches in the Bosch are some of the most beautiful I have

ever seen, and give one quite the impression of a Gothic cathedral. Here and there a primitive oil lamp is suspended by a cord from tree to tree. High overhead the branches meet in feathery arches, through which the sunlight glints, and underfoot the most perfect shell-gravel and well-drained and rolled paths are a luxury as rare as it is delightful. We met two policemen patrolling the wood on bicycles, and behind them—a sight I have never seen in England—an officer in full uniform scorching for dear life. He is not scorching so fast, however, that he is unable to stop suddenly, jump off, and salute with military precision two other officers whom he meets.

Beneath the beeches there is a carpet of familiar things, such as wild parsley, and a tall sort of grass like oats; but their colour is much more vivid than with us; indeed Holland out-emeralds the Emerald Isle in the translucent greenness which the damp soil gives, not only to the actual vegetation, but to the stems of the trees.

The "House in the Wood," or Huis Ten Bosch, where the Peace Conference assembled day by day, lies to the right of our path as we ride along. It is a charming house, large for a private residence, but small for a palace, prettily situated, rather plain outside from an architectural point of view, but beautifully decorated by great Dutch masters inside. My companion, who has an orange card of admission announcing his status as a delegate, passes me in by the gate, and we walk through the silent rooms, where, earlier in the day, a modern Tower of Babel has been trying in queer official French, to reconcile the irreconcilable. But it grows late,



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and if we are to dine at Leyden, as we intend, we must start at once, leaving behind us the shady, winding alleys and lakes, clothed to their lips with water-plants, which are such a lovely feature of the wood.

We now emerge on to the main road, which is paved with clinkers, a horrible form of torture to the cyclist, full of bumps and humps, and with a continual jar, even when the clinkers are smoothly laid.

I can never understand why, but all the Dutch roads with which I am acquainted are liberally sprinkled with broken glass. This is most dangerous, both for horses, cyclists and foot-passengers, and it is difficult to imagine why it should be allowed.

The wood continues on each side of our way, with occasional fields deep with grass, and full of large black and white cows, something of the shorthorn breed in appearance. Many of these cows, and also some of the horses grazing, wear canvas coats, like a lady's pet dog.

Soon we came to a large house, standing back from the road, from which it is separated by a wide canal only. In Holland they are not fond of fences, which bar the view and which they look upon as one of the great disfigurements of our English parks and landscapes.

"This," says my companion, "is called the *Pauw*; a bird," he explains; and, seeing my puzzled face, adds: "What your Lord Beaconsfield was so fond of." A light breaks in upon me. "Peacock!" I exclaim; "what a strange name for a royal residence." Here the may is in full blossom, the beeches, green and copper-coloured, in all the glory

of renewed youth, and down among the grass thousands of little blue-eyed flowers look up and laugh.

We meet more dogs, toiling but cheerful, more scorchers, male and female—the latter always in skirts, and pass numerous wayside inns of a German tea-garden order. I cannot linger over this peaceful scene, for we are coming to one of the many branches of the Rhine, which figures curiously in Dutch orthography as Rijn, and which, after still further splitting, is at last discharged through an iron pipe into the sea not many miles away. Thence, by a swinging bridge, over the wet ditch of the city of Leyden, into the town and to our longed-for tea. I think what struck me most at Leyden were some charcoal sketches on the wall of the staircase of the University. These are said to have been done in the night by one of the students, and represent the sorrows and joys of the rejected and accepted candidates for a degree. They were so good that the authorities themselves, who figure in these caricatures, have never had the heart to destroy them. We returned to Leyden by rail, on account of the clinkers which had given us a severe shaking on the way out.

Another day we rode through the Scheveningen'sche Bosch, going through the wood itself and along the lake, emerging on to the banks of a great canal, which here flows into the sea, regulated by a powerful sluice. The sides of this canal are strengthened by stones cut from basaltic columns, such as we have at Staffa. They are black, and their shapes, which are those of octagon basaltic crystals, fit curiously into one another. Here, again, the beauty and interest of

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the scene are marred by a smell, which must be, one would think, excessively malarious, as is also that strange chill which, on the hottest days, at sunset seems to settle into one's very bones. The ride to Scheveningen is much pleasanter than that to Leyden, as there are foot-paths, smooth and unclinkered, for the happy cyclist's use. The road is bordered with pretty little villas, set in gardens, open to the road, with a full view of the inmates sitting at tea outside their front doors, and the road shaded by magnificent trees. On the beach we see fisherwomen with that curious Zeeland head-dress, surmounted in some cases by an ordinary hat or bonnet. They wear no sleeves, and their arms are purple with exposure to the weather. Of this colour they are said to be very proud, but in winter the skin cracks and bleeds, so they must suffer like their sisters in other ranks of life *pour être belles*.

The ride to Delft is also quite a short one, and here the clinkered highway may often be avoided by keeping to the two paths along the canals. Delicious milk, bread, butter, strawberries and excellent tea and coffee can be obtained almost anywhere; and the absolute flatness of the country must be a very great advantage for long distance rides.

SCHEVENINGEN AND THE DUNES

EDMONDO DE AMICIS

SCHEVENINGEN is a village two miles' distance from The Hague; a road as straight as an arrow, flanked on either side by several rows of fine elm-trees, which do not allow a ray of sunlight to penetrate, leads up to it. Parallel to the elms runs a double row of houses, bowers, villas, with roofs like Chinese arbours, and an inexhaustible variety of whimsical façades bearing the usual inscriptions, alluring the passer-by to rest and pleasure. The road—the favourite resort of the townspeople on Sundays—is on other days almost deserted; only a Scheveningen woman or two, a few carriages, and the omnibuses that run between the town and the village, are to be met with. One fancies that so fine a road must lead to a royal palace picturesquely situated in a large garden or noble park. The luxuriant vegetation, the silent shady walks, reminded me of the grove by the Alhambra in Granada. I had forgotten all about Scheveningen; I no longer seemed to be in Holland.

When I arrived at the end, however, a change so sudden took place in the scenery that I stopped short, aghast; the shady walks, the trees, the resemblance to Granada had all melted away. I was in the midst of the sandy dunes, in the midst of a dreary wilderness; a salt wind blew upon my face, and a dull, continuous powerful thud struck upon the



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ear. Climbing upon a hillock close by, I found myself in the presence of the North Sea.

One whose experience of the sea has been limited to the Mediterranean may well be excused for feeling a novel and powerful emotion at sight of this sea and coast. The beach is one vast level expanse of fine and light-coloured sand, and the edge of the restless waves is unceasingly rolling backwards and forwards upon it, like a carpet being incessantly laid down and taken up again. This sandy beach extends as far as the first belt of dunes, which are steep little mounds of sand indented, scooped out, and deformed by the everlasting assaults of the waters. Such is the Dutch coast from the mouth of the Meuse to the town of Helder. Neither mollusks, jelly-fish, shells or crabs are ever found there; not a blade of grass, not a single green leaf is there to be seen. There is nothing for the eye to rest upon but sand and a barren desolate waste.

The appearance of the sea is no less dreary than the shore, and we are surprised to find that the wild fancies which haunted our mind after reading of the superstitious terrors of the ancients—who represented the North Sea as being tossed by unceasing winds and peopled by monsters of gigantic size and strength—are perfectly in keeping with reality. Near the shore the waters are of a yellowish hue; further on a pale green, and beyond that a dead blue. The horizon is almost always shrouded in a thick mist, which often falls like an impenetrable curtain upon the waters, completely concealing the sea, and only allowing the crests of the billows that break upon the sands, and a fisherman's

smack in the distance, high and dry upon the shore, to be dimly discerned. The sky is almost invariably of a leaden-grey colour, with great clouds swiftly scudding across it, throwing dark and flitting shadows upon the water. In some places it is almost as black as the darkest night, calling up visions of hurricanes and shipwrecks before the mind's eye; in others it is illumined by patches, jagged, zigzag stripes of vivid light that look like permanent flashes of lightning or the rays of some unseen, mysterious star. The waters are ceaselessly rushing with unslackened fury and passionate impetus to bite the shore, uttering a long, plaintive wail that sounds like a shout of pain and defiance sent up to heaven by the unanimous voices of a countless multitude. The sea, earth and sky glare at each other like relentless foes; and as I gazed upon that spectacle, I felt a vague presentiment that some great universal revolution in Nature's economy was imminent.

The village of Scheveningen is situated upon the dunes, which shelter it from the sea, and conceal it so effectually that from the beach nothing of it is to be seen except its sugar-loaf church steeple, towering like an obelisk in the midst of the sandy plain. The village is divided into two parts. One consists of smart little cottages of every imaginable Dutch shape and hue, built expressly for the accommodation of strangers, with a slip of paper, inscribed with the words "To Let" in different languages, posted upon them; the other part, inhabited by the aborigines, contains nothing but dingy huts and narrow alleys which foreigners never set foot in.

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The inhabitants, numbering a few thousand, are nearly all fishermen, and mostly very poor. The village is still one of the principal stations of the herring-fisheries to which Holland is indebted for her wealth and power; but the profits of this trade almost all go to enrich the owners of the fishing-craft, whereas the Scheveningen fishermen who hire themselves out to man them, scarcely earn enough to live upon. On the beach, near the village, several of their stout-looking one-masted vessels, with their one square sail may always be seen ranged side by side upon the sand—like the Greek galleys upon the Trojan coast—to prevent their being swept away by a sudden gust of wind.

Scheveningen, like all the villages along the coast—Katwyk, Vlaardin, Maassluis—has fallen very low in comparison with its former prosperous condition, owing to the decline of its herring-fisheries, which is due, as everyone knows, to England's having entered the lists, and also to the calamitous wars in which Holland has been involved. But poverty, instead of degrading it, has lent additional energy to the brave spirit of that little seafaring tribe, which undoubtedly constitutes the most peculiar and poetical part of Holland. The inhabitants of Scheveningen, by their outward appearance, their bent of mind, their habits and customs, form quite a separate family, and are almost strangers in their own country. They are only two miles distance from a large town, and yet they have preserved the stamp of a primitive race that has always lived apart from the rest of the world.

Scheveningen is not only renowned for the eccentricity of

its inhabitants, which attracts many foreigners to visit it and allures artists to paint it. There are two large bathing-establishments, the summer resort of English, Russian, German and Danish tourists, of the cream of the northern aristocracy, of Princes and Ministers of State, of half the *Almanach de Gotha* in short; and balls, gorgeous illuminations, fireworks upon the water, follow each other in rapid succession during the season. Both houses are situated upon the dunes.

At all hours of the day, a vehicle somewhat resembling an itinerant showman's booth, drawn by a stout horse, may be seen going down the beach towards the sea, suddenly turning round and one or more ladies stepping out of it and beginning to splash about in the water, leaving their golden hair to the mercy of the sea-breeze. By night the air rings with music, the bathers issue forth; the beach is thronged with a festive, gaily-dressed, motley crowd, speaking a Babel of tongues and languages, and radiant with handsome faces, from all countries. A few steps beyond this festive scene the gloomily-disposed stranger will find the dark, lonely dunes, where the sound of the band playing on the promenade faintly falls upon his ear, like a far-off echo, and where the lights twinkling in the cottage windows fill his mind with thoughts of home and unruffled repose.

The first time I went to Scheveningen, I took a long walk upon the dunes that painters have so often depicted; the only heights that intercept the view upon the boundless Dutch plain; the rebellious daughters of the sea, whose

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progress they impede; the captives of Holland and her sentinels at the same time. There are three ranges of dunes, forming a treble barrier against the sea; the outer range is the most barren, the middle one the highest, and the inner one the most fruitful. The medium height of these sandy mounds is not over some fifteen metres, and, taken altogether, they do not extend inland for more than a French mile. But in the absence of mountains they seem to the deluded eye to be a vast, hilly tract of country. Valleys, gorges, precipices are discerned among them; prospects seem to be a great way off, while in reality they are close at hand; tops of neighbouring dunes where one would suppose a man would look no bigger than a child, and where in reality he appears to be a giant. The dreary appearance of this wilderness is still further increased by the rank, straggling vegetation, which seems to be the mourning garb of this dead and desolate region; scanty, puny tufts of grass; flowers with almost diaphanous petals; broom, heather, rosemary, valerian—with now and then a rabbit scudding away among them—are the only things enterprising enough to grow upon so ill-conditioned a soil. Extensive tracts may be traversed without seeing a house, a tree, or a living soul. Now and then a crow, a seagull, an owl will fly past; their cries and the wind moaning among the trees, are the only sounds that break the silence of this dreary waste. When the sky is black and lowering, then the dead, uniform hue of the ground is tinged with an ominous light, similar to the unnatural tints imparted to all things when seen through coloured glass. At such times the stranger, wandering alone

among the dunes, experiences a feeling akin to terror, as one who finds himself in an unknown land far from every human dwelling; and he anxiously scans the misty horizon, vainly searching for some church tower in the distance to cheer his heart.

LEYDEN AND DELFT

RICHARD LOVETT

FROM The Hague as a centre several of the towns best worth seeing can be easily reached. It is possible to visit Leyden, Delft, Gouda and Rotterdam in one day; it is superfluous to say that each deserves to have at least one day given to it. Leyden is only a few miles north of The Hague, and the railway runs through a fertile agricultural district. It is situated on the Rhine, the waters of that river entering the city in two branches, the Old and New Rhine, uniting near its centre and flowing slowly through the town. Like Haarlem, it conveys the impression of being well-to-do. The people are well dressed, the houses are clean and commodious; the Breedestraat, the main thoroughfare, has several handsome buildings in addition to the ancient Town Hall; and the great University has not only earned a world-wide reputation, but also brings yearly into the town hundreds of young students, drawn to a large extent from the best families in Holland.

Like Alkmaar, Leyden has the past glory of a siege successfully resisted, and a great Spanish army baffled in the struggle for independence; but her agony was more prolonged, and that feat of arms stands at the head of the wonderful roll of Dutch deeds of heroism and endurance. We will not linger over the world-known story of those terrible five months in 1573 and 1574, and of that marvellous deliverance.

It stands on the page of history as one of the most striking of providential deliverances; the wind and the sea driving back the savage soldiery, who seemed unconquerable by any power less tremendous.

As one walks the streets of Leyden to-day there is not much in its appearance that recalls feats of arms and fitness for warlike deeds. But on every hand are evidences of what grew out of that noted siege. When, in her hour of triumph, Leyden was asked by a grateful ruler and nation to name the reward she would accept in commemoration of her heroic deeds and awful sufferings on behalf of the fatherland, those responsible for her choice chose wisely and well. They had learned, among other lessons in their struggle with the despicable bigot of the Escorial, that knowledge is power, and so out of the proffered gifts chose that a university should be founded in their midst. On January 2, 1575, the letter of William the Silent, recommending the project to the States-General, was read in the Sessions at Delft; on the next day it was adopted; and on February 11th the University began its great career. The University was inaugurated with one of those elaborate allegorical celebrations so dear to the burghers of the Netherlands in that age. Leyden was intended to do for Dutch students what Louvain had hitherto accomplished. The University was endowed with the revenues of the Abbey of Egmont, and the staff of professors chosen from the most eminent men of the land. Every official was exempt from taxation, and received, duty free, his wine, beer, salt, soap, coffee, tea and books.

To-day, as the stranger wanders along the wide and shady

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canals, passes the students' club, looks in at any one of the numerous museums, or visits the University itself, he everywhere meets with abundant evidence that Leyden is essentially an academic town, Rotterdam is seafaring, Amsterdam is commercial, Haarlem artistic, Leyden refined, cultured, literary.

There are two or three fine old churches, notably that of St. Pancras, in which is a monument of Van der Werff, the noble burgomaster who so bravely conducted the great defence in 1574. It cannot be considered in any sense adequate and seems to have been chosen on the principle of inverse ratio, the man being as great as the memorial is insignificant. In the main street stands the chief architectural adornment of the city, the old Seventeenth Century Town Hall. It is well able to hold its own as a picturesque and typical example of Dutch building of that day. The spire is especially fine.

Like The Hague, Leyden possesses a pleasant watering-place hard by the city. Only six miles to the northwest, and easily reached either by steam-tram or steamer, is Katwyk-on-Sea, the sea, of course, being the German Ocean. It is well supplied with hotels, villas and lodgings, and in the season presents all the features of a miniature Scheveningen.

Although we cannot see its streets crowded with 100,000 inhabitants, as did those who visited it in the Sixteenth Century, nor can we fully endorse the description of Leyden given by the old French writer in his book, *Les Delices de Leide*, yet we can sympathise to some extent with him when

he says: "The most beautiful and altogether charming city of Holland is Leyden."

No town is richer than Delft in associations that appeal to many different types of mind. The traveller whose main purpose is to note characteristic national features, finds Delft quite as interesting as Leyden or Haarlem, though differing much from both. The lover of Dutch architecture finds much to note in such buildings as the Gemeenlandshuis, the Town Hall and the New Church. The compact, clean little town is rich in studies for the artist of to-day, and full of associations connected with past story of Dutch art. No man who is even partially acquainted with the thrilling story of Dutch history, can go otherwise than as a reverent pilgrim to the town whose streets "Father William" trod so often, to the house where he lived and died, to the church—the St. Denis of Holland—which witnessed the solemn ceremonials of his own funeral, and to which, one by one, his chief descendants have been brought.

Delft is a place of some importance in Holland, having about 27,000 inhabitants, and is a pleasant town to visit, because it is compact, its topography is easily mastered, and on all sides it presents signs of prosperity. Both houses and streets are so clean that the quaint views which abound on every side are veritable Dutch pictures. In the past it was a busy manufacturing town, and the famous Delft ware of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries is all the more eagerly sought after now, inasmuch as the art of colouring practised then has been lost.

Reaching Delft by train, the road from the station crosses



MARKET PLACE AND OLD CHURCH, DELFT.

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one or two canals, and leads to what is called Old Delft, a canal bordered on either side by a roadway and shaded by lime-trees. This is the old aristocratic street of Delft. Here, John Olden Barneveld once lived; here is the far-famed Prinsen Hof; here is the Old Church with the leaning tower; and here is the old hall in which the first parliament of the Dutch Republic met.

At Delft, William continued to live, so far as his duties to his country permitted, until his assassination. The King of Spain, unable, either by the skill and courage of his generals, or by the horrible cruelties perpetrated by his soldiers, to subdue the nation who looked up to the Prince of Orange as their "Father William," had recourse to the weapons of the secret murderer.

Delft looks kindly at her visitors whether you go in summer, when the trees in full leaf afford shady walks along the sides of the trim canals, or whether you see it frost-bound in winter, the canals covered with ice upon which the children run and skate. An easy and enjoyable trip is to run down from The Hague by train, entering the city by The Hague gate. The visitor seems to come into a subtler sympathy with the old place and its associations when entering it after a leisurely journey through the country immediately surrounding it.

More, possibly, than in most towns, the Great Market is the centre of interest. It is very spacious, and paved with the narrow bricks so largely used in Holland. At one end rises the west front and lofty steeple of the New Church, built in the early part of the Fifteenth Century. Opposite

this, and filling the west end of the great square, stands the Town Hall, the past focus of an active municipal life, and the present home of some interesting art treasures. In the centre of the square stands a fine statue of Hugo Grotius, whose life was full of interest.

Not far from the market-place, just opposite the house of William the Silent, stands the Old Church, rich, though not to so great an extent as its neighbour—in monuments of famous men. There is commemorated old Admiral Tromp, victor in no less than thirty-two sea battles, and who, after defeating Blake, ordered the famous broom to be displayed at his masthead, as a token that he had swept his foes from the sea; Piet Hein, the man who in 1628 captured the Spanish silver fleet, obtaining booty therewith to the value of £1,000,000 sterling; and Leeuwenhoek, the man who seems fairly entitled to the honour of having discovered the essentials of the modern microscope, and of having employed it for scientific purposes.

ROTTERDAM

ESTHER SINGLETON

IT frequently happens that Rotterdam is the first Dutch city visited by the American or English tourists, especially those who enter the country of dykes and canals by way of the Hoek of Holland. Taking the train at the landing-stage of the steamer, one reaches Rotterdam in about half an hour.

As Amsterdam has been called the German city of Holland and The Hague the French, those who are fond of comparisons and analogies have bestowed upon Rotterdam the compliment of being the most English city of the Netherlands. This is probably on account of the shipping,—the forests of masts that line the canals and the general atmosphere of commerce. Rotterdam, indeed, strikes the traveller as being as characteristically Dutch as Amsterdam, Dordrecht or Leyden. Here are found the same *grachts* shaded by the same trees, the same boats, the same church steeples, the same brick houses with white facings and cornices leaning out of the perpendicular as if they were trying to see the still reflections of themselves in the dull, sluggish waters, the same workmen in blue blouses, the same peasants in their shining helmet head-dresses, and, alas! the same dogs dragging carts of milk or vegetables over the small rounded cobble-stones.

What is there then that suggests an English city unless it be the life among the boats anchored at the quays and resting

in the harbours, in which district there are several hotels bearing English names, and where, of course, English is spoken?

I confess that this is Rotterdam's most attractive spot to me, and I am not alone in this choice. Far more interesting than the Park that lies on the bank of the Maas commanding a fine view of the gay river, is the famous quay called the Boompjes, shaded by fine trees and extending along the river front. Most of the large passenger steamers dock and start from the Boompjes, and the landing and departing of travellers adds to the gaiety of the scene. The end of the Boompjes is marked by two large bridges over the Maas—to the island called Noordereiland—one a railway bridge, and the other Willemsbrug for foot passengers and carriages. On the other side of Noordereiland, the flowing Maas is known as the Konigshaven, also crossed by bridges leading to the island of Feyenoord, upon which are two immense harbours—the Binnen-Haven and the Spoorweg-Haven—that afford hospitality to numerous ocean liners and large ships from all parts of the world. Yet these are not the only harbours on this side of the Maas; the Rijnhaven, the Maas-haven, the Dockhaven, etc., line the river's edge. The Boompjes also lies in a network of quays and harbours. On its right is Willemskade; on its left, the Oosverkade, while directly behind is the large Scheepmakers Haven, and behind this again the Wijnhaven, and Blaak, on whose right the famous Leuvehaven lies; and not far away on the one side are Nieuwehaven, Oudehaven and the Haringvliet, where the herring-boats congregate; and on the other, Zalmhaven



SCHEEPMAKER'S HAVEN (SHIP BUILDER'S HAVEN) RÖTTERDAM.

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and Westerhaven. Imagine these large canals filled with boats and ships of every size and hue and kind, and you will not be surprised if the traveller lingers in this part of Rotterdam. On the quays and bridges many loiterers delight in watching the coming and going of the boats and ships, their loading and unloading, the opening and closing of the draw-bridges, the filling and emptying of the locks, and all the strange types of native and foreign seamen that congregate in this part of Rotterdam. The little hotels and restaurants are filled with strangers talking over their dishes or drinks in many different tongues and watching from the windows the slow passage of a canal boat or the swifter barge with sails bringing cheeses or other produce to the steps of the warehouses.

It is pleasant to wander aimlessly along the canals. A stroll down the Leuvehaven will bring you to the Fish-market, where men and women in quaint costumes offer for sale all sorts of fish from both North Sea and rivers in round and flat baskets. Not far away is the Flower-market.

Walking in a direct line from the Fish-market you come to the street called Glashaven, where the art dealers congregate, and where porcelain, old furniture and brass articles tempt the traveller. Another street that the tourist never fails to enjoy is Hoogstraat, the "high-street," on an embankment built to protect Rotterdam from inundations. This cuts through the city in a straight line and is one of the liveliest streets in Rotterdam. It contains shops, hotels and *cafés* and is bright and gay until the early hours of the morning. Favourite *cafés* are also found in the Korte Hoog-

Straat, which cuts through the Hoog-Straat near the arcade known as the Passage, built in 1879, leading to the Coolvest.

The only two buildings that the traveller is likely to visit are the Groote Kerk, or Church of St. Lawrence, a Gothic edifice of the Fifteenth Century, and the Boymans Museum, on the Schiedamsche Dyk. This gallery contains a fine collection of paintings of ancient and modern Dutch masters.

Rotterdam also boasts of a fine Zoological and Botanical Garden, situated near the old Delft Gate.

DORDRECHT

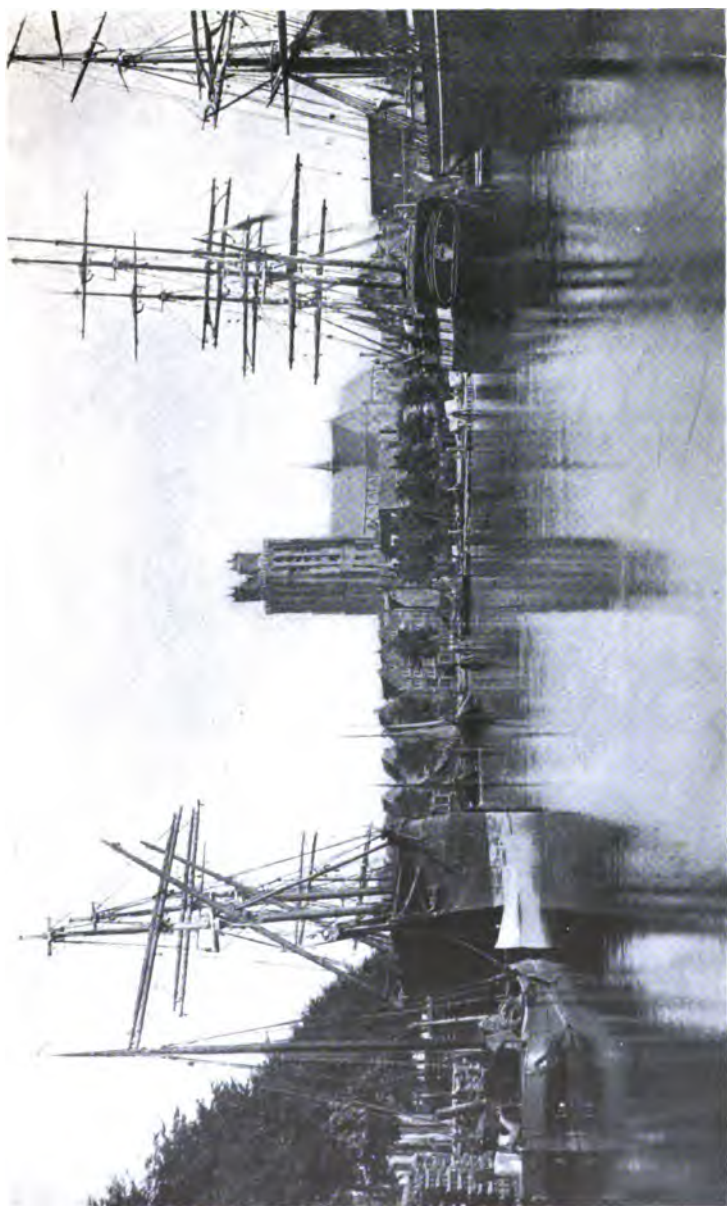
SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG

THOSE who go to Holland for the first time should commence with Dordrecht, for the characteristics of the country are summed up in it as they are in no other town; and they should go there by the Maas, which is simply the tidal Rhine. You arrive at Rotterdam from Harwich in good time for breakfast. Directly afterwards, you can go on board the boat, which starts from near the Rhine Railway terminus, and in about two hours you are at your destination. The arm of the Maas navigated by the steamers is about as wide as the Thames at Putney. You stop continually at little wayside piers, and you have, as a rule, to dance a sort of *chassé croisé* with the fleets of sailing barges making their way to Rotterdam. When you have gone eight or ten miles, you will see, rising over the flats to your right, a square mass, in which, if you are a student of pictures, you will recognise a friend. The church tower of Dordrecht is apparently unchanged since the days of Cuyp. Its simple lines are still crowned with the four dials in their clumsy frames, and the brick buttresses below are just as they were left by the vicissitudes of the Spanish occupation. Half an hour after you first catch sight of this landmark, the channel you are following suddenly opens almost at right angles into one much wider. On the farther side, lying low upon the water, Dort appears embosomed in trees. A dome

of emerald copper, the church tower, a few gigantic wind-mills, and the masts of shipping rise above the roofs; but the whole seems dwarfed by the huge bowstring girders of the railway bridge on the right. This bridge, with its sister at Rotterdam and its big brother over the Hollandsche Diep, is a great deal less hideous than most iron viaducts, but its size knocks everything out of scale. We feel we have departed from a disagreeable companion when we get out of its sight. The steamer threads its way across the wide, ship-dotted channel and comes to beneath the copper dome. The bell rings, and you land among a crowd of thin, wide-trouserred, silk-capped men, and of women with the flowing caps and improbable corkscrew defences of the South Hollander. The best hotel in Dort is just before you, and after you have taken a room and deposited your bag you can sally out into streets as paintable as the Venetian canals.

Dordrecht has two long sinuous streets—one runs from the quay to the station, the other from the quay to the church. The chief difference between them and a street at The Hague, for instance, lies in the rarity of vehicles. Along one a tramcar jingles every twenty minutes or so; along the other nothing passes except hand-carts, and now and then a wedding or a funeral. The rest of the town is all bridges and *grachten*, with their lining quays. The population on the water must be almost as dense as in the houses. The inner harbours are connected with each other and with the longer canals by frequent short channels, the whole is crowded with every sort of canal and river craft. Ever since the Middle Ages, Dordrecht has flourished. Thanks to her easy com-

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KALKHAVEN, DORDRECHT.

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munication with the sea, with Holland and Belgium, and with all the countries served by the Rhine, she has been a point of collection for timber from the Black Forest, for wines from the Rhine, for the manufactures of every city to be reached by the multitudinous arms of the Maas. And so her quays are scenes of never-ending bustle. Nothing in Europe is more picturesque than the view south-westwards across the harbour which lies in her bosom. This should be enjoyed twice in the day. You should go there at high noon, when the sun is beating down—not from a cloudless sky—on the gaily-painted barges and the swarms of people busied about them; on the cooks who chaffer at the gunwales of the floating shops; on the porters unloading the gigantic lighters which have been crawling hither, perhaps for months, from the other end of France; on the sparkling line of water, which is all we see of the harbour itself; on the low houses, each with its crane and its gaping *grenier* above, and its housewife washing or knitting below; on the circle of grateful trees; and on the great church at the end, rising high-shouldered against the sky, like a watchful mother.

Under the sun all this gives an extraordinary picture of gaiety and life; but the scene is even more fascinating when the dusk comes on. In colour lies the supreme charm of Dort; and colour does not tell as colour while the sun is still high above the horizon. It is afterwards, when the last rays are just gilding the tower of the Groote Kerk, that the red roofs, the groups of tawny sails, the patches of sombre scarlet where sailors' undergarments hang out to dry, the green sides of the barges with their gay top-hamper, the

brilliant notes of brass, the dark verdure of the trees, and the backgrounds of weather-beaten, purple brick, put on a deep transparency and sing together in a rich symphony of colour.

Some of the houses in Dordrecht tempt fortune most extravagantly in their dealings with their own centre of gravity. It is quite common to see an ordinary house three feet out of the perpendicular. Just behind the hotel there are two which show a dislocation of more than a yard at the top, measured by newer buildings beside them. Such an appearance reminds one of the legend which declares that when the Maas burst its dykes on the night of the 18th of November, 1421, the city was *carried en bloc* from its site, and that the neighbours had some trouble in finding it next morning! The curious situation of the town is due to this same flood. It lies at the northern apex of a triangular island, surrounded by the arms of the Maas, and is the capital of an archipelago called the Biesbosch.

Some of the Dort waterways are very like a Venetian canal. One such long water-street leads from the centre of the town up to the church. Houses back on to it on either side, the water laps against their walls, and the tradesmen deliver their wares from boats, just as they do in Venice. Here and there a bridge leads from a lane on the one hand to a twin lane opposite, and gives a point of view. Here, again, the charm lies almost entirely in colour. Coat these purple houses with their bright roofs, their gay shutters and balustrades in the soot of Manchester, and you will have something hardly more picturesque than the Irwell.

The edges of Dort have a charm of a different kind. In the summer evenings a military band plays at the railway station and there the people promenade. All round the city, on the line of the old *enceinte*, runs a grove—a sinuous band of trees, with a ditch on either side. Little bridges are thrown across the waters at every few yards, and each bridge leads up to some coquettish retreat with a fancy name—“*Mijn Lust*,” “*Alwijsheid*,” “*Als Ikh Kan*,” are among those I remember—painted over the door. Now and then a gigantic windmill—for sawing wood, as a rule—breaks into the row, a relic of the day when the city rampart still stood high above the plain. As you near the Maas the mills become more frequent and the houses humbler until you debouch on the tail end of the quay, where little wooden shops face the water and the people about have the listless roll and the lack-lustre eye of the seaman ashore.

It is the birthplace of Albert Cuyp. He lived chiefly at a *maison de campagne*—we would not call it a country house—on the outskirts, called “Dordwijk.” He is supposed to have painted only as an amateur, and to have been by trade a brewer. His forerunner and exemplar was Jan Van Goyen, whose frequent choice of Dordrecht as a subject proves the two men to have had many opportunities of meeting and of affecting each other’s work. The tower of Dordrecht appears in countless Cuyps and Van Goyens, so do various bits still to be identified in the neighbourhood, such as the ruins of the tower of Merwede. Cuyp died in 1691 and was buried in the Groote Kerk.

BREDA AND S'HERTOGENBOSCH

HENRY HAVARD

WE directed our steps towards Breda, a very curious town, and one of the most important in the country. The land through which the road from Rosendaal to Breda lies is varied, rich and well-cultivated; but it has not the extraordinary fertility, the "fatness" of the soil of Walcheren and Zuid Beveland. Here and there patches of moorland and bracken mingle their sombre tints with the golden hues of the harvest and alternate with the wonderful greensward of the vast fields. This land, such as we saw it, with its varieties of soil, which give it a certain picturesque effect, is famous of old. It was held, with its woods and fields, to be one of the fairest seigneuries in all the Low Countries. It belonged to the "*Kampen*," but to that part of it which was the most fertile and suitable for agricultural purposes. The old writers are very emphatic on the subject. "Prince Maurice," says Blaeu, "calls it his Tempé," and the celebrated geographer enumerates with delight, "its fields, which are throughout all its extent of an admirable fertility, its meadows, which are eternally green, the fair avenues of old trees, which, disposed in right lines or in quincunces, bordered the roads, and led to all the surrounding residences, as well as the forests of oak and of pine which rear their heads in its neighbourhood."

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A century earlier, Meteren, who was generally little given to description or accessible to the delights of landscape, spoke of Breda in similar detail. "It is situated in the Kampen," said he, "in a flat country, where there are good arable lands, with fair meadows and woody places." Add to these meadows and these woods two rivers, which, after having bathed the country and watered the fields and the plantations, come into conjunction under the very walls of the city and give it its name. Breda is derived from *Breed*, which means "broad," and from *Aar*, the name of one of these watercourses, which is enlarged at this place by its confluence with the Mark.

The special favour with which the family of Nassau always regarded their good city of Breda is satisfactorily proved by the especial care with which they embellished it. Its superb church, which is not only one of the largest, but also one of the most remarkable in the country, was, if not completely built, at least finished, by Engelbrecht of Nassau, who erected the choir. The palace of the governor—we can still distinguish the arms of Nassau allied with those of Mérode over its gate—was built by Justin, the bastard son of William the Silent, and Governor of Breda, between 1606 and 1625.

The Vleeschal, or meat market, belongs to the same period. Lastly, the Castle of Breda, which may be regarded as one of the purest, most correct, and most complete monuments produced by the Renaissance in these countries; that Castle which Guicciardini, of classic taste, did not hesitate to call "one of the most beautiful constructions

in all the Low Countries," is the work of Count Henry of Nassau.

In the Sixteenth Century, an epoch of great taste, this elegant structure enjoyed a well-deserved celebrity. "The Count Henry, who was a brave lord," says Meteren, "caused a new palace to be built, with a court, all surrounded with water, with galleries founded upon pillars of freestone, and a gilded frontispiece," and he adds, "there were in this place many fair chambers and a long hall raised upon pillars, with a very fine stair, the whole made of freestone, and by very good masters."

At that epoch, however, the edifice was not so near completion as that it might be judged of as a whole. It was not until 1690, when William III. ascended the throne of England, that the two wings were finished; but that Prince, who was a man of tact and taste, directed Romans, the architect, charged with this supplementary task, to carry it out in exact conformity with the plans of the Italian architect, Bologna, who had conceived the original plan, and commenced its realisation. Thanks to this precaution, the Castle of Breda has preserved its primitive character; and although it has not remained intact down to our day, still it is, at the present time, one of the best preserved specimens of architecture left by the Italian Renaissance.

Its general plan consists of a vast parallelogram built of brick and flanked at each angle by octagon towers. The interior of the court is arranged in the Milanese fashion, with arcades resting upon columns, with Tuscan capitals. In the tympanum of each arch is carved a medallion, represent-

ing a great personage of ancient history; and this great cloister, elegant in form and noble in style, is built of freestone, as Meteren tells us. The great hall, "founded upon pillars," of which the old annalist speaks, still exists, and serves as a refectory; for, after having been a dwelling for princes, after having afforded a retreat to Mary of England, the widow of William II., and sheltered Charles II. of England, in his exile, this historic pile has become a military school.

It was regarded by the French army, in 1795, as the property of the Orange family, and, having been confiscated by the Republic, was converted at first into a barrack, and afterwards into a hospital. Great damage was inflicted upon it, the splendid furniture was almost entirely destroyed, magnificent tapestries in silk and gold, representing the Counts and Countesses of Nassau, the Seigneurs and Dames of Breda, all on horseback, and of life size, were torn down, rolled up, despatched to The Hague, and sold at a very low price! This deplorable change in its destiny lasted, to the great detriment of the edifice, until 1814, at which epoch the palace once more came into the possession of the house of Nassau.

William I. made no effort to restore its pristine splendour to the Castle of Breda. He did not wish to make it a royal residence; by the pleasure of its legitimate master, this sumptuous dwelling became the Dutch Saint-Cyr, and at the present day its galleries, its porticos and its courts are occupied by cadets of the army of the Netherlands.

The capital of the ancient barony is a handsome, airy, cosy,

well-built town, but the artist and the archæologist find little in it to reward their researches. The visitor may rest awhile with pleasure under the shade of the fine trees in its superb public garden, stroll about its clean bright streets, and observe the features of its market-place. But it has no buildings except the Church to attract the attention, for the Stadhuis, built in 1534, was completely rebuilt at the end of the last century, and there is nothing remarkable in the interior of it, with the exception of some portraits by Mytens, Baan and Honthorst.

On leaving Breda, our route lay clear before us. We had still to visit Bois-le-Duc, after which our excursion would be near its close. The railway carried us towards the former capital of the Duchy of Brabant, but on the way thither we wished to have a look at Tilburg. This town, which is quite modern, little known, and in no wise celebrated, would not occupy any place at all among the notable localities of the Low Countries, but for the melancholy recollection which attaches to its name; I allude to the death of William II. It does not take more than an hour to see Tilburg throughout all its length and breadth. To say this is to imply that it is a small place; and, indeed, Tilburg looks less like a town than a big village with wide streets, low houses, gardens jammed in between the houses, and honest folk standing in the doorways looking curiously at the rare passers-by who disturb the tranquil scene.

If Tilburg be like a village, Bois-le-Duc is like a large town. I have just said that it was formerly one of the four capital cities of the Duchy of Brabant, and never, to my

knowledge, had a town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants more of the air and aspect of a capital. Its streets are long and wide, its houses are large and handsome, its public squares are spacious, airy, well-paved and very clean. Its old buildings, appearing here and there, testify to an existence of several centuries, and indeed we know that the importance of Bois-le-Duc is a fact of ancient date, though the place is not of exceptional antiquity.

In the Twelfth Century, the territory which it occupies and the country that surrounds it, were completely covered with forests. As the Dukes of Brabant came thither regularly to hunt, the great wood became known as *Silva Ducis*—"the forest of the Duke." But the people of Guelders came there also, and turned its dark recesses into dens of robbers and cut-purses, making excursions from thence into the surrounding country, and returning to the recesses of the forest with entire impunity. It was to put an end to the depredations of these dangerous marauders that, in 1184, Duke Godfrey had a portion of the ducal forest cleared, and that, in 1196, his son, Duke Henry, had a castle built, in order to keep a watch on and to overcome his troublesome neighbours. Dwellings accumulated around the castle, and the budding city took the name of the forest in which its first foundations were laid. Such was the origin of that "city which held the fourth place among the four capital towns of Brabant, and which is called in Dutch S'Hertogenbosch, in Latin *Silva Ducis*, and in French Bois-le-Duc—appellations differing in form, but all bearing the same signification."

Never did a town increase and acquire importance of the first order more rapidly. The prince had laid the foundations of this quick-growing greatness; he had given the impulse; the inhabitants did the rest. In less than a century the castle was surrounded by a town which seemed to have sprung from the earth; and soon transformed itself into an opulent city. The part which it played in the politics of the country became defined; by its rapid advance it won the title and the prerogatives of a capital, and in 1453, it had almost attained its utmost development.

The fortune of war is a fickle fortune. In 1629, Frederick Henry took S'Hertogenbosch, after a siege which will remain for ever celebrated among sieges, and at which the King and Queen of Bohemia and the Dukes of Wittenberg and Holstein were present. The capitulation was signed on the 14th of December; and, two days afterwards, Count Grobbendonk, governor of the city, vacated it with the whole of his garrison, the Catholic authorities, the Bishop and clergy, the occupants of the convents, and a number of citizens who were too seriously compromised, or who refused to submit to the new rulers. Bois-le-Duc was thenceforth placed under the authority of the States; its territory was annexed to the United Provinces, and its churches were handed over to the Calvinists. But although the population had been subdued, it remained unsubmissive, and, above all, unconverted. The city was immutably faithful to its faith and its traditions. Bois-le-Duc and its Mayoralty were still fervently Catholic. As it was then, so it is now; through all its vicissitudes Bois-le-Duc has preserved its faith intact.

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The great church of Bois-le-Duc is certainly the finest Gothic building in all the Netherlands. It belongs to the ogival period, bordering on the flamboyant. Its decoration is of extraordinary richness, but yet it does not fall into the exaggeration which injures the purity of line and spoils the beauty of so many buildings in our country, by, what I may call lapidary vegetation. In the Northern countries examples of the really flamboyant style are rare; architecture was so much behind hand there, that the Renaissance had manifested itself before Gothic efflorescence had reached its apogee. This explains how it happened that the Church of St. John, although belonging to the Fifteenth Century, was saved from the overprofusion of ornament with which it was threatened.

The vaulted roof of the nave rises to a superb height, supported by thirty-two elegant pillars. A remarkable triforium, pierced and trilobed, rises above the arcades, and augments the grace of this magnificent "ship." The choir is majestic in the extreme. In addition to these artistic beauties, there is a justly celebrated baptistery in gilded bronze, and a pulpit and other wood carvings in very good style, although much more modern. Altogether, the church of Bois-le-Duc is worthy in every respect of its great reputation.

Unfortunately, there is a reverse to the medal. This church, so elegant of form and so rich in ornament, is built of bad materials. So faulty is the stone used in its construction that it crumbles under the action of rain, and is blown away in dust by that of the wind. At the present day the

old building, after long suffering from those inevitable ills, would no longer present the form of a monument, had not pious hands repaired it, tending its wounds with admiring love of which it is well worthy. Nor has the State, on its side, been grudging of its grants for the same worthy purpose.

Judging by the old streets of the city, Gothic buildings must have been very numerous in the ancient *Silva Ducis*. At present they are rare, and the Church of St. John is so vastly superior to the others which still remain, that it is almost unbecoming to mention them. I prefer to conduct you immediately to the Stadhuis; built in 1620—not, indeed, that its architecture is attractive, for the building is of grey stone, and is massive and heavy—but because the interior contains certain precious objects well deserving of attention.

In the first place, there are the archives, very full, complete, well-arranged, and containing, in addition to a great number of valuable maps, catalogued registers and daybooks from A. D. 1300 down. Then there is a collection of seals coming down from 1295 to the present time, and comprising four hundred and ninety-seven specimens, which pass from the Roman to the Gothic, and from that to the contemporary style. To these succeed the drinking-cups of the Guilds, the insignia of the public functionaries and ancient arms. Among the latter is a small culverin, which belonged to Count Egmont. At a little distance from this assortment we find a number of instruments of punishment and torture—one is a sort of wooden sentry-box, all covered with carvings representing lizards, toads, and serpents, in which

women of infamous character were shut up. The collection of collars, knives, pincers, vices, hatchets, and branding-irons is very complete; in fact, it extends from the rack to the guillotine.

There is also a small collection of pictures, allegories by Van Thulden, portraits of the family of Orange, a view of the Stadhuis by Beerstraaten; the only statue that was saved, when, in 1566, the Iconoclasts sacked the Church of St. John; and, lastly, a room hung with the famous old green tapestries of Flanders.

This public collection is not the only one at Bois-le-Duc; hard by there is another, no less well arranged, with a large and select library, medals, prehistoric vases, Roman lamps, mediæval pottery, glass and earthenware, Indian arms, banners of the Confraternities, the badges of the Guilds, and a few pictures relating to the history of Bois-le-Duc. In this collection we find a "plaque" in old Delft ware, representing the famous combat of Bréaté and Lekkerbek, a legendary battle, or heroic duel in which twenty-one Frenchmen fought twenty-one Flemings. A stratagem secured the victory to the latter; they cut the bridles of their adversaries' horses, and the Frenchmen being unable to manage their steeds, were defeated.

It was in 1600, and on the heath of Vucht, not far from Bois-le-Duc, that this famous encounter took place. I might take you to Vucht, a pretty village, about a league from the great Brabant city, with the purpose of showing you, not the celebrated field of battle, but an infinitely more pleasing picture: a bouquet of living flowers, a group of young beau-

ties, composing the most amiable and cheery family you could ever wish to see. I might also take you to one of the neighbouring Castles, and show you an entire museum of curiosities, with which the feudal dwelling is furnished from top to bottom, filling the rooms, blocking up the corridors, encumbering the staircases, invading even the outer walls. Again, without quitting Bois-le-Duc, I might introduce you into the sanctuary of the most venerable Confraternity in all the province, the *Illustre lieve Vrouwe Braederschap*, or "Illustrious Confraternity of Our Lady," let you see its old house, admirably restored in the antique style, and its registers, which are, so to speak, the *Libro d'Oro*, of the ancient *Silva Ducis*. But this cannot be; the clock has struck the hour for retiring. We must resume our homeward way; as our French saying has it, "*Adieu, paniers! les vendanges sont faites.*" The train is alongside the platform and waits for nobody. Let us take a last look at the city, a last glance into the distance, at the vast polders that surround it, and which, as they could be flooded at will, formerly rendered Bois-le-Duc impregnable. Let us salute Zalt Bommel, with its fine church and its Gothic steeple, as we pass; let us cross the Waal and the Rijn. Afar, a great tower comes in sight, its lofty pierced spire shows clear against the sky. This is Utrecht, and we have reached our journey's end.

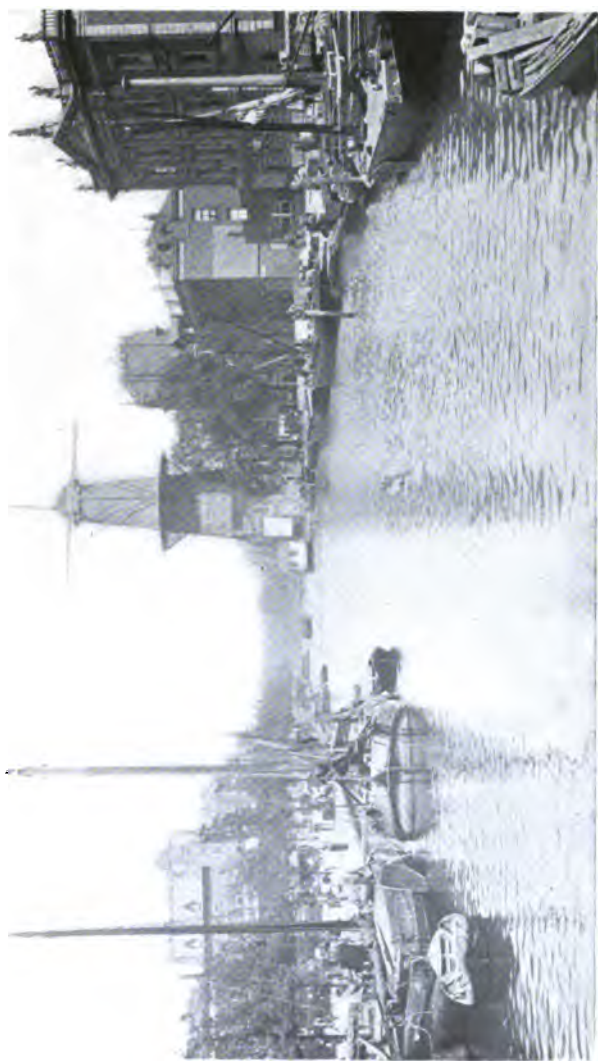
LIFE ON THE WATER

ALPHONSE ESQUIROS

THERE is in Holland a life unknown elsewhere, or at least but badly known; it is the life on the water. You must visit this country to comprehend the touching melancholy of the *Spiritus Dei ferebatur super aquas*. Still, what floats on the waters is probably less the Spirit of God than of man, for in the Netherlands you are incessantly recalled to the feeling of reality. At all the spots where nature had forgotten to place rivers or streams, Dutch industry has made canals. These waterways lead not merely from one town to another, but even to each village, we might almost say to each country house; hence, such an arterial system could not fail to be marvellously favourable to the circulation of produce. An English traveller asked himself, two centuries back, whether there were not more people in Holland living on the water than on the land. As the majority of these canals are higher than the adjoining fields, and as they are concealed by dykes, at a certain distance off you can see neither water nor boats, but only the swelling sails, which have the appearance of making an excursion about the country. There are boats for conveying passengers; the rich and busy classes despise this mode of locomotion as too slow or too vulgar, but they lose those landscape beauties for which the speed does not compensate. Heaven forbid that we should condemn steam,

whose services on the contrary we admire, but Holland is of all countries in the world the one which, owing to its abundance of canals, could most easily do without locomotives. Elsewhere navigation has never been able to compete with the iron ways, but in the Netherlands the greater part of the carriage still continues to be effected by water; and this economic method will for a long time supply most wants. The services rendered elsewhere by carts are here performed by boats; the gardener himself pulls to market his boat laden with vegetables, fruits, or flowers, just as in the south of France a donkey is led along. All this verdure, all this wealth of spring, arranged with a vivid feeling for colour, really is a pleasure to look upon.

At Amsterdam, on quarter days, the furniture is moved from one part of the town to another on canals; chairs and tables, arranged with some degree of symmetry, appear to be awaiting visitors. These saloons on the water move along through the crowd, which does not even look at them. Milk comes to Amsterdam from the adjacent farms by the same route, in the morning at five or six o'clock, and in the afternoon at about three. The North Holland Canal, whose width more than one river might envy, sees boats coming and going, loaded with oak buckets, adorned with copper handles and hoops. The milk girls who hover round these boats are frequently young and pretty; their large hats of shining straw, the brim of which is slightly turned up in front and back, their large earrings and coral bead necklaces, set off their ruddy complexions. The milk boats sometimes meet on the Amsterdam canal water boats coming



BOATS ON A ROTTERDAM CANAL.

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from Utrecht. Such is in fact one of the singularities of this Northern Venice; though seated in the midst of water, it has none to drink. Flat boats, true water carriers, were obliged to come to its help till very recently, when human industry sought rain water in the sand of the dunes, and brought it to Amsterdam by engines whose strength and boldness of conception are admirable.

The boats specially employed for the passenger service are called *trekschuyten*. They are a species of gondola or water diligence. Along nearly the whole length, which is about thirty feet, runs a box or wooden house, frequently painted green; the roof, on which the sailors walk to perform sundry operations, being covered with a layer of pounded cockle shells. This house is divided into two compartments or cabins; the larger one, situated near the prow, is common to passengers and luggage. Here, during the winter, the worthy people, shut up as in a box, swim along in a cloak of tobacco smoke, which relieves the tedium of the voyage. In summer the wooden shutters are removed, and the hatch is raised from the orifice by which the travellers descend. The second compartment is the cabinet, called in Dutch the *roef*, which is entered through folding-doors. The second cabin is small, but fitted up with some degree of taste. The windows, four or six in number, are glazed and have red or white curtains, according to the season. In the centre is a table with a copper vessel containing fire, and another smaller one to receive cigar ash, both cleaned and polished in a manner only found in Holland. Add to this, to complete the furniture, a mat, a

looking-glass, and, in winter for the ladies, a foot-warmer, called the *stoof*, containing a small earthenware vessel with two or three lumps of lighted peat in it. Along two sides of this cabin run cushioned benches, on which the travellers sit down opposite to each other. Sometimes there are on a shelf a few volumes belonging to the boat and forming a floating library at the service of the studious passengers. The whole national character is revealed in this simple and minute attention to comfort. At the bows, the space not occupied by the cabinet is filled with merchandise, bales, and barrels; while the poop is left to travellers who wish to take the fresh air, and the helmsman, who steers and smokes the while with the regularity of a steamer.

The master of the *trekschuyt* is a worthy Dutchman, with an honest and placid face, who receives the fares from the passengers in a leathern purse. In the front of the boat stands the mast, which is lowered at each bridge, and to the top of which a long rope is fastened, the other end being on the bank. This rope is fastened to the horse that pulls the boat, on which the postilion (*het jagertie*) is mounted. This driver, who is generally a young fellow, wears over his shoulder, in some parts, a buffalo horn, which he blows, either to give the signal for starting, or to have the bridges raised, or else to warn boats coming in the opposite direction on the same canal; but generally he contents himself with giving the warning by shouting. When the *trekschuyt* passes through towns, the horse is unfastened, and it is propelled by poles through the tangled web of boats. The Dutch boatmen are neither turbulent nor quarrelsome, and

it is a pleasure to see them working in silence upon the silent waters.

The boats are, with the mills and the head-dress of the women, the characteristic types of Dutch manners. At times they only go short distances, as, for instance, from The Hague to Delft, and are in that case water omnibuses. When the journey is long, each establishes himself in the cabin as in his room, and carries on his business; for it is the nature of the Dutchman to economise the stuff of which life is made. People write, eat, and sleep; the ladies produce their needlework, the elder ones their knitting. From one town to another is with them the distance of half a stocking. It is not rare for an organist to be present in the front cabin, who whiles away the fatigue of the journey by playing. On Sunday, especially toward evening, young girls are fond of singing in chorus; and this song of the waters has something simple and soft about it which is affecting.

On the *trekschuyten* floats old Holland, with its language, manners and conscientious and powerful originality. There are some *trekschuyten* in which you pass the night; at about six in the evening, in the event of the master being polite (and we never met any who were not so), he invites you to take tea. You then see a little cabinet produced, containing cups, sugar-basin, and tea-pot of black earthen-ware, which is not inelegant. The kettle is placed on a species of stove covered with Chinese designs, and containing a vessel filled with burning peat. At night the *roef* is divided into two parts—a saloon and a small sleeping-room, of which the curtains are raised. A common bed, occupying the en-

tire width of the cabin, and on which men and women sleep honestly side by side, invites you to take your share of the universal calm and rest of nature. This bed is composed of a mattress and counterpane, and you lie down on it full dressed. During this period the boat continues its noiseless voyage through the waters, which divide in a silver furrow on either side the prow.

On the railways steam effaces everything through its speed; in the boats you enjoy at your ease the scenery and the physiognomy of the towns and villages you pass through. Seated near the helm, you allow your eyes to wander over the water, which yields with a slight splash to the movement of the boat; you notice the white, red, or black sails that enliven the solitude of the canal; the prairies where cows, covered in spring with warm blankets, gravely chew the damp grass; the beautiful marsh birds, which are seen nowhere else; the women silently washing the linen; or the continuous fringe of *châteaux*, country-houses, and gardens that line the canal banks.

The scenery of Holland has often been accused of monotony; but possibly persons have not looked twice at it. Here you must not seek variety on the earth, but in the sky. Look up! the sky is more diversified in the Netherlands than anywhere in France. Those immense clouds, with their thousand shapes, their changing colours and rapid wings, impart a singular movement to the landscape. But the land and the water are not without diversity. The nature of the Netherlands is photographic, clear, positive and delicate, abounding in minute and charming details. Individual

property is neither imprisoned nor hidden; the fields are walled by water. In these ditches that take the place of hedge-rows, a perfect aquatic flora is expanded, not less rich or varied than the terrestrial flora. In spring the sombre surface of the canals is studded with little white flowers, soon to be joined by the lily and the iris; it is the festival of the waters. There is not a plant, however small, in this cold and damp vegetable nature, which has not its day of beauty. Nor is life absent from the scene. On the banks of the canal marches from distance to distance a sturdy lad, and at times a bending woman, painfully towing a boat along. These wooden houses lodge families, which are born, live, and die in them.

Often you may see a mother sitting near the tiller, and gravely giving her infant the breast. The Dutchman is so naturally a sailor, that once on the water he never looks as if he wished to reach his destination. The feeling which these persons, cradled at their birth on the sleeping waters of the canals, know the least, is impatience. You meet, now and then a boat-woman after Rubens's taste, who, proud of her *embonpoint* and second youth, casts around her a cold and resolute glance, like the Queen of the waters. In these travelling-houses dwell domestic animals, which have become, as it were, amphibious, and have the calm faces of their masters. Between the lights the surface of the canals is changed into a mirror, in which all nature lives and purifies its image. On the banks, the trees, wearied by the heat of the day, dip the ends of their leaves into the water, as if to drink. At night, if you stand near the tiller, you

enjoy a spectacle that has some grandeur about it. The mills with folded wings, which seem to be gazing on the stars, the placid light of the moon on the tranquil waters, the innocent attitude of the small houses slumbering on the banks of the canal, and from which a cock-crow is audible now and then—all this reveals to you one of the rustic sides of Dutch life.

Holland is not only the country where you find the most water, but also the one where you find the most motionless water. The canals are arrested rivers, and this serenity of the water is related to that of the manners, habitations and countenances. Near the towns, Chinese pavilions are built on the canal banks, where people meet in fine weather to drink tea and coffee. Some of these pavilions, whose roofs are covered with varnished and glistening tiles, bathe their base in water with a joyous air. In these nests, which repose under an abundant verdure, domestic happiness seeks a refuge. The stranger who wanders about alone regards with an eye of envy these little retreats, which are so proud of their cleanliness, and look at themselves in the canal, like a girl before a looking-glass. Here the ladies apply themselves to needlework, while looking out at the passing boats and travellers; while for the men the hours evaporate in rings of smoke. It has long been remarked how naturally a pipe hung from a Dutch mouth, and most local habits are based on the hygienic conditions of the climate. Beneath the foggy sky of the Netherlands, a necessity was felt to produce smoke against smoke; it is a sort of local homœopathy. Less loquacious and more contemplative than the southern French-



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man, the Dutchman is silent, but he is not taciturn. In Holland we find what thinkers born in periods of moral agitation never attain, and what Dante sought—peace. It is not rare to notice on little wayside hostelries the inscription *Pax intrantibus!* We may say that life is like the water of the canals, it does not flow. Be it illusion or reality, it seemed to us that the hour struck here more slowly than in France, and it is ushered into life with a song. The carillons produce, at a certain distance, and on the water, an effect difficult to describe. The whole character of Old Holland is found in these solemn peals, in these Æolian voices, which the fathers heard, and their sons will hear after them. At Utrecht, a thoroughly Protestant town, the chimes play a hymn according to the Reformed ritual. This Puritan gentleness, these notes which the bells clash out in the air, harmonise with the calm and reposed hues of the scenery. The gardens that border the water are kept up, gravelled and raked with extreme care, and trees loaded with fruit, offer a pleasing variety to the slightly monotonous character of the verdure.

Tacitus, in writing of these low and cold countries, says: "The riches of autumn are unknown to them; these people have only three seasons—winter, spring, and summer." In Holland the horticultural art has created a season which nature did not indicate. Man has made an autumn here by introducing the productions which are the ornament and crown of that season. In South Holland especially, grapes flourish, the fruit of which is destined for England. The Netherlands gardeners have ever excelled in the art of

accelerating the ripening of fruit, and they are even said to have taught other people the management of hothouses. The Dutch autumn under glass is rich in melons, and all sorts of fruits and vegetables of which Batavia was ignorant.

In Holland the towns and villages touch one another, and this is a consequence of the slight extent of territory. The houses are small, discreet, and circumspect; you notice in the habitations, as in the character of the inhabitants, that moderation of tastes and desires which is the philosophy of happiness. The Dutch do not suffer like the Belgians from the whitewashing malady; they leave their houses the pleasant colour of the bricks. This red colour, combined with the verdure of the trees, the dark blue of the canals, and the gold of the sun, gives the towns and often the villages in the Netherlands, a holiday aspect. A widely spread taste, especially among the women, is that for flowers, for here home life is a poem, and all means are sought to idealise it. We had already noticed in Flanders that moral habits were trained with the love of flowers; in the Netherlands it is an inclination which is becoming general. A rose expanding behind a clean and thoroughly transparent Dutch window resembles the perfumed soul of the house. These domestic gardens are sometimes perfect conservatories, so rich and varied does the flora appear. One of the most admired plants in Holland is the hyacinth, and there is any quantity of varieties; the *Sephrane* (white), the *Unique Rose*, the *Jenny Lind*, the *Mind your Eyes* (red), the *Amiable Shepherdess*, the *Othello*, which latter is of a dark and

tragic colour, as suiting the Moor of Venice. If transplanted to other countries, these bulbs degenerate; true children of Batavia, they only find pleasure in Holland.

Nothing is lacking to the peaceful and contemplative joy of the houses in the small towns or villages of Holland when the stork by chance builds its nest upon them. In this country the same naïve and touching respect is shown the stork as in other places is shown to the swallow. The stork, in fact, is a swallow on a large scale; it wages with frogs, toads, rats and lizards that useful war which the guest of our chimney-pots and old *châteaux* carries on with insects. Storks are, moreover, regarded as birds of good omen, and you need have no fear as to them being killed. Happy the roof near which they deign to settle, happier still the one they select as their domicile! Perches and artificial shelter are even constructed to attract them, for a stork's nest is the crown of the house. In some parts of Holland if a stork breaks its leg by any accident it is supplied with a wooden one.

From a mere sight of the Netherlands, you can form an idea of Dutch art. The sky is not bathed, as in the south, in a light so intense that it absorbs everything, but it is a prudent and discreet, though bright light, which imparts a value to every object. The water, which is always here the soul and life of the landscape, runs like a silvery thread between the trees. The Dutch school has been accused of being deficient in ideality, but what imparts ideality to a landscape is an extensive, vague and open horizon. In the Netherlands the horizon is generally sharp, distinct and re-

stricted; it leaves nothing to the imagination. Still you must make no mistake; this does not constitute the whole of Holland. The polders made Gerard Dou, Van Ostade, Paul Potter, Ruysdael and Cuyp; the dunes made Rembrandt.

The dunes are the desert; there you find that vigorous opposition of light and shade, that savage and rent character, that uncultivated vegetation, those mountains, gorges, and precipices, which gave a style to the most Spanish of the Dutch painters. One portion of the dunes in fact resembles a sierra; this sea of furrows and solid sand, covered by a tawny vegetation of thyme, broom, and heath (a species of miniature virgin forest), these coasts whose strength, like that of Samson, dwells in their hair; these snipe, curlew, gulls, and large crows passing with outstretched wings over the dunes; and then, between the crests of these relative Alps, a corner of the sea glistening and polished as a sabre blade—all this reveals the energetic side of the Dutch character. We can understand Ruyter and all the astonishing sailors, whose race is not yet extinct in the Netherlands. Their intrepidity seems the greater because it is candid; the Dutch mariner is as much at his ease on the sea as on his canals. He may often be seen crossing dangerous waters in frail and damaged boats, without even suspecting his heroism. Tempests are familiar to him, he has lived with them from his infancy, and we might almost say that he ignores them through his repeated victories over them. The dunes may give the feeling of masculine energy, but at the same time it is not rare to find in the

almost naked sand, only a few paces from the sea, a little flower which the wind has sown, an image of that love of country and of family which are allied to stoical courage in the heart of the rough sailors.

An influence which has contributed to harden physically the children of the Netherlands is the climate. This climate is not precisely very severe, but it is damp and inconstant; we must not lose out of sight that people live here on the sea. The meteorology of Holland is as peculiar as her history, her origin, and her manners. In spring a fine day is most usually announced by a cold fog which attaches itself to the ends of the branches, where it forms small crystals. The trees with their stripped branches then resemble gigantic stalactites; at about eight or nine in the morning the crystals melt before the sun, and the forest constructed by the hoar frost falls in a shower. The moon, especially on cold nights, shines more brightly through the clouds than it does elsewhere. In summer two or three temperatures often succeed each other on the same day, and if the seasons be travelling climates, they have a capricious and changeable temper in Holland. Even in summer the damp lasts a long time after the army of mills, those advanced sentries for the physical defence of the country, have, in April and May, drained the polders inundated during winter; on the night of the finest days a white mist rises from the ground and steams on the surface of the prairies. It would be interesting to know whether cultivation and hydraulic works have, by warming the soil of the Netherlands, modified the conditions of the atmosphere, but unfortunately meteorological history

is still in its infancy here. There is at Utrecht an observatory whose labours are estimable, but its experiments only go back for a few years. Everything, however, leads to the belief that the climate of the Netherlands has improved during historic ages.

HOUSES

FREDERICK SPENCER BIRD

MANY persons engaged in business in the large Dutch towns have their country-houses or *buitenplaatsen*, to which in summer, after office hours, they retire to enjoy for a time the pleasures of rural life. The majority of these retreats are only one or two stories high, and are situated in the midst of tastefully arranged gardens, with smooth lawns in front. They are amply provided with shady arbours, in which the proprietors and their families may often be observed partaking of refreshments, in full view of persons travelling on the public road, for the Dutch have not our English taste for privacy, but, on the contrary, like to see and be seen.

The grounds are usually separated from the highway by a ditch or moat, in which ornamental water-plants are growing; and the house is approached by a small drawbridge, which is raised or lowered as occasion may require. The front of the building is often covered with a profusion of roses, or other creepers, which give it a truly charming appearance. The owners of these pleasant temporary abodes usually give them some name suggestive of tranquillity or retirement, as *Myn Rust* (my repose), *Myn Vreugde* (my joy), *Honigbij* (honey-bee), *Mon bijou* (my jewel), *Rosen Lust* (rose pleasure), etc.

In towns the houses are generally very lofty and are built

without any uniformity of architectural style. Many of them are several centuries old and of exceedingly quaint appearance. In numerous instances, the foundations having sunk, the buildings are so much out of the perpendicular as to appear positively dangerous. Some may be seen inclining towards the foot-path with a top-heavy appearance; others seem to support themselves by leaning against their neighbours, like old veterans, who, burdened with years, have become too feeble to stand by themselves.

Holland not being strictly *terra firma*, all Dutch houses are built on piles driven deep into the yielding earth to prevent the buildings from sinking. This practice gave rise to the well-known saying of Erasmus, that he knew a country whose inhabitants dwelt at the tops of trees, like rooks. The trunks of pine and fir trees used for the purpose are obtained from Germany. Vast numbers cut in the Black Forest are fastened together, so as to form huge rafts, on which huts are erected for the men in charge to live in. They are then floated down the Rhine with the current and guided by a number of long oars, worked by the united efforts of the crews, which often consist of 150 or 200 men. An immense quantity of this sort of timber is thus brought annually to Dordrecht, Rotterdam and other river-side towns.

The foundation of a building in Holland is commenced by digging out the earth to a depth of two or three feet. The excavation thus made almost immediately fills with water, which is a proof of the aqueous nature of the Dutch soil, and would present dreadful visions of rheumatism and



HOUSES IN LEYDEN.

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ague to the minds of most Englishmen. Hollanders have no such fears, and frequently take up their residence in a new house as soon as the roof is on, and the glass in the window-frames, without a thought as to the dampness of floors and walls. It has been facetiously asserted that Dutch children are born web-footed; but joking apart, Netherlanders may be said to be almost amphibious in their nature. The next operation is to drive piles—the straightest that can be procured—thirty or forty feet into the ground, side by side, a few inches apart, in the lines marked out for the walls. These are forced perpendicularly into the earth by a powerful steam-hammer, or by repeated blows from a heavy weight, alternately raised and lowered by means of a pulley and ropes, worked by a gang of twenty or thirty labourers. When the requisite number of piles are driven in, the ends remaining above the ground are cut off level with each other, and horizontal beams of oak are laid over them. The building itself is then commenced by placing the bricks on the foundation thus prepared. The back and front of the house are never built until the roof is on, in order that a free current of air passing through may cause the inner and side walls to set more firmly and dry quicker. When the building is completed, coarse canvas, stretched on wooden frames, is fitted against the walls, and upon this the paper is pasted; so that no matter how damp the brick work behind it may be, the result is an appearance of dryness, which is often very delusive. Small tiles, instead of slates, are used for the roofs, and the internal and external decorations are completed with much taste. In at least one im-

✓portant respect, in the arrangements of their houses, the Dutch differ greatly from the English. With us the kitchens are always built at the rear of the premises. In Holland they are generally in front; and as the windows face the street, it affords unlimited opportunities for the cook and housemaid to carry on flirtations with their male admirers, a facility of which they are by no means slow to avail themselves. House-rents being very high in Holland, in consequence of the dearness of land and the difficulty and expense attending building operations, some dwellings are divided into flats, and are let to two or three different tenants. Thus one family occupy three or four rooms on the ground floor called *beneden*, while others live on the second and upper floors, called *boven woningen*. This arrangement cannot always be satisfactory to persons of nervous temperament, or to lovers of home quietude, for sounds originated on one floor are often distinctly audible on another.

Many of the old Dutch houses are far more elaborately ornamented inside than those of modern construction. In some of them you may see spacious entrance halls of white marble, broad staircases of dark polished oak, doors of shining mahogany, ceilings and walls beautifully painted with figures, fruit and flowers, and mirrors with exquisitely carved frames permanently fixed over the fireplaces. Even the charitable institutions and poor houses in Holland are very different to the plain unadorned buildings so often used in England as refuges for the unfortunate and destitute, many of them being structures of considerable architectural beauty, while in their management the Dutch are very successful.

COUNTRY LIFE

C. J. CORNISH

THE town life of Holland is so highly organised and so picturesque that visitors, travelling by short stages from one quaint and populous city to another, through mazes of artificial dykes and canals, may well doubt if there is any wild outdoor life worth seeing in the country. It is a natural inference that the elaborate perfection of "Dutch interiors" whether in real mansions, or farm-houses, or on the canvas of Dutch painters, has been reached at the expense of the natural beauties which ought to surround them, and that in bridling the sea, and barring out the great rivers from their land, and keeping down the inland waters, the people have also banished most of the uncovenanted grace of natural scenery.

This view is only true in part. There are districts of Holland which are as wild as the sand-hills of Morayshire; others, though in the artificially reclaimed area, are peopled with birds and clothed with plants and flowers all characteristic of the peculiar land in which they grow; and apart from the special interest of the Dutch farming, flower-raising, and canals, there is enough genuine wild country to delight the sportsman and naturalist. Any one residing in Holland for a time soon discovers that the Dutch themselves are well aware that this is the case, and that in their own way they appreciate wild Holland as we appreciate wild England.

The country-house and the outdoor life and social enjoyments which we associate with it, are very dear to the gentlemen of Holland, but although the sentiment which orders the establishment is the same, the house and its management are thoroughly Dutch—not English. We seem for centuries to have had something of the gifts of Orpheus, and called the best trees and rocks and the running streams up to our doors, while the deer, birds, and fish have followed them. Part of this success is due to the instinct for choosing the right sites for country houses, part to the endeavour, rarely absent, except in the case of some of the great palaces built in the Eighteenth Century, to adapt the house to its site and surroundings. Hence the delight and novelty of visiting the good houses even in a single county, or a single neighbourhood. No two are alike, and each has something fresh to offer in garden, park, stream, or woods. In regard to its country houses, Holland differs both from England and from France. It is full of fine demesnes, not large in area, but maintained and managed, as an English proprietor would wish his house to be, entirely with a view to the enjoyment of outdoor life. The country houses are not left in shabby splendour for ten months in the year, while the owner enjoys himself in the capital, as is too often the case where an old family has a *maison de campagne* in France. Many Dutch proprietors own both a fine town house in The Hague, where their arms and escutcheon may be seen carved on the pediment, and a large country house only a few miles off. But since the court has almost ceased to exist as a social institution, the town house is shut up,



COUNTRY HOUSE ON LEIDSCHHE DAM, NEAR VOORBURG.



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and the owner prefers to live on his country property. There, however, he does not often own the broad acres of the English squire. These have usually been divided among his brothers and sisters, if he has any, by the action of the law compelling equal division of property among children. On the other hand what under the English law of settled estates is called the "mansion house" and demesne remains his property. Most of these houses were built before the Code Napoleon was established in Holland, and were intended for the expenditure of good incomes, and designed with a considerable dignity and sumptuousness. By saving, and often by lucky investments in the Dutch East Indies, the owners of most of these houses are still rich, and can live the life they please without pinching, like many English country gentlemen. We are dealing with the social and not the economic side of outdoor life, but so much must be said to explain the conditions under which the Dutch country house is able to be enjoyed. It is also possible to be somewhat precise in describing the character of these demesnes, because, unlike the English squires, the founders of these houses had no variety of site to select from. They build either close to the sand hills or inland. In either case the site was a dead flat, and the charm of outdoor surroundings had to be created, mainly by planting woods, cutting lakes and canals, encouraging the growth of wild flowers, breeding poultry, creating gardens, and preserving wild-fowl, pheasants, hares, which swarm in the "polder" meadows. On none of these objects, except perhaps the fowls, does the Dutch taste spend the money and time necessary to give that

finish and completeness which we understand to be meant when we speak of a house being "well kept up." It is not that the owner cannot afford it, but that he does not think it necessary.

There is an English belief that "Dutch gardening" is something very quaint, formal and precise. The belief must date from an early period of Dutch history. Even those two great adjuncts of garden neatness, the roller and the lawn mower, are almost unknown in Holland. The gardeners live under the belief that the way to make a lawn is to cut it as seldom as possible, and never to walk on it. As the subsoil is usually loose peaty sand, the grass is always thin, and the edges ragged. A few tulip-beds and begonias and plenty of flowering shrubs make up the flower-garden, but the contrast of the ponds, canals and tall woods, with the good brick mansion, makes up for the want of colour. The house itself is nearly always built of small, very hard, red-brown bricks, like those used in the Elizabethan houses of England. The windows are tall, and the frames set in flush with the wall—another mark of good sense in building—and the roof is high and steep. Often the front has a handsome pediment, or a stone loggia and flight of steps. In this case there is generally a corresponding formality in the lines of canal or cuttings through the surrounding woods. But in most of these properties the canals wind almost without design among the clearings—they can scarcely be called lawns—and the thick wild coppices abut on both without bank or fence. These woods are the principal charms of the demesne. They surround every house of consequence,

and differ from our English woods both in growth of trees and underwood, and in the lesser vegetation of weeds and flowers. The greater part of the *haut bois* is elm, the *sous bois* mainly hazel, and trees and underwood alike are planted as thickly together as possible. This forces upward growth, and, like most things in Holland, has a definite purpose. The underwood is used almost entirely to make the fascines which form the lowest layer on which the great dykes are built, and experience has shown that it is desirable that these fascines should be as long as possible. They are bought by Government, and shipped by the hundred thousand to those parts of the coast where the dykes are being renewed. The high trees usually stand for about seventy years before being felled. A really fine ancient tree, like those in English parks, is seldom seen, except in the great wood at The Hague. The subsoil of the woods is of the lightest kind, mainly black sand, never damp, harbouring no mould or mildew or unwholesome rotten vegetation, but warm, dry and covered with a wonderful growth of wild flowers. Red campion, yellow nettle, dead nettles and wood anemones grow to double the size which they commonly reach in England, and sweetbriar seems native to the soil. Soft sandy paths wind in every direction through the woods, and cross and re-cross the canals by wisely made bridges of lattice work. It is difficult to define the boundaries of garden and wood, and pheasants, rabbits and wild ducks roam pretty much where they please over beds and borders. These woods form famous playgrounds for the children. In one the writer found a small "clearing" quite surrounded by

trees, in which the little boys and girls of the house had made their gardens in the sandy soil, and stuck them full of broken bits of chestnut with the young leaves on.

The Dutch proprietor does not, as a rule, amuse himself with a home farm. If he does, he probably has English relatives—for the connection between the upper classes of Holland and our own has remained unbroken in several of the leading families since the days of William III. But poultry-farming, or rather, the maintenance of a stock of rare or curious Eastern fowls, is a common hobby. These are kept in elaborately ornamented houses and runs, and with golden pheasants, peacocks, and other native birds, make a pretty addition to the live-stock of the house.

Whatever variety taste and tree-planting give to the demesne round the house, the adjacent ground is always the same. There is none of the gradual transition from park to meadow, and meadow to cornfields of an English mansion. The woods are bounded by a canal or a ditch—a summer-house over a ditch being usually the last piece of "finish" added to the property. Beyond the ditch lie the "polders." These are the grass meadows, artificially drained, which form the normal scenery of the "cow-keeping" provinces of Holland. There they are differentiated as dry polders and wet polders, but to our own way of thinking they are all wet. There is, however, a real difference, and when the eye becomes used to them the distinction is obvious. In wet polders the lines of water and grass are almost equal, and the vegetation is that of the marsh-side. The grass is coarse, and myriads of king-cups and cuckoo flowers cover

the ground. On the bright sun of early summer the alternation of shining lines of water and of bright green and yellow between them is picturesque enough. Down these strips of dry ground the cows graze, two and two, like young ladies at a boarding-school out for a walk. The dry polders are cut for hay. There the lines of water are narrow, and they can be crossed on foot. But the Dutch farmers, good-natured and polite at all times, strongly object to trespass, and resent an excursion through their spring grass, even if it be only a few inches high, as strongly as an English owner would a trespass into a knee-deep hay field in June. As the cows are kept indoors throughout the winter, the polders then lie perfectly quiet, and are full of wild fowl, not massed in numbers on separate sheets of water, but scattered everywhere up and down the ditches. Nearly half the wild ducks brought to the London market are shot or netted in the Dutch polders, and it is noticed that nearly 90 per cent. of these are mallards. In very hard weather they leave not only the frozen polders but the whole area of Holland, and fly across the North Sea to the coasts of Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk. This is because the Dutch coast offers no food for them, the entire sea-board being one vast stretch of sand.

In spring the coast birds, godwits, redshanks, peewits, and oyster-catchers, migrate to the polders to nest and bring up their young. Their incessant calls and whistles, and restless flight, suggest an idea of wildness and isolation which it is difficult to reconcile with the highly domestic character of the other animals which there cover the meadows; the

jacketed herds of cows waiting to be milked in the open, while the barge waits in the dyke to carry the brass milk-can to market, and the sheep tethered on the embankments that they may not stray and drink the water below, in which lie the germs of "fluke" and other parasitic creatures of the marsh.

Along the whole coast line of North and South Holland the change from this highly artificial area of polder and canal to a region, wild, uninhabited, and left almost entirely to the influence of nature, is as sudden as it is unexpected. When a Dutch gentleman feels the impulse which makes an Englishman rent a Scotch or Yorkshire moor, he hires an estate in the sand-dunes: There in spring he can pass hours without seeing a human being, in air as crisp and pure as that of a Norfolk heath, surrounded by vegetation as characteristic and specialised as the flora of the Alps, and by a mixed and teeming population of the birds of the shore, the forest, and the moorland, all living and thriving among conditions of soil and climate to which they have adapted their habits much as the shrubs have modified their form and growth to suit this arid tract. Except, perhaps, in the sand-hills of the Moray Firth, we have nothing quite like the dunes. They are no ordinary row of sand-mounds by the sea, but a tract of tumultuous ground, often extending for a couple of miles inland, where the visitor is surrounded by a bewildering profusion of broken conical hills, sometimes rising to a height of 200 feet. The whole scene leaves a sense of confusion on the mind, which has a logical basis. These hills ought, according to the ordinary course of Na-

ture, to be connected in system, to be intersected by continuous valleys, and to conform to a certain order. That is the unconscious feeling which arises in the mind of any one who has lived among hilly landscape as it is ordinarily made. But here the usual process of the formation of landscape has been reversed. Instead of being carved out by water, the hills have been built up by wind, which night and day, from century to century, blows in a grey rain of sand—grains from the fringe of the North Sea, a rain which builds in place of destroying. It forms hills and hollows, but neither lines of hills nor continuous valleys. Sometimes the polders run up to the very edge of the dunes, separated from them by a narrow ditch, on one side of which grow the plants of the marsh, on the other the herbage of the desert. More often a belt of sound meadows with a soil of mixed peat and sand intervenes. Sheep can be fed all the year round on these without danger from fluke. Then the dunes begin, at first in little rolling mounds, and gradually rising into steep hills and hollows. The seaweed side undergoes a kind of cultivation. Whenever the sand is blowing, it is planted with little branches of maram grass, or "helm," as it is called in Holland. This is a state work, supervised by a kind of Local Government Board exercising general control over this natural barrier in the interests of the public. It can even compel owners to kill down the rabbits, if their numbers threaten to destroy the cohesion of the surface. But the greater part of the hills is covered by natural vegetation so beautiful and so adapted to its place that the visitor is kept in a constant state of admiration as he recognises its

place in the general scheme of Nature round. When the sand begins to set among the "helm," it is soon covered by the *dwarfed vegetation* of the dunes. This reduction of plants to almost microscopic size is a common phenomenon of barren or inclement tracts. It is seen in the upper levels of mountains and on the fringe of the "barren lands" of North America. But there climate rather than soil is at fault. In the dunes the climate is perfect, and the soil only is deficient. The plants live on air, not by water, and flourish gaily in a kind of vegetable Liliput. The first to appear are tiny spots and spores of moss, among and around which is fine grass, hardly higher than the pile of plush velvet. Among this are wild pansies and blue violets, so tiny that an elf of the court of Queen Mab might wear them in his buttonhole. A little scarlet-leaved creeper, with white blossoms and forget-me-not flowers of the brightest blue, but no larger than a pin's head, also grow thickly in the grass. Bushes dwindle to creeping plants. A dwarf-willow runs over the sand, and blossom, with masses of green flowers, on which the bees work busily, *walking* from flower to flower on the sand. The birch becomes subterranean, descending on to and below the surface like a strawberry runner and throwing out leaves from the ground. Brambles do the same, and that beautiful bush, the buckthorn, with grey leaves, orange flowers, and short thorns, dwindles to the size of rest-harrow. Further on in the dunes, where the hills grow higher and more breezy and the hollows deep and stifling, the vegetation increases in size until it becomes normal. The moss is thick and deep, the grass long and rank, the buckthorn forms

thickets, and the willows are large enough to shelter innumerable small land birds. Dense copses of fir and pine cover the inner dunes, and in these the song of the nightingale, the call of the cuckoo, and the crow of the cock-pheasant are heard from every side in the spring days. Hundreds of rabbits and big hares are moving in the hills, and pairs of partridges whirr up from the hollows. Peewits, oystercatchers, and curlew also nest in numbers in the dunes; their presence might be expected there by any naturalist. But the number of singing birds and game birds in this apparently waterless region is quite astonishing. On the writer's first expedition into the dunes he pointed out this anomaly to a friend who had been some years resident in Holland, and remarked that the appearance of birds in this way is described by travellers in the Soudan and Arabian deserts as a sure indication of the presence of water. So it is in the dunes of Holland. When the North Sea canal was cut, some English engineers were discussing the need for a good water supply for The Hague. As all the land is flat, except in the big sand-hills, a pure supply seemed an impossibility. A sportsman present, who knew the dunes well, declared that to his knowledge there *was* fresh water in the sand-hills. There were certain spots, he said, where the grass was always green, and where, after rain, hares and birds came to drink. This was found to be the case. The Municipality of The Hague acted on the hint, and cut a deep trench, two miles in length and twenty yards wide at the bottom, through the heart of the dunes four miles from the town. This is one of the many surprises awaiting the explorer of the sand-hills. After

walking for miles in the waterless dunes he is confronted by this trench, like a deep railway cutting, at the bottom of which lies the long dark line of water, lapping against the timber which lines the lowest levels of the trench, and bordered by masses of burdock, willow-herb, meadow-sweet, and other stream-side plants. In autumn there is capital rough shooting in the dunes, especially in those belonging to the Queen of Holland. Teams of spaniels are the best dogs for use, as the cover is often thick, and the swarms of rabbits lie out in the "helm," buckthorn bushes, and little dwarf-pine copses. The great art of rabbiting in the dunes is to creep carefully to the top of the sand-hill, then run over the crest and get a snapshot at the rabbits as they disappear on the other side. The partridges lie well in the hollows, and at certain times there are plenty of woodcock, which feed in the wet "polders" at night and lie in the dunes by day. There is another form of sport of humble kind very dear to the poorer people, who have scraped out little farms of a few acres on the edge of the dunes, and grow crops of vegetables and potatoes on the peat uncovered by their labour. It is the catching of small birds on the "vinkie baans." A "baan" is the Dutch name for any flat space, and "vinkies" are, of course, our finches. In spring not a bird is molested in the country, except those, like the plovers and redshanks, whose eggs are eaten, but in the autumn migration every small bird which arrives is, if possible, netted or snared. The tens of thousands of hen chaffinches which cross the North Sea are the main harvest of the season, as they are used to garnish dishes of pheasants and other game. The "vinkie

baans" are smooth places levelled near the netters' huts. Call-birds, birds in cages, and chaffinches tied to strings surround the clap-net; and in these from 200 to 300 chaffinches a day are taken, the wholesale price for which is 3s 4d a hundred. As the season goes on, the number decreases, but the price rises; so the "vinkie baan" is still profitable. Woodcocks are also netted in the rides in the woods. But no one can do this without a license, and such licenses are only issued to landowners. In the absence of moving streams the woodcock can find no food in Holland when a frost sets in. Till then they are plentiful in October and November, and even later in a mild season. Fishing does not rank high among the country pursuits of Holland; though as a business, on the coast, it is managed with great skill and profit. The salmon netting in the upper tidal waters of the Scheldt is also practised with great success. But there are no trout; and tench are the main object of the canal fisherman. In April the tench begin to move, and travel in great numbers to different waters from those which they lay in during the winter. Then they are netted, and later in the year, when they are in better condition, are angled for. But the people are habitually too busy to take readily to the contemplative recreation of the "bank angler." What they really enjoy is a fair, skating, or the one distinctly Dutch sport, the *Hard-riverij*. This delightful word (pronounced "hard-drivery") is Dutch for a trotting match. It was from Holland, through the old Dutch settlers of the colony, before New Amsterdam was taken by the fleets of Charles II. and renamed New York, that our American cousins got their taste

for trotting horses. All classes, from the nobleman to the farmer, grow excited over the survivals of the chariot race, and their level roads have naturally led to the breeding of horses exactly suited for gig driving at high speed. The breed is indigeneous to Friesland, though many are bred in Guelderland. Most of the horses are shaped like a small edition of the English shire horse, short and compact, with very strong quarters and well sloped shoulders. They do not show the quality of the Norfolk or Orloff trotter, as the neck and head are coarser, and they have generally a good deal of hair at the heels; but for pace, over a short course, it is doubtful if either could equal them. The trotting matches are run in heats like coursing matches, except that in each a horse must win the best out of three courses. At The Hague these races are held in a fine avenue running from the great wood to the "Maalibaan," or parade ground. The course is on pounded cockle-shells, and wide enough for two gigs to race abreast. A score of entries is not uncommon. The horses are owned by men of all degrees, count, baron, or farmer, and the gigs picked out with gold, and the animals decorated with ribbons make a fine show. The pairs go off with a flying-start, at the sound of a bugle, and if the two vehicles are not level when they pass the line, the bugle sounds again, and they start afresh. The horses are steadied, and as they once more pass the line the driver shakes the reins—for no whip is allowed, and the pair fly down the avenue at top speed, their hind legs tucked under them, and their fore feet coming out like pistons. When the final heats are run, the excitement grows intense. Unlike our flat

racing, the *Harddriverij* victory often falls to some comparatively poor owner of a trotter. The count and the farmer shout encouragement as their gigs rush by, and the friends of each are equally demonstrative in their different ways. If the farmer wins, the success is celebrated that evening with an enthusiasm which could not be exceeded in Yorkshire. The Dutch are generally conceded a phlegmatic race; but they keep an immense reserve of excitement strictly suppressed, and when this finds vent, not even Italians can be wilder. That evening half a dozen well-to-do farmers and their wives may be met dancing arm in arm down the Spui Straat, singing at the tops of their voices, the owner of the winner beating time as he dances backwards in front of them.

At the end of April or the beginning of May outdoor life in Holland is most enjoyable. The tulip fields still show the flowers of the later sorts, and the bird life is most interesting when the nesting season is beginning. Locomotion is so easy in a country where every road is flat, steam-trams and light railways common, and the roads perfect for cycling, that all the varieties of country scenery may be enjoyed without sleeping away from the hotel.

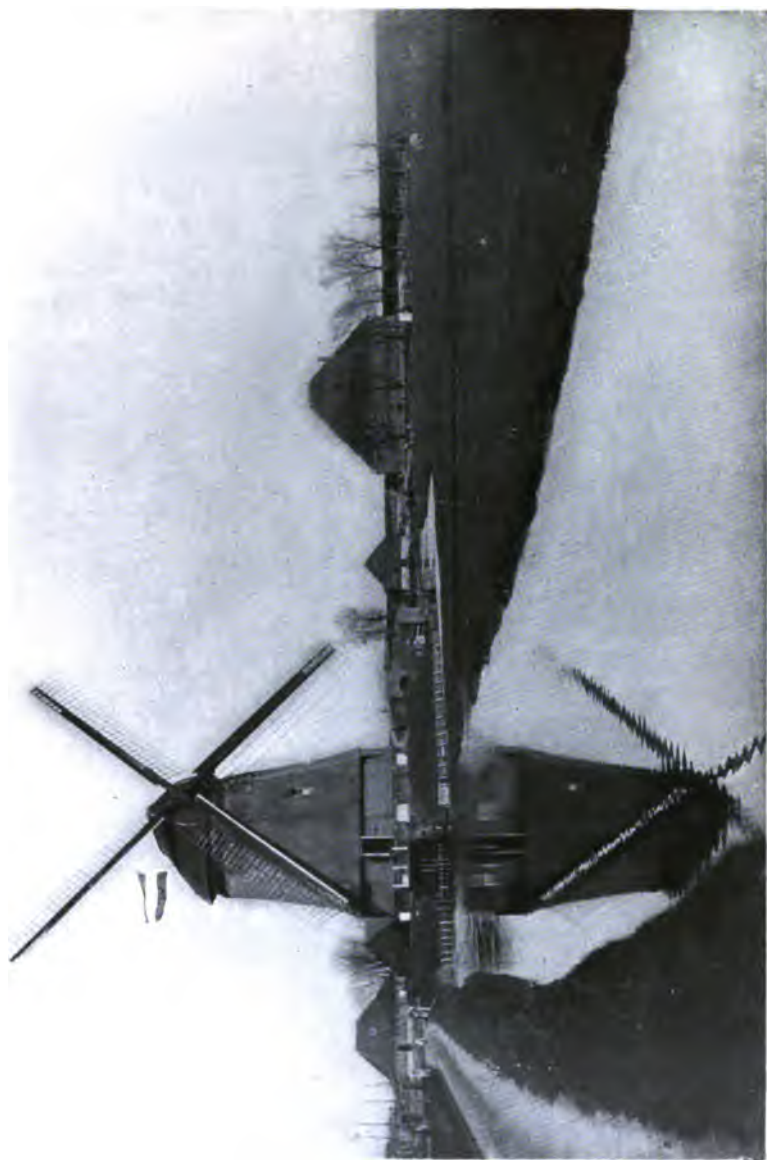
THE DUTCH PEASANTRY

S. I. DE ZUYLEN DE NYEVELT

A BEING more conservative than the ordinary Dutch peasant can scarcely be found anywhere in Europe. This old-fashioned person is not, as a rule, burdened with political theories. Yet he has an important share in the local government. He is free from the noisy self-assertion of the newly-fledged politician, and makes use of his rights simply as a matter of course. What I shall have to say will refer mainly to the central provinces of Holland and Utrecht, and, less directly, to those of Zeeland (in the south) and Gelderland (in the east). In the other provinces the situation is, in many respects, widely different.

The majority of the farmers of South Holland and Utrecht are tenants. Many of the farms have been held by the same families for generations. The law of the subdivision of property (the same as in France) has not affected the peasantry as much as one would suppose. The son who, either as owner or as tenant, has the family farm for his share of the paternal inheritance gives an equivalent in money to his brothers and sisters, or else a share in the profits.

In the opinion of an expert, tenant-farmers are better off than peasant proprietors. The same authority considers that a small farm can be managed more profitably than a comparatively large one (leaving the very large ones out of the question). The small farmer has the capital necessary for



TYPICAL FARM, SOUTH HOLLAND.

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THE DAM, AMSTERDAM.

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working a farm of 30 "hectares" ($22\frac{1}{2}$ acres) with profit. Even 20 "hectares" is preferable to 60. More land entails greater working expenses than can be properly met.

The small farmer works on old-fashioned principles, and knows little of "scientific farming." He is inclined to be sceptical about modern improvements, and has a low opinion of the doctrines propounded by the black-coated theorists from the "Agricultural College," who lecture throughout the country. On the other hand, he is thoroughly hard-working and thrifty; his wife is no less so. He has none of the wants which usually accompany a higher culture. In fact, he lives much as the better-class labourer does. It is difficult for the outsider to realise the social gulf that yawns between them. For, although the gulf is sometimes crossed, as a rule, woe betide the labourer who dares to aspire to the hand of a farmer's daughter, or the farmer's son who would fetch his bride from the neighbouring cottage. Yet, in outward appearance there is not much difference between them. They wear dresses of the same kind: only the close observer will detect that the farmer's Sunday coat is a trifle less shiny than that of the labourer, and that his wife's cap is of real lace, and her best apron a black silk one, while the humbler woman is content with imitation lace and a checked cotton apron. Both women claim no higher title than that of "vrouw" (the German "frau," in Holland given only to the women of lower orders); the hands of both are red with honest labour, and in education and refinement they are quite on a par. As regards character, most people, I think, would give the palm to the labouring class. The farmer is

too often consumed by the love of money, and, consequently, hard and grasping. The labourer is not tempted in the same way. He can seldom make money, and must be contented with his wages. On his lower scale of the social ladder there are more opportunities for the interchange of friendly offices, which foster a spirit of kindness that raises and softens the character.

The manners of both classes are awkward, gruff and unprepossessing. All that can be said in the people's favour is that they are free from servility and insincerity. This unattractive exterior often hides true respect and attachment. Simple and unsophisticated as they are, they still acknowledge the rule of a Mrs. Grundy, and obey her unwritten laws. For example, whilst the lower orders in the town seldom wear mourning, the poorest labourer puts his family into black after a death. It is true that the dyeing-pot has something to do with this transformation of the family wardrobe.

The staple food of both classes is bread, cheese, vegetables, potatoes and salted pork. The labourer fattens and kills one or two pigs every year; the farmer a few more, according to the size of his establishment. The farmer, usually, once a year cures the meat of one or two cows for his own use. The labourer grows his own vegetables in the small plot of ground that he always rents. The women of the family generally have the care of this; and, except in haymaking-time, it is all the field labour that is usually done by them in the provinces of which we speak, in the greatest part of which the wages of a farm labourer are about two shillings

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or two shillings and sixpence a day at ordinary times, and three shillings and fourpence in haymaking. This is in the rich clay-soil districts. In other parts of the country the rate of wages is much lower—about one shilling a day in the summer and eightpence or tenpence in winter; but living is cheaper and rents are lower there. The women in these districts do more field work, much to the detriment of their homes and families.

Of course, there is a great difference between the farm-house and the cottage. In the prosperous districts, however, both are models of order and cleanliness. There are two kinds of farm-houses—the new, which, seen from the front, resembles an ordinary dwelling-house in the country towns, and is gaudy with fresh paint and red tiles; and the old, with its gabled and thatched roof, which time has mellowed into a fit subject for the painter's brush.

The old farm-house usually consists of a kitchen, a large living-room, a cheese-room, a dairy, two small bedrooms in the garret, and at the back (forming part of the main building), the big cow-stable with its huge loft, and a wide space in the middle, where threshing and winnowing are still done in primitive fashion. Hay-ricks with movable roofs on four poles, various barns or sheds, and an outside kitchen, called the “baking-house,” where the rough work is done (food cooked for the cattle, etc.), surrounded the main building.

The “baking-house” is often used as a living-room in summer, which is more cheerful than the solemn apartment into which the visitor is invariably ushered. A wide chimney

lined with tiles stretches nearly across one side of this room; but the open fire on the hearth has long ago disappeared and given place to an ugly stove. Quaint brass fire-irons hang behind it, and on either side is an armchair, differing from its humbler brethren only in the possession of wooden arms. If there is a baby in the family, it is likely to be reposing in a cradle with green baize curtains as near as possible to the fireplace, in defiance of all laws of health. Two or three large cupboards, sometimes handsomely carved, always kept well polished, stand against the whitewashed walls. One of them generally has glass doors in the upper part; and on its shelves the family china—often of great value—is exposed to view. Unfortunately, these heirlooms in old families have been largely bought up by enterprising Jews. Sometimes, however, sentiment has proved stronger than the love of money, and the farmer has not parted with his family possessions. In a corner of the room a chintz curtain, or sometimes a double door, shows where the big press-bed is—an institution of pre-hygienic times which, to the peasant mind, has no inconveniences whatever. In the middle of the room a table stands on a carpet; and, as people take off their shoes at the door and go about in their thick woollen stockings, neither it nor the painted floor ever show signs of mud. Another table stands near one of the windows, of which there are two or three. The linen blinds so closely meet the spotless muslin curtains, which are drawn stiffly across the lower panes on two horizontal sticks, that a stray sun-beam can hardly make its way into the room, even if it has been able to struggle through the thick branches of the clipt

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limetrees that adorn the front of the house. On one of the tables a tray stands, with a hospitable array of cups and saucers, teapot, etc., and is protected from the dust by a crochet or muslin cover. The huge family Bible, with its huge brass clasps, has an honourable place, often on a stand by itself. Rough woodcuts or cheap prints, and a group of family photographs, which do not flatter the originals, are hung on the walls. The framed and glazed sampler, worked in wools by the farmer's wife in her young days, usually makes a "*dessus de porte*." The alphabet is the principal part of this extraordinary work of art; but it bears various other figures, which, on patient investigation, appears to have some resemblance to certain birds and flowers.

The life which is led by the inmates of these unpretending dwellings is one of much work and little, if any, play. It is difficult to say whether the austerity of the greatest part of the community in Protestant districts is a result of the lamentable coarseness exhibited in the amusements of its gayer members on such occasions as the annual fair, or "kermesse," still held in some country towns, or whether the latter is a reaction against the former. It is a fact that both extremes are found among the peasantry, almost to the exclusion of more healthy views of this side of life.

The prose of this dull existence is often relieved by family affections. Some of the peasants, indeed, seem to be devoid of much feeling, and one is tempted to ask which are more important in their eyes—the cattle that bring in money, or the children that, at first, only bring expense. But pretty pictures of bright domestic happiness, and, as their sad coun-

terpart, instances of heartrending grief after bereavement, are numerous enough to refute a general charge of callousness.

No class of people in whose lives religion holds so much place as it undoubtedly does in those of the Dutch peasantry is utterly commonplace and uninteresting. The Roman Catholics, who are a large minority, are generally strict in their religious observances; while the Protestants are distinguished by an intensely theological bias. It is, perhaps, the strongest point of contrast between them and the rest of the world that they are as eager about subtle points of divinity as men were two or three centuries ago. They often, in their intense earnestness and intolerance, remind one of Cromwell's Roundheads, or of the characters in Mrs. Beecher-Stowe's New England stories.

Minds of this type are scarcely likely to be open to the various influences that are so busily at work elsewhere to make people restless and discontented. On the whole, the rural population is still in the happy condition (described by the English Catechism) of people who "learn and labour truly to get their own living, and do their duty in that state of life into which it hath pleased God to call them." Still a peaceful tendency to seek a higher place in the social scale is not quite absent in the country, especially among the "aristocracy" in the village, the carpenter, the mason, the house-painter, and the village tradespeople. The daughters often think themselves "too good" for domestic service and become schoolmistresses if they can qualify themselves.

This class tends to migrate to the towns. There is less

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work for them than there used to be in the country, since so many small gentlefolk who used to live in or near the villages have gone to towns attracted by educational and other advantages. Also there used to be flourishing boarding-schools in many villages, and these have been swept away by the cheap "higher schools" established by Government. Migration to towns has not yet taken very serious proportions; and the nucleus remains—the steady, industrious, conservative, loyal population, which is a source of strength and stability to the country.

The lot of the peasantry is certainly happier than that of the working-classes in the town. At least, in the central provinces there is little poverty among them. Drunkenness, the cause of so much want in the towns, is comparatively rare in the country. By thrift and good management the labourer, especially if he have a capable wife, can get on fairly well. Instead of living from hand to mouth, he has his comfortable provisions of pork and potatoes, and, in winter, of salted vegetables, and firewood to fall back upon. Old age is the most trying time. It is seldom the labourer can make sufficient, if any, provision for the days of failing strength. Still, the growing practice of putting money into the Post Office Savings Banks proves that there are those who lay by for an evil day. It is usual to belong to a "burial fund," for it is considered a dire disgrace to be buried by the parish. The aged labourer gets regular outdoor relief from the parish. If he can live with a married son or daughter, his declining years may be very comfortable. Often, however, he is boarded by the parish at a stranger's house for a small sum.

His lot depends on the character of the inmates and is often wretched. I knew a woman who was a martyr to rheumatism. The neighbours considered her sufferings to be "judgment" for her cruel treatment of an old pauper who had been confided to her care.

It is necessary to repeat that all these remarks refer mainly to the central provinces. In the north, farming is on a larger scale. More use is made of machinery, and the farmers are better educated and often very wealthy.

In Friesland, certain causes—such as the increasing number of absentee landlords—have produced great distress among the labouring classes, especially in the "peat districts." Indeed, that province has of late been frequently called "our Ireland." There is considerable emigration to America and elsewhere from this and the adjoining provinces. Social agitators have been busily at work, and have been successful in the endeavour to sow seeds of discontent and rebellion.

It now remains to be seen how these people manage their local affairs. The country is divided into "communities" (French "communes"); each town forms a single and separate "commune." The size of the country "communes" is unequal. Sometimes two or three villages, if near each other, form one of these parishes; more often each village is the centre of a parish. The head of the parish is the burgo-master (mayor), who is named by the Crown, but draws his salary from the village budget. He is often a resident country gentleman, who is glad of an additional influence and authority which the office bestows. Sometimes a superior

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farmer fills it. The post is much coveted by not over-ambitious university men with some private means, who are satisfied with a modest, but not unimportant sphere of action. It is sometimes a stepping-stone to a seat in the Provincial States or in Parliament.

The burgomaster presides over the town or village Council, but has no vote unless he be elected a member of that body. The electors are all the male inhabitants who pay a certain share in the taxes. The sum that gives one a right to vote for the Council is lower than that required for the Provincial States and for Parliament.

Members of the Council (who number from seven to thirty-nine, according to population) are elected for six years. Every second year there is an election for a third part. They are unpaid; but the Council has the option of giving "presence money" for each sitting. The Council meets at least six times a year. The executive power is vested in the burgomaster and two or more "wethouders" (French *échevins*), chosen from the members. The latter office is paid, and is no sinecure in large places.

Within certain limits the autonomy of the parishes is very real. Some decisions of the Council, however, must be submitted to the approval of the "States Deputies," a permanent committee of the Provincial States, presided over by the Queen's "Commissary," or Governor, who is appointed by the Crown. The village Council may appeal from the States to the Crown.

The Council names all parish officials, such as the "reçeveur" (tax-gatherer), the secretary, the schoolmaster.

The burgomaster is the head of the police (except in large towns). The Council has the power of making police regulations. It fixes the yearly budget and raises local taxes. Its income is derived from two sources: a certain percentage on the general Government taxes (on houses, servants, horses, etc.); and a kind of income-tax, the amount of which, within certain prescribed limits, it has the power of fixing.

The village Council is generally composed of the leading men of the place: sometimes one or two country gentlemen, a few of the principal farmers, a head-gardener, a well-to-do tradesman. The subtle line of demarcation that divides the labouring class from the higher peasantry is apparent here. A mere labourer seldom has a seat in the Council.

The system which has lasted since 1853 was partly a continuation of long-established municipal rights. In its present democratic form it is a result of the popular movement which was the "contre coup" in Holland of the revolutions that occurred elsewhere in 1848. It is considered to work well on the whole, even by those who, instead of holding the democratic opinion that there is an inherent right in every man to have a share in the government, incline to the more practical view that the duty of bearing the burden and responsibility of government should devolve only on persons who show some fitness for it. The electors themselves are aware of a certain power of judging for themselves in local matters. They are remarkably independent where local elections are concerned, while in general elections they are apt to be led by the "domine" (as the minister is called in Holland, like the schoolmasters in Scotland), or the

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priest, or their landlord, or some superior person. The Presbyterian form of church government, which, as in Scotland, has for centuries accustomed the peasants to hold office as elders and deacons, may have trained them for political self-government as well.

Of course, there are drawbacks to this, as to every human institution. The Council is apt to be arbitrary in the matter of local taxation. The system of "progression," which is applied to some taxes in Holland (that is, the system of dividing the rate-payers into classes, and making them pay more or less, relatively as well as positively, according to their place in the financial scale), enables the Council to let the lion's share of public expenses fall on the unhappy shoulders of the great landowner of the parish. In some cases the landowner has acted as the Emperor of Germany advised his discontented subjects to act, and has turned his back upon the place.

Another institution that must not remain unnoticed is the government of the so-called "*Waterschappen*" (water districts), which cover a great part of the country. As every one knows, a silent warfare is being constantly carried on in Holland against the danger of inundation from sea and river, and it is only by an elaborate system of dykes and drainage that a great part of the land is made habitable and productive. It will be easily understood what engineering skill, what unceasing vigilance, what strict and careful supervision, and what tremendous expenses are involved where these grave issues are concerned. Now, the management of this important business is mainly in the hands of private persons,

elected by all landowners within a certain radius. The expenses are met by a tax levied among them according to the extent of their property in the district. The number of votes possessed by one person depends on the number of acres which he owns in the district; but there is a number of votes beyond which no person may go. Women are allowed to vote by proxy. The possession of acres to a certain number makes a man eligible for a seat on the "board" that governs the district. An executive committee is named from its members; and that committee, with the so-called "*dijkgraaf*" at its head (literally, dyke count), carries on the usual business. An engineer is attached to the larger "water-ships" (to use the Dutch word). The windmills that used to be such a distinctive feature in the Dutch landscape are fast disappearing. Steam engines, of which there are four different kinds, are used for keeping the water out of the "polders" (the low land protected by dykes).

In ordinary times these various offices are no sinecure. In times of actual danger, it is impossible to overrate their importance. When the rivers are swollen by melted snow from the mountains in Germany, and huge blocks of ice are borne down by the strong current with startling rapidity, an army of watchers guards the dykes night and day. Members of the governing board are stationed in the houses built at intervals on the dykes. If a crisis occurs—if a gap is discovered in the dyke—they are invested with almost unlimited powers. Farmers, with their carts and horses and labourers, are pressed into service, and yield prompt and willing obedience to the most arbitrary order. It has happened that

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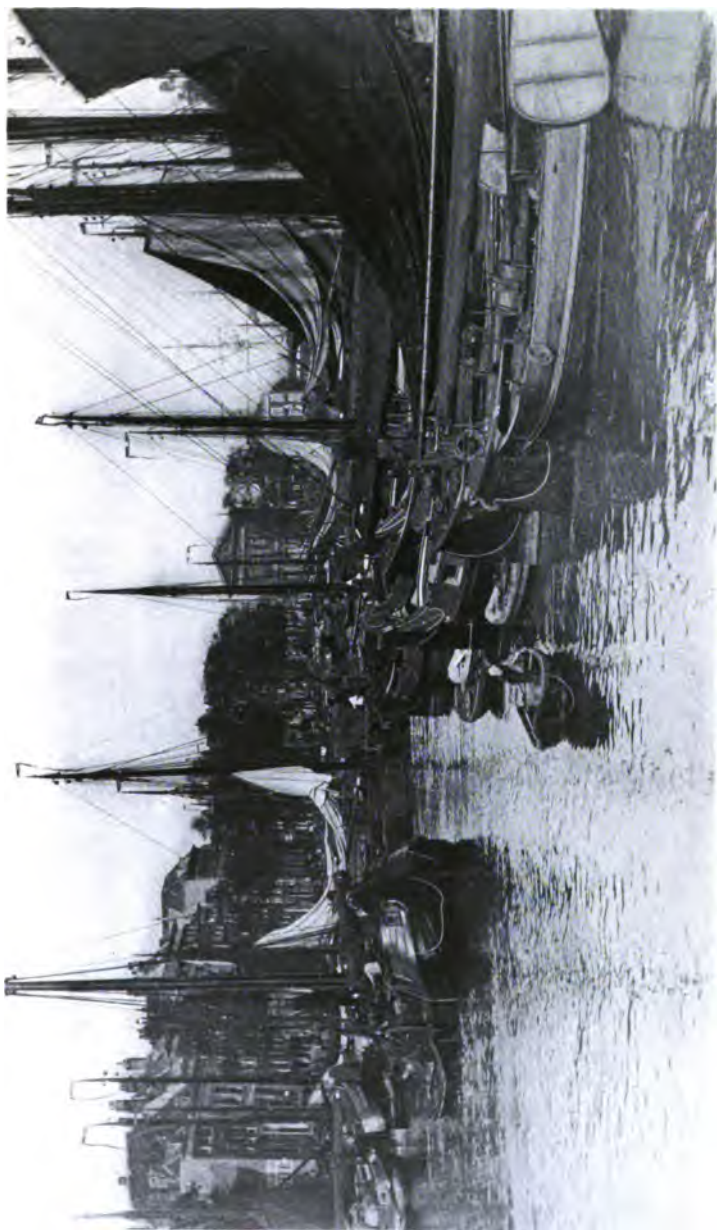
houses, sheds and trees have been used to stop the gap. The common danger met, the common deliverance granted must have strengthened the bands of citizenship between the men of all classes, who have been united in the honest, manly duty of guarding their hearths and homes.

DUTCH FISHERIES

ALPHONSE ESQUIROS

IT is useless to quote passages, more or less obscure, which reveal the very ancient origin of the maritime fishing on the coast of the Netherlands. The alimentation of races is based, at the commencement of the social stage, on the means of existence nature has supplied them with. The vicinity of forests and plains has made hunting-peoples: the vicinity of lakes, rivers and the sea has made fishing-peoples. A great portion of the population of Holland has lived for centuries on the produce of their nets, and the inhabitants of the Netherlands had grafted various branches of commerce on the fishing-trade, long prior to the War of Independence. The Reformation did not create the Netherlands; but even though the Dutch fisheries existed before the religious and political revolution that freed the United Provinces, it is equally true to say that this trade, like all the elements of public fortune, derived fresh sap and vigour from liberty. It was only then that the country felt itself live in its plenitude, and that it began, according to the remark of an historian, "to enjoy the seas."

According to the nature of the fish found in the North Sea, the Dutch fishery is divided into several branches; but there is a thoroughly national produce which may serve us as a type to determine the character of the various local fisheries, and that is the herring. It is supposed that the



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herring was unknown to the ancients, for none have as yet been found in the Mediterranean. This product of the ocean has been to the Netherlands an element of greatness and prosperity: the herring, by being placed in barrels, changed the historic destinies of Holland, and with them those of the world in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. A trade which exerted so great an influence over the revolution of the United Provinces and the events that followed it, is not unworthy of our attention. So long as the Dutch fishery annually produces above fifty million barrels, it will count among the largest maritime fisheries of Europe.

The Dutch distinguish three species of herrings: (1) the pickled or caged herring, called in Dutch *gekaakte haring*, which is caught off the north coast of Scotland during the summer; (2) the *steur haring*, caught in the autumn off the Yarmouth coast, which is first salted and afterwards smoked, when it takes the name of *bokking*; and (3) the *pan haring*, a species of fresh herring, caught in the Zuyder Zee, and serving as food for the poorer classes. From time immemorial, the pickled herring fishers have established the seat of their guild at Vlaardingen and Maassluis—the coasts of Holland are lined with villages whose inhabitants, like those of Scheveningen and Katwyk, prepare the red herring—while, lastly, the towns of the Zuyder Zee, and specially the islands of that inner sea, for instance, Urk, Shokland and Maarken, send boats to catch the fresh herring. The character and habits change according to the nature of the spot and occupations, and the longer or shorter period the crews

remain out at sea. What does not change, however, is the humble majesty of this brave and poor population which wrests from the tempests its daily food.

The little town of Vlaardingen (on old maps Flerdling) announces itself by a steeple, which in the distance bears a strong resemblance to a ship's mast, and which rises from an ocean of verdure, spotted with black kine. We are assured that it derives its name from an old river of which nothing remains but a mention, more or less honourable, in the archives of the province. At the present day, it is situated on the Meuse, or, to speak more correctly, on an arm of the Meuse, which is divided at the spot by an island of recent formation. The vessels lie in a quiet port along which the storehouses stand on the quay, severe-looking buildings, with openings closed with wooden shutters, and in which the fishing implements are kept.

From a few of these unglazed windows hang out long nets to dry: on the port, men with faces bronzed by the sea wind and the sun, are discharging heavy barrels from the vessels which have brought them in. These vessels, called *buizen* or *doggers*, are solidly built, for the most part of oak, with a single mast and a large square sail, which is lowered so long as the buss is at rest. It is impossible to regard without a feeling of respect these fishing-boats which have braved the northern tempests; some bring back from their last voyage noble scars; their cobbled sides, their sails frequently torn like flags after an action, their rusty anchors, which announce honourable service, all record the defiance they have hurled at the elements.

Vlaardingen was formerly an important and fortified town, but like all Dutch towns that lie by the 'sea, it has fallen from its high estate: *jam pagus est quæ Troja fuit.* ✓ In the small, narrow and low streets, brick houses, bowed like vessels by the breeze, shelter the households of the fishermen. These abodes, whose cleanliness is their whole wealth, have a simple and modest, but in no way sad, aspect. At Vlaardingen you meet, during summer, only women and children in the streets; the men are out at sea. These women dry in the front of their houses the linen they have just washed, or else they work at the nets. Out of a population of 7000 or 8000, 2000 are fishermen; the rest carry on, more or less, trades relating to navigation. There are four docks in which fly-boats are built.

Some thirty merchantmen that trade with the Mediterranean anchor in the port several times a year; some bring back salt from Spain and Portugal, with which the herrings are prepared. At the door of some brokers there is, instead of a sign, a small vessel, painted and carved, with all sail set. Hence everything in the appearance of the town, in the habits and external signs, reminds you of a seafaring life.

The history of the herring fishery ought to be written at Vlaardingen, amongst these nets which had such weight in the destinies of the world, these busses which for a long time excited the jealousy of England, and the poor families through whom the fortunes of the Netherlands were to a great extent raised.¹

¹ The herring fishery is not confined to Vlaardingen; busses set sail from the ports of Maassluis, Zwartewaal, Delftshaven, Enkhuisen,

Belgium appears to have been the cradle of this fishery, but toward the middle of the Twelfth Century it passed from Flanders into Zeeland. Although prolific, the capture of this fresh fish would never have constituted an important branch of the national commerce had it not been for the discovery made about the year 1380, by William Beukelszoon.

It was this man who invented the art of preparing and preserving herrings with salt. Nothing is known of his life save that he was born at Biervliet, a little village in Zeeland, but there are few discoveries which have produced such riches, while demanding no sacrifice of humanity. Charles V., well aware what Holland owed to the pickled herring, determined to perpetuate the memory of so great a service rendered to the country; being at Biervliet in 1536, he had a monument erected to Beukelszoon, who died in 1397. There are few instances of a tombstone so well deserved. The Gospels teach us that one of the disciples found in the mouth of a fish a piece of money to pay the tribute, and it is the history of Holland; she has found in the mouth of the herring the means to pay her enormous taxation, to defend a country which the sea was ruining, and to find the sources of the public wealth.

Another circumstance came to complete Beukelszoon's discovery—the first large net for the herring fishery was manufactured at Hoorn in 1416. You must have seen at

Amsterdam, Ripp, Middelharnis, and Wormerveer; but in 1853, of ninety-three vessels constituting the flotilla, for the great fishery, sixty hailed from Vlaardingen. We may, therefore, regard the latter town as the centre of the pickled herring trade.

Vlaardingen these immense nets discharged into carts; you must have reflected on the myriads of herrings which they have swallowed up for more than four centuries past, and on the historic consequences of such an invention in order to comprehend all the usefulness and poetry of these drag-nets. With the progress made in the art of catching and preserving the herring the fishery extended, and then altered its place. Towards the beginning of the Fifteenth Century it was established at Enkhuisen and at Hoorn. The wars with Spain and France having broken out, the Zealanders found more profit in arming their vessels and skimming the seas. The herring had, moreover, changed its station; it had left the coasts of Norway, Sweden and Denmark, where it was then caught, for those of Scotland, where it is still found. This inconstancy in the movements of the fish is no peculiar instance; other seas are mentioned in which the herring has appeared, disappeared and reappeared at considerable intervals of time. Scientific calculations have hitherto been unable to determine the law of these movements.

However this may be, the herring fishery thus passed over almost entirely to the two provinces of North and South Holland, where it maintained itself for a long period at a degree of considerable prosperity.

Up to recent years, the departure of the boats for the great fishery was fixed for St. John's Day (June 24th). This departure was preceded by *fêtes*, and a book of old Dutch songs still exists, sung by the fishermen as they put to sea. Toasts were proposed to the success of the fishery, and prayers offered up; at last sail was set, and the peaceful

flotilla started for the herring conquest. At the present day the doggers start at the beginning of June, and can open the fishery at once; but faithful to tradition, or, if you will, to prejudice, the fishermen take advantage of this new liberty very reluctantly. "The herring," they say, in their simple language, "does not like to be caught before St. John's Day." In 1755, the number of busses that started for the great fishery was 234; in 1820, it was 122, while at the present day it is 90. This group of sails proceeds towards the Scotch coast, two vessels of war accompanying them as an escort. The fishermen are forbidden to land, nor must they sell their fish on board. The flotilla remains off the Shetlands, Edinburgh, and the English coast. The reputation of the Dutch herring depends especially on the strength of the doggers, which are excellent sea-boats, and their build allows them to throw their nets into very deep water, where the largest herrings are found. From 1300 to 1400 men take part in the labour; the herring is no sooner seized by them than it is pickled, that is to say, slit up with a knife-blade and placed in barrels; salt is added, which turns into brine and preserves the fish. For some years past a steamer has accompanied the flotilla, on board which the first hundred barrels are placed, and it carried them at full speed to the port of Vlaardingen.

Formerly the arrival of the first herrings was the occasion for national festivals, a ceremony whose brilliancy has diminished with the importance of the fishery. At the present day the fishmongers at The Hague, Amsterdam and Rotterdam content themselves with hoisting a flag over their shop, and

hanging up a crown of leaves. The first herring is always carried on a car decorated with flags, and triumphantly offered to the king, who gives a reward of 500 florins for the present. A few years ago even, in the opening days of the fishery, rich Dutchmen offered the fishmongers of The Hague a ducat apiece for herrings; each dealer consequently made interesting sacrifices to be the first to obtain this gift of the sea which reached Vlaardingen on the wings of steam.

The same vessels, which have made two summer voyages to the herring fishery, proceed in winter to catch cod (*Kabeljauwvisserij*). It is true that this depends partly on the age of the doggers; for when a boat is too aged, it cannot stand the winter fishing. The crew consists of twelve sailors, who receive two and a half per cent. of the produce, the captain receiving the double. The North Sea is also the scene of this fishery; but the vessels now sail to the coast of Ireland and the Dogger Bank; they go up to the sixty-third degree.

The cod fishery is one of the oldest and most celebrated in the social history of Holland. Like that of the herring, it has lost much of its ancient prosperity. The life of the herring fishers, who become cod fishers in winter, is entirely at the mercy of the waves; these men only spend two or three weeks of the year ashore. When they return to Vlaardingen after a voyage, it is to start again directly. Identified with the sea, with its calmness and fury, its good and evil days, they live on the presents it makes them, or, to speak more correctly, which they tear from it. In requital of this harsh existence, full of fatigue and toil, and exposed to all

the fury of the elements, these men who have made the entire political and commercial grandeur of Holland, receive but a scanty wage: a fisherman gains from 250 to 300 florins a year.

We may ask what becomes of the women of Vlaardingen during the time of the fishery, or nearly the whole year? They look after the houses, and in the rest of their time work at making nets at home or at the shops. This semi-widowhood does not seem to be very painful to them, and they find consolation in their children, who are numerous, and to whom they are at once mother and father. When the husband does not return, they at length resign themselves to this absence which never terminates.

The condition of Vlaardingen, its melancholy streets, its silent paths, its seagoing vessels which are growing old and are not renewed, all this announces the state of suffering into which the great fishery has fallen.

SKATING AND SLEIGHING

EDMONDO DE AMICIS

SKATING in Holland is not merely a favourite amusement, it is a common mode of locomotion. To call to memory a well-known instance of this fact, everyone recollects how it was turned to account by the Netherlanders during their memorable defence of the city of Haarlem. During the hard frosts, the canals are turned into roads, and the boats, which in summer-time glide over their surface, are replaced by skates. The peasant skates to market, the mechanic to his work, the tradesman to his business, whole families skate from their country residence to town, with their bags and baskets on their backs, or in sledges they draw along with them. Skating is as easy and natural to them as walking, and they skim over the ice with such speed that the eye has some difficulty in following them. In former years wagers were often laid among the most skilful Dutch skaters, as to who could keep up with a stated train, skating upon the canals that run parallel to the railway, and, in most cases, not only did the skaters keep up with the engine, but they would at times shoot forward and keep ahead of it for a few minutes. People skate from The Hague to Amsterdam and back again the same day; the Utrecht University students leave that town in the morning, dine at Amsterdam and are at home again before night; the wager of going from Amsterdam to Leyden in little more than an hour has several

times been laid and won. And it is not only the wonderful speed, but the unerring surefootedness with which such long journeys are accomplished that is worthy of admiration. There are peasants who skate by night from one town to another. Young men go from Rotterdam to Gouda, at Gouda they buy a long pipe of chalk and skate back to Rotterdam, carrying it safe and sound in their hand. Sometimes walking by a canal, a human figure will be seen to shoot past like an arrow and vanish almost as soon as caught sight of: it is some country lassie carrying milk to town. Besides the skaters there are the sledges of every shape and size: sledges pushed along by a skater, sledges drawn by horses, sledges propelled by means of two spiked sticks, wielded by the person sitting inside; wheelless cart and carriages placed upon two wonderful planks, which glide along the frozen snow as swiftly as the sledges. Upon festive occasions, even the Scheveningen fishing-craft have been known to appear in the snow-covered streets in The Hague. Formerly ships with all sails spread were made to glide over the ice upon the large rivers, and so rapid was their progress that the faces of those on board were reduced to so pitiable a state from exposure to the cutting wind as might well make one shudder, and few indeed were the people daring enough to forego this ordeal.

The finest *fêtes* in Holland take place on the ice. At Rotterdam, when the Meuse is frozen over, it becomes the favourite resort for social gatherings and amusements. The snow is swept away so as to leave the ice as clear as a floor of glass; *cafés*, eating-houses, fancy cottages, booths for theatri-

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real performances crop up on all sides upon it; by night it is lighted up; by day it is thronged with skaters of every age, sex and rank. In other towns, especially in Friesland, which is the classic home of the art, there are skating-clubs that promote public contests and give away prizes. Poles and flagstaffs are erected along the canal banks, stands and stockades are erected; a huge multitude of people from the neighbouring villages flock together; the cream of local society is present; bands of music play uninterruptedly; the skaters appear in special costumes, the women all wearing trousers; races for men alone are run, then the women compete among themselves, then men and women in pairs, and the names of the winners are inscribed in the annals of the art and acquire lasting renown. There are two distinct schools of skating in Holland,—the Dutch school proper and the Frisian school, each of which uses a different shape of skates. The Frisian school, which is the oldest, aims solely at speed; the Dutch school strives to attain grace as well. The Frisian runs direct on before him, swerving neither to right nor left, his eye fixed upon his goal, his body bending forward in that direction; the Dutchman proceeds by zigzags, turning alternately to right and left, by a movement of the hips. The Frisian is the arrow; the Dutchman the giddy rocket. The Dutch school suits women best. The Amsterdam, Hague and Rotterdam ladies are indeed the most graceful skaters in the United Provinces. They begin to skate as children, and continue it as girls and married women, simultaneously reaching the crowning point of their beauty and their art, and their little skates draw from the ice they

skim over the sparks that set so many hearts on fire. It is on the ice only that the Dutch woman shows herself to be susceptible of a fall, and this lends her a peculiar attractiveness. Some ladies attain to a marvellous degree of perfection. Those who have seen them skate aver that no description can give an adequate idea of the graceful bends and curves, the countless soft and most becoming attitudes they display in their swallow or butterfly-like flight, or how completely their placid beauty is metamorphosed and enlivened by the exercise, which the intricate manœuvres they perform involve. Not all, however, succeed in attaining to even a moderate degree of proficiency, many do not venture to show off in public, and some who with us would have won the highest honours, are there scarcely even found worthy of notice, to such an elevated a standard has this art attained. The men are in nowise behind the softer sex. They perform all sorts of games and difficult feats upon the ice; some cut fanciful figures or sentimental sentences in their circling progress, others spin round with incredible velocity and then skim a long way backwards standing upon one leg, others glide about in hundreds of complicated twists and turns, all clearly defined in very small compass, either doubled up or standing upright, in the most distorted postures, bending down like gutta-percha puppets, set in motion by a hidden spring.

The first day the canals and ponds can show a sheet of ice thick enough to skate upon, is a red-letter day in a Dutch town. Early-rising skaters, who have put the ice to the test at break of day, spread the news, the papers trium-

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phantly proclaim it, flocks of children shouting with joy scatter all over the streets, servants, male and female, ask their master's leave to go out, with a look that denotes their fixed determination of rebelling should their request be met by a refusal, old ladies forget their age and ailments and rush to the canals to compete with their friends and daughters, the large pond in the centre of the town at The Hague, near the Binnenhof, is carried by storm by a multitude of people, elbowing and pushing each other, mingling in one confused, seething mass, like a crowd seized by a fit of dizziness, the cream of the aristocracy skate upon a pond in the park, and there officers, ladies, M. P.'s, students, old men and boys may be distinguished, flitting here and there in the falling snow, a crowd of spectators flocking around them, the loud music of the military bands lending additional animation to the merry scene, and the great disc of the Netherlands sun shining through the giant beeches and sending them its last dazzling farewell ere it sinks below the horizon.

When the snow is firm enough, the sleighing begins in good earnest. Every family has its own sleigh, and at the hour for driving out hundreds of them may be seen issuing forth. They rush swiftly past in long strings, two and three abreast, some in the shape of shells, others made to imitate swans or dragons, boats and coaches, gaily painted and gilt, drawn by horses covered with costly furs and smart trappings, with feathers and rosettes about their heads, their harness studded with glittering ornaments, bearing ladies warmly wrapped up in sable, beaver and Siberian fox. The horses shake their heads and toss their manes,

shrouded in the vapour that rises from them, bespangled with myriads of tiny icicles; the sleighs spring forward; the snow flies round them like silver foam, and the glittering headlong procession rushes past and is lost to sight, like a whirlwind sweeping over a field of lilies and jasmine. By night, when the torch-light drives take place, the countless flamelets flashing by and coursing after each other through the silent town, throwing livid patches of light upon the snow and ice, look like a gigantic diabolical combat, witnessed by the spectre of Philip II., gazing down upon them from the summit of the Binnenhof tower.

FOOD AND FLOWERS

FREDERICK SPENCER BIRD

THE mode of living in Holland, in some respects, differs greatly from that to which we are accustomed in England. Food, also, is not quite the same as that usually to be seen on English tables. Bread, for instance, is sold in lengths of two or three feet, baked outside to a rich brown colour. A boy or girl may sometimes be seen in the street carrying home one of these oblong loaves, one under each arm, like miniature gate-posts.

Great numbers of small round cheeses, some stained red outside, are annually made and consumed in Holland, as well as exported to other countries. Cheese is often placed on the breakfast table together with a kind of oatcake, dark in colour and apparently indigestible, but said to be very wholesome notwithstanding; also, a kind of dried meat cut into extremely thin slices, which is known as *gerookt vleesch* and is said to be neither more nor less than horseflesh. Still, it is tolerably palatable, and certainly preferable to a tough beefsteak.

Mutton is seldom eaten in Holland; but great numbers of sheep are bred there every year and sent to the London markets, where they are purchased by butchers who deal chiefly with the poorer classes, to whom they are enabled to sell the meat at a cheaper rate than is paid for English mutton.

Fish, as may be supposed, is very plentiful in a country abounding with so much water; and the cry of "Fish alive, O!" so often a mockery and a snare in England, in Holland is no deception, for there it may be purchased in great perfection and literally alive. A crowd of persons of both sexes may often be seen, assembled at the edge of a canal, to the side of which a flat-bottomed Dutch boat is moored. A square board is affixed to the mast bearing the announcement "Vish te Koop," or "Fish for Sale." In the boat stands the proprietor, having before him, fastened to an upright piece of wood, a weighing apparatus, consisting of a beam, with a scale to hold the weights at one end, and an open bag or net at the other. In the centre of the boat a tank of water is placed, in which fish of various kinds and sizes are swimming about, no doubt in blissful unconsciousness of the fate awaiting them, though, perhaps, restless at being confined within such narrow bounds. The boatman holds in his hand a rod with a net at the end. With this instrument he lifts the fish out of the water, as they are required, and weighs them out to his customers, who carry them home, gasping and writhing, in baskets and pocket-handkerchiefs. In the markets, also, fresh water fish, such as pike, roach, carp and eels, are placed for sale in shallow open tubs of clear water, where they exhibit as much animation as can reasonably be expected under such embarrassing circumstances. This plan of keeping fish alive until they are sold, not only ensures their being fresh when purchased, but by placing them in pure water for a few hours, it is said to remove from them a peculiar *weedy*



MILK INSPECTOR FOR TOWN TAX.

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flavour which some have after having been caught in muddy rivers or ponds.

Vegetarians would find Holland an excellent country to live in, a great variety of vegetables being grown and consumed there, of which four or five different sorts are ordinarily brought to table at one time.

It would seem that England, more than three centuries and a half ago, viz., in 1509, received her supply of vegetables from the Netherlands, as it is stated that there were no kitchen gardens in that country at that time; while previous to such importation sugar was eaten with meat to correct its putrescency. The Dutch use some vegetables which are seldom, if ever, met with in England. They grow a kind of turnip with a long root, resembling that of a carrot. These are brought to table cut into pieces about an inch in length. They have also peas which are eaten with the shells. The Dutch asparagus is very fine, and far more economical than the English sort, as the whole shoot, being blanched and tender, may be eaten. No part of it is green, yet the flavour is quite as delicate as that of any other kind, and yet there is no waste. The cucumbers preferred by the Dutch are of a golden yellow colour, the green variety, so justly appreciated in England, not being liked in Holland; consequently it is only grown there for the London markets, which receive large supplies from the Netherlands.

The Dutch grow several excellent herbs for salad. One, called *veldsalade*, is ready as early as February. They use also the bleached stalks of the dandelion (*taraxacum*),

which is much esteemed on account of its wholesome properties.

Fruits and flowers are likewise abundant and cheap in Holland. The latter are constantly to be seen in the windows of most Dutch houses, and the display is often very beautiful. Many housekeepers, who have no gardens, contract with florists who keep them supplied all the year with a succession of plants in bloom. When the blossoms begin to fade and fall off, they are replaced by other flowers. This system of hiring plants is very general in towns, and not so expensive as having a greenhouse of one's own. The Dutch, it has been said, have done more to promote horticulture than any other nation; and a considerable business in bulbs and shrubs, and even in cut flowers for bouquets, is carried on with England and other countries.

At Haarlem, the town most celebrated for its nursery-gardens, and "the paradise of flowers," as it has been called, large tracts of land may be seen, in the proper season, entirely planted with tulips, hyacinths and a variety of other flowers. They are arranged in patches, according to their sorts and colours, and while presenting to the eye a charming appearance, fill the air with delicious fragrance.

Many persons, no doubt, have heard of the extraordinary mania for tulips that existed in Holland in the Seventeenth Century. Dutchmen of all stations, from the highest to the lowest, abandoned their ordinary occupations and business to engage in the tulip-trade. The mania, it is said, first commenced in France in the year 1635 and thence spread to the Netherlands. The prices obtained for some

of the bulbs are surprising. The "Admiral Liefkens" sold for more than 4000 florins (about £335); "Semper Augustus" for 5500 florins (more than £458); "Admiral van Eyck" and "Schilder" about £160 in English money each. Some bargains made were the most foolish imaginable. A tulip bulb was exchanged for a quantity of grain, four fat oxen, twelve sheep, five pigs, two barrels of butter, 1000 pounds of cheese, four barrels of beer, two hogheads of wine, a bedstead with its belongings, a suit of clothes, and lastly, a silver drinking cup. On another occasion twelve acres of land were offered for a bulb and refused. On the 5th February, 1637, at Alkmaar, the executors of Wouter Bartholomeutz sold his collection of tulips for 90,000 florins (about £7500).

A story is related of a Burgomaster who obtained, through influence he possessed, an appointment of considerable importance for a friend. The latter wished to make him some return for his kindness, but the Burgomaster declined every offer, except an invitation to dinner and a walk round the garden of his grateful entertainer. Some months afterwards the visit was returned, and the gentleman having perceived in the Burgomaster's grounds a rare tulip which had been surreptitiously abstracted from his own, was so enraged that he resigned his appointment, sold all his property and left the country.

A proclamation of the States of Holland and West Friesland, dated 27th April, 1636, for rendering invalid all contracts in connection with tulips, at length put a stop to the mania. In consequence of this edict, bulbs which had cost

more than 5000 florins were sold for 50 florins and numbers of persons were ruined.

Fruit in Holland is usually good and abundant. In some parts of the country grapes, small in size but of an agreeable flavour, are grown out of doors, against the walls of cottages, and are sold at a cheap rate in the streets.

THE CAFÉ KRASNAPOLSKY

S. L. BENSUSAN

OF Dutch *cafés* it would not be difficult to write at great length in the endeavour to describe their charm and variety adequately. In a country like Holland the *cafés* do more than replace the ugly public house from which England suffers; they serve in the very quiet towns to turn men's eyes to natural beauties. Some Dutch cities boast garden *cafés*, delightful to visit, whose patrons can take refreshments from shady arbours slightly reminiscent of Spain while looking out over landscapes that inspired Cuyt, Ruysdael, Hobbema, and Van der Meer. In the clear air and bright light so generously vouchsafed to Holland, a keen sense of the joy of life accompanies this harmless idling in quiet gardens where fruit trees are in blossom and the ground is ablaze with tulips and hyacinths. Perhaps the *habitués* are so accustomed to the splendour of the surroundings that they do not heed them—one can but hope this is not the case.

The *cafés* of the country places justify ample description; on the other hand, those of the Amsterdam and Rotterdam slums defy it. Let one brief hint suffice. Imagine a long, narrow street with small houses on either side, brilliantly lighted from behind drawn blinds. A few flaring signs announce some familiar name: Empire, El Dorado, Victoria, Elysium. Tireless touts stand by every door, with hand on

latch or connecting string, and, as the wayfarer passes, open the entrance they guard, sufficiently to reveal a long room with small tables and chairs leading up to a platform upon which some dozen girls, half dressed in tawdry, tinselled stage clothes, are ostensibly holding a concert. Of *café*, concert, performers, patrons, it is better not to write. Such places are probably enjoying their last years of immunity, and will be no more than a memory before the Twentieth Century is far advanced. Between the simple garden *cafés* and the disreputable, water-side dens of Holland, come the stately houses of the big cities, wherein gilding, electric light, and costly seats recall some of the best club houses of St. James's or Pall Mall. It may be suggested that they take the places of clubs, since there are comparatively few social clubs in Holland in proportion to its wealth and size, while the best *cafés* have their regular *clientèle*, and at Amsterdam you look for many a man at his *café* as in London you would look for him at his club. I select Amsterdam because it holds the largest and one of the best-appointed *cafés* I have seen in any city of the Old World, the Café Krasnapolsky. There are some in the town that have the appearance of being more select, some are more ornate, none is more interesting. Being known beyond its own country, the Krasnapolsky is a centre of attraction to visitors from all parts; conversations are carried on in Dutch, French, German, English, and, also, in American. Now and again a little Italian and Spanish may be heard, and the types of visitor are as varied as the language. The Krasnapolsky has put one serious defect, shared with all

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Dutch *cafés*: it offers no music to the visitors. Forgive the lack of an orchestra and you can occupy yourself until sometime after two o'clock in the morning. Amsterdam favours life in the open air, and when business is over for the day, crowds fill the streets and leave them filled at a time when sober London is fast asleep. When the stroller tires, he recruits at the nearest *café* and the stream of visitors fills all the seats, even in the largest buildings. The vacation of a chair is the signal for two or three competitors to indulge in a dignified walking race. Men do not monopolise the tables nor are the ladies of what is called doubtful character—a term so strangely applied to people about whose character there is not the least occasion for uncertainty. Dutch *cafés* are quite family resorts; three generations will gather at one table, white-haired old gentlemen, or ladies, surrounded by their children and their children's children. This gathering lends much to the charm of the *café*.

In the very heart of the Dutch capital is the Dam, a square with the Royal Palace filling one side, and close by it is the Warmoes Straat where are many *cafés*, a few clubs, and at least one music-hall. Half way down the street is the Krasnapolsky, certain to arrest attention, by reason of its size and decorations as well as the ceaseless crowd that never gives even a momentary respite to the swinging doors. On your right, as you enter the vestibule from the street, is the restaurant, well patronised by diners; on the left are the billiard-rooms; straight in the front is the *café*; beyond it, a conservatory. The upper floors serve as an hotel.

So long as you are standing up or searching for a table, you are keenly conscious of noise or bustle, of clanging doors and flying waiters, of strangers coming to and fro, of the rattle of billiard balls. When you find a seat and your refreshment is within reach, the babble and movement have quite a different significance. They are details in a living picture, arranged for your amusement. The interior of the Krasnapolsky Café is very striking. The walls are painted and decorated at short intervals with mirrors. There is a happy absence of flamboyant advertisement. Your lungs, liver, and internal arrangements are not the care of countless, screaming placards, and, as the *café* is lofty and lighted by electricity, there is no insufferable heat to induce troubles that patent medicines might strive to remedy. In the centre of the room is an erection that would with a little alteration, serve admirably for a band-stand. It is, apparently, made of cork, and the roof is thickly covered with ferns and flowers. From the roof of the *café* big flower-baskets, filled to overflowing, depend at short intervals, giving a pleasant and refreshing fragrance to an atmosphere that suffers considerably from the cheapness of tobacco. The tables are of wood; their size is irregular to admit parties of varying size.

At first, the varied groups yield little or nothing of their individuality—the assembly is of the middle class, soberly clad, not remarkable for beauty of face or figure, dispensing with all the essential elegance of Southern Europe, and quite lacking in colour, save where small groups of soldiers make the surrounding monotony more monotonous by contrast. Yet, as one glances with care from one table to another, look-

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ing to trivial actions for an expression of character, the distinctive features of the company slowly become apparent. The gathering resolves itself first into a broad division of natives and strangers in proportion, roughly estimated, of five to one. There are three classes of natives—the Hollander, stolid, seemingly prosperous, and very well pleased with himself; the offspring of Java and Holland, with curious complexion, and quite uncommon eyes; and the Jews, these last being, almost without exception, of the German community, given much to grouping together in odd corners and to wearing rather brighter colours than their neighbours. The strangers do not call for much notice—an inability to hide the palpable evidence of the tourist stands between them and all claim to respectful attention. Natives fall gradually into line under two other broad denominations: the men of business and the men of pleasure. He who is on pleasure bent has brought the partner of his joys and sorrows, a parent and a child or two; or he has brought some friend to look upon the wine when it is red, and crack a joke in season. When the opera is over—and the good plays are few and far between—*cafés* are the only places wherein modest amusement may be sought and found. From Haarlem and the other neighbouring towns men come to spend a pleasant evening after work, tiring for a time of purely rural charms. On the other hand, you find in the Krasnapolsky men of business by the score, who cannot forego the chances of a bargain after trading hours. Such a one is the old man with shaven chin and long whiskers, who sits at the table by my side.

He is, to outward seeming, a gentleman who lends money to agriculturists, and has some three or four of his clients with him to-night, rusty, unpolished fellows from four green fields by the Zuyder Zee. My knowledge of Dutch is limited to some score of words, but, without more acquaintance with the language, it is possible to follow the little comedy at the neighbouring table. It might be a pantomime play. The guide, philosopher and friend of these old farmers orders drinks lavishly, passes his cigar case round, and talks cheerfully. His guests respond with uncouth chuckles and much rubbing of battered hands. Gradually, their patron's tone changes, his language is rapid, his gestures eloquent, the old men are embarrassed. One seems to launch a protest upon this sea of eloquence. It is speedily swamped, more wine is ordered, and in another quarter of an hour the financier rises and proceeds with firm steps to the door, followed by his friends, who have none of the buoyant bearing with which they entered from the dining-room. Now, the financier had clearly paid for the dinner for the sake of the bargain he had concluded over the wine, and, as no financier offers a sprat without intent to catch a whale, it may be presumed that Heer Black-whiskers has done very well indeed.

Having awaited with some interest the conclusion of the manœuvres, I listen to the conversation of the group that succeeds to his table. It is a group of students, and Dreyfus is the theme. I gather that they are all Dreyfusards, staunch advocates of revision and light beer. Like Job Trotter, after Sam Weller had treated him, they seem to "swell

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wisibly," as the waiter takes away the empty glasses and brings fresh ones that shine like amber in the strong light. Happily there is no intoxication in the glass, the danger lies in Schiedam, "Wijngroc," and Advocaats mixed with fiery spirit. Absinthe figures prominently on the list of refreshments, but finds few *patrons*. Holland is less decadent than France or Belgium,—its *cafés* are as significant in their emphasis of this fact as its picture galleries.

When you tire of the *café* and would pass for a moment into a cooler, sweeter atmosphere, the conservatory awaits you, and so soon as the doors are closed, the noise and smoke are left behind. The place is very well kept, and in a country where all flowers seem to thrive it is not difficult to make a conservatory attractive throughout the year.

From the conservatory, you return to the *café* or, perhaps, go into the billiard-room. Dining is over for the night. Amsterdam dines early, and stout prosperous gentlemen, with ribbons on the lapels of their coats and every outward sign that good digestion waits upon appetite, have gone to the amusement of which dinner was the prelude, accompanied by their womenfolk to whose gay dresses and frequent laughter the dining-room owed so much. One room on the ground floor remains to be explored: the big billiard saloon, where Amsterdam young and old plays indefatigably on the baby tables that were taken into use before they had time to grow pockets. It is a replica of the London billiard-room without the pockets and with the swagger translated into Dutch. All the types are to be seen; the man who thinks he can play, and the man who knows he can;

the steady player, and the maker of flukes; the hawk on the look-out for the pigeon, the pigeon very proud to be noticed by a bird so distinguished for knowledge as the hawk. There are tables by the dozen and players by the score. Tired players return to the *café*; fresh ones come from it. Midnight finds all the tables occupied. Truly the Krasnapolsky Café may claim a high place among institutions of its class, and deserves all the popularity it enjoys.

THE FRIESLAND CAP

EMMA BREWER

THE peculiar headdress worn by the ladies of Holland during the last thousand years, and known as the Friesland cap, has undergone no change whatever from the time of its adoption until now, and yet it is not becoming, nor does it in any way add to the grace and beauty of the women.

Much curiosity has been expressed as to its origin, and why its form has been so strictly adhered to, while every other article of dress has changed its fashion with the seasons. We might never have been able to solve the problem but for the discovery of a legend by a great authority on Frisian lore. The following is but a bare outline.

Some twelve hundred years ago a celebrated preacher of the Gospel appeared among the Frisians. His influence upon the people was remarkable, especially upon Fostedina, the Prime Minister's daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen. She took a deep interest in his words and in the hymns sung by his followers, and but for fear of her father and the priest would have acknowledged herself a Christian. The priest attached to the Court was a cruel man and furious with all who adopted the Christian religion. He not only imprisoned them, but threatened that unless they should recant he would cast them into the arena among the wolves and wild boars.

The day was at hand when this threat was to be carried out, and the prisoners, as they lay in their gloomy cells, heard the preparations with sinking hearts. In the dark hours of the night, however, Fostedina came to their aid and arranged their escape, bidding them fly to the land of the Franks.

When the steward came in the morning to conduct the band of Christians to the arena, the prison was empty save for the girl Fostedina. She pointed to the open window and the ladder and said: "They are safe, thank God!"

The steward thought she was mad, and begged her to go to her room, as he felt sure the people would tear her to pieces if they found out what she had done. She, however, determined to remain and face the consequences of her deed, lest the punishment should fall upon the missionary and his followers, who were still living in their midst.

She was taken before the King and his council, and when asked why she had done this thing, answered: "Because I pitied the men and abhorred the cruelty with which they were to have been killed, and because I believe that our gods of wood and stone are no gods, and that Jesus Christ is the son of the living and true God."

The King, turning to the Prime Minister, said: "She is your child; what is to be done with her?"

The father answered: "She is my only child, and the joy of my life. If you throw her to the wolves, I go with her."

Then Adgillus, the King's son, who loved this girl, came forward to plead with his father, for her forgiveness, and

he would probably have succeeded but for the sarcasm and taunts of the priest.

At length she was taken out and placed between the council and the howling mob while the King said: "Ye men of Friesland, this is the girl who saved the Christians. What are we to do with her?"

The girl was loved by the people, and they felt compassion for her, but the priest, in a loud voice, cried shame on them for their cowardice, urging them to cruelty, until, with a savage cry, they shouted: "To the wolves!"

Then Adgillus came forward, saying: "I will be a Frisian no longer. If you throw her to the wolves, I go with her and fight with them for her with my sword, which I have sworn to use for the protection of the innocent and defenceless, and God helping me, I will keep my oath!"

The applause of the people was deafening, but the priest silenced them, saying: "This girl has insulted our gods and embraced the new religion. Therefore our law requires her death."

But the people cried out with their thousands of voices: "She shall not die!"

The priest, pale with spite and anger, said: "Well, let her live. She has been trying for a crown; let her have her wish. Here is one exactly like that worn by the Christ whom she worships." So saying, he took from under his cloak a crown of thorns and held it up for inspection. Again a shout went up "Crown her! Crown her!"

And so it happened that on the following day she stood

in the arena from sunrise to sunset, wearing the crown of thorns, and although her forehead and temples were painfully pierced by the sharp thorns and the blood ran down her cheeks, she did not utter a sigh or murmur. The next day, having been banished, she left the country, accompanied by the missionary and his followers, nor was the King's son seen in Friesland for many a long day after this. He joined the army of the Franks, and accounts of his prowess and valour filled the land.

At the King's death Adgillus succeeded him, notwithstanding the opposition of the priests. The people loved him and offered no objection to receive Fostedina as their Queen, and she and Adgillus were married by the missionary, according to Christian rites.

The marks of the crown of thorns were still visible on her forehead and temples, when, by the side of her royal husband, Fostedina rode into the old city of Stavoren, where the Frisian kings resided. At the sight of these scars the people were greatly troubled, for it reminded them of the cruelty with which they had treated her in days gone by.

On the morning of the great festival with which the new King's inauguration was to be celebrated, twelve high-born maidens entered the Queen's apartment and presented her with a golden crown of such a shape that it completely hid the marks made by the crown of thorns. Two golden plates covered her temples, while a splendid golden strip passed over the forehead. Fostedina accepted, but did not like it. She remarked: "It will never come up to the

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crown of thorns; but my God has still a better crown in store for me."

From that time it became the fashion for every noble lady to wear one like it, a custom which has continued down to the present day, though the reason of its adoption has been

~~longer.~~

THE KERMESSE

FREDERICK SPENCER BIRD

THE Kermesse is always a peculiar and animated scene, and to strangers is generally very interesting. It brings together great numbers of persons from all parts of Holland, and affords an excellent opportunity for seeing the various costumes of the country, many of which are extremely curious, especially those of the peasants of North Holland and Zealand. In many of the towns, however, the national costume is fast disappearing; and even the country-women now often wear bonnets of modern design, adorned with coloured ribbons, over their lace caps and *hoofdijzers*.

The *hoofdijzer* (head-iron) is a kind of skull-cap made of gold or silver beautifully polished, which closely fits the head and reaches just above the ears, leaving the forehead visible. At the top there is a circular hole for ventilation. A lace hood, with a deep frill or border extending to the shoulders, is usually worn over it. Affixed to the sides of the metal cap and projecting on a line with the eyes, are spiral ornaments of gold wire, somewhat like corkscrews, or else square-shaped pendants of gold, often set with jewels and of considerable value. Some women wear a broad band of gold across the forehead; others, simply gold pins stuck into the hair over each temple, the head being covered merely by a white linen band.

The *hoofdijzers*, as the name implies, were, probably, in ancient times made of iron; but at a less remote period, the farmers having become exceedingly wealthy (as they still have the reputation of being), were doubtless not content to see their wives and daughters wearing ornaments of inferior value; and this is said to have given rise to the employment of the more precious metals in the manufacture of such articles. It has long been the custom for parents to present their children with these *hoofdijzers* on the day on which they are confirmed by the clergyman of the district. Thus the ornaments are handed down as heirlooms from one generation to another, and have a value attached to them far above their intrinsic worth.

The most peculiar costumes are to be found among the islanders of the north of Holland. Some of the women are dressed in garments which give them the appearance of a semi-barbarous race; while the men are mostly attired in enormously wide breeches, and loosely fitting jackets, made of exceedingly coarse and strong materials.

The male peasants of Zealand usually wear jackets and knee-breeches of black velveteen, grey worsted stockings, scarlet waistcoats, closed entirely to the throat, and having in front a row of silver buttons, as closely set together as it is possible for them to be; while two large silver bosses are attached to a belt round the waist. The partiality for buttons exhibited by the Zealanders is remarkable. To judge from the number they wear on their garments, one would suppose dressing and undressing to be with them an exceedingly tedious process.

The chief amusement of the frequenters of the Kermesse appears to be for the men and women, youths and girls (who come, as I have said, from all parts of the country), to join hand in hand, six or eight together, and dance, or rather jump, through the streets, heedless of obstacles, and singing a monotonous kind of song or chant, to which, by their movements, they endeavour to keep time. The exercise is continued at intervals, until they become thoroughly exhausted, which happy consummation, however, seldom takes place until two or three o'clock the following morning. Frequently several excited parties, moving in opposite directions, come into contact in the narrow thoroughfares, thus occasioning great laughter, hustling and confusion, to the infinite enjoyment of all concerned.

The appearance of respectably-dressed well-to-do farmers' wives and daughters, with bonnets decked with flowers and ribbons of many colours, deep borders of white lace over their shoulders and wearing their curious gold and silver ornaments, thus dancing wildly through the streets, must seem very strange to persons unaccustomed to the sight. Then there are bands of young men, chiefly students and clerks, parading the town in various disguises; some of whom rejoice in hideous masks, wear false beards and noses, and hats of plain chip on their heads. These youths also shout, sing, and dance in public, in the liveliest manner imaginable, and contribute not a little to the prevailing noise and disorder.

At fairs held in England we all know that gingerbread is an important article of consumption, especially with juven-

iles who delight in attending those festive gatherings. At a Dutch Kermesse a similar kind of cake is sold; but the chief comestibles are small round delicacies called *broedertjes*, large quantities of which are made for the occasion and consumed by all classes. Booths are erected along the sides of the streets for the making and selling of these favourite cakes.

They are manufactured publicly on a raised platform in front of the booth. A fire of wood is lighted underneath a metal frame, which supports a square tray of sheet-iron, in which numerous circular indentations have been made, about the size of a crown piece and the eighth of an inch in depth. At one side of this simple apparatus, a woman, dressed in holiday attire, presides at a caldron of batter, from which, with a large ladle, she is actively employed in filling the moulds with the semi-liquid mixture, which is soon metamorphosed into smoking hot cakes. A second female stands near holding a fork in her hand; and with wonderful dexterity and quickness, to be acquired only by constant practice, despite the heat and smoke, she turns the *broedertjes* to keep them from burning. Those which are sufficiently done are speedily removed by a third attendant, who carries them away on dishes to a crowd of holiday people, who may be seen seated in a sort of parlour, divided into compartments, at the rear or side of the booth, anxiously waiting to consume them.

The amusements of the Kermesse are much the same as those provided at all fairs. The travelling theatre, the circus well-supplied with chalk-faced clowns and cream-coloured

ponies, the fat lady (with a still more corpulent representation of herself on the canvas outside her caravan), the giant and dwarf, calf with two heads, and performing dogs and monkeys, are all there. Persons who prefer another kind of recreation repair to the *Cafés Chantants*, where, at this particular time, many special attractions are provided, though somewhat coarse in character.

Prior to the Reformation, the Kermesse was a festival in connection with the Church. As soon as a period of penance and fasting came to a close, the hour of secular indulgence was announced by the ringing of bells, and sometimes by the flourish of trumpets. A wooden cross, painted red and about ten feet high, was erected in the church in front of the choir. A similar sign was placed by the magistrates at the boundary of each district and before the city gates and bridges. So long as the cross remained, the indulgence to the people continued.

In Holland the substitute for Christmas, so far as its amusements are concerned, is the Feast of St. Nicholas, which is held on the 5th day of December in each year, and is attended by a good deal of mirth and festivity. On that day it is a general custom to send anonymously, to relations and friends, presents of every description; the recipients of the gifts being purposely kept in ignorance of the names of the senders, whereby a vast deal of speculation and surmise is occasioned.

Juveniles especially, on St. Nicholas's Day, are continually in a state of excitement and expectation, and every ring at the door-bell fills their minds with the most agreeable an-

ticipations. A good deal of the fun element is often imported into the custom; but, when carried too far, it sometimes occasions feelings of disappointment and anger. For instance, a lady may receive a large hamper from the railway station for which she is called upon to pay a considerable sum for carriage; and after eagerly opening it and removing a large quantity of straw, may find in it a brass thimble, value one penny, or some equally insignificant gift. Again, a gentleman who is unpopular may receive a basket containing a dead cat, while the graceful tail of a pheasant and the paws of a hare are artfully made to protrude from beneath the lid, so as to convey an agreeable impression that the hamper contains game.

New Year's Day is another occasion for merry-making in Holland, and is also observed as a public holiday. Part of the day is devoted to making complimentary visits to relations and friends, and to sending and receiving cards wishing every one a Happy New Year.



PAINTING

E. DURAND-GRÉVILLE

THE influence of Italy on Dutch painting always existed, for it is from Giotto and his successors that the ordinary subjects treated by the Primitives of the North were borrowed. The result was only disastrous when the artists of the Netherlands had not sufficient originality to avoid servile imitation.

Lucas of Leyden (1494-1533), a great painter as well as an illustrious engraver, knew Italian art; moreover, Albrecht Dürer, whom he sometimes equals, exercised a great influence upon him, without having dominated him. Lucas was something of an innovator in painting; his Biblical compositions are valued for their intimacy of expression; and with his series of card and chess-players, he created genre-painting heralded by the Dutch Primitives.

By the end of the Fifteenth Century, numerous Northern artists, chiefly Flemish, it is true, had visited Italy and were even established there. How could the genius of Raphael leave them indifferent? The first to yield to his charm was Jan van Scorel (1495-1562), whom Pope Adrian VI. (born in Utrecht), kept in Rome for five years.

One of the reasons that prevented the Dutch artists from succeeding in the representation of the nude was the difficulty of procuring the necessary models. In Italy the ordinary peasant is handsome; his attitudes are spontaneously noble; moreover, he is thin, and his narrow body is con-



THE NIGHT WATCH.
Rembrandt.

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fined in an elastic and firm skin. The Dutch model, who, of course, does not belong to the highest class, is lymphatic and fat. If you tried to make him take the pose of Mars or Jupiter, he would give you a wretched counterfeit of an Olympian deity.

Portraiture was destined in Holland to constitute the transition between the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. The followers of Italian art produced excellent portraits. One of these was Jacob Cornelisz van Oostsanen (about 1470-1526), whose engravings increased his fame; he was the master of Scorel and his own son, Dirck Jacobsz (1500-1567). Dirck represented at this early period guilds of arquebusiers in his badly composed pictures in which the characters arranged in two rows are painted with the minute fidelity of a Primitive. His rival, Cornelis Theunissen, does not exhibit any striking quality; a follower of Italian art, Anthonis de Moor, Antonio Moro (1512-1577), pupil of Scorel, gained from the great Venetian painters nobility of pose, sobriety of colour and transparent back-grounds.

Michiel Jansz van Mierevelt (Delft, 1567-1641), court-painter, was exclusively a portrait-painter, and was overwhelmed with orders. His pupil, Paulus Moreelse (Utrecht, 1571-1638), sometimes equalled his master. Jan van Ravesteyn, born at The Hague (1572-1657), is without dispute, the greatest painter of corporation-pictures before Frans Hals. Although in portraits of a single individual Moro surpassed him, no one before van Ravesteyn treated the civic picture with such breadth of style.

Frans Hals of Haarlem (1580-1666), makes his appear-

ance with a whip in his hand creating a disturbance among his too serious models, and gives them the example of dashing life and movement. If they are feasting, he seats himself at the table, takes a glass of wine and empties it at one draught, leans on his elbow with easy grace, turns his head and looks over his shoulder, and turns up his moustache with the air of a conqueror. "Be proud and joyful like me, free and lively!" he says to them. And, indeed, under the spell of his personal magnetism these energetic burghers, whose only fault is being a little too heavy, rouse themselves like conquerors, their faces bloom and fire flashes from their eyes; and, moreover, the doublets with their satin sleeves gleam, the sword hilts exhibit their marvellous workmanship, the very ample and light hued silken scarfs are tied in large triumphant knots; and so the master never fails in obtaining for his dreamed of composition what he considers the most enviable effect,—gaiety, warmth, and overflowing life in the bright light of a large hall with great windows. If he wants to represent personages out of doors, he makes them ascend or descend an oblique stairway, which thus breaks the monotony of the horizontal line to the great advantage of the picturesque effect. This is not all, however: he always desired that the passionate feeling of the execution should be in accord with the subject.

Although born in Belgium about 1606 and dying at Antwerp in 1638, Adriaen Brouwer lived in Haarlem during his years of study, and formed himself in the school of Hals. This great artist, who added to the breadth of design of a Pierre Breughel the suppleness and treatment of light



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and atmosphere peculiar to Hals and the Dutch school, chose his models from the peasantry and often among fighting drunkards.

Family life of poor or well-to-do peasants furnishes the subject matter for the very simple pictures of Adriaen van Ostade (Haarlem, 1610-1685). There is very little drinking in them, and very rarely disputing, but sometimes there is dancing. He gives us scenes of real life, related, as it were, by a writer of the first rank; and, indeed, there is no little poetry in this vigorous and healthy prose. Adriaen knew how to take advantage of what he saw; he absorbed the wealth of essential knowledge from his master, Frans Hals; and while young he understood how to add to the admirable solidity of the Primitives, the style of his comrade, Brouwer. Add to this a very keen power of observation and the wish to conform slavishly to Nature, and you will have a good idea of his early works. He loved his brother, Isaac van Ostade (1621-1649), so much that posterity has also affectionately united them.

Th. de Keyser (Amsterdam, 1597-1667), by his portraits, so rich in serious qualities, influenced the young painter from Leyden at first; as did Bartholomeus van der Helst (Haarlem, 1610 or 1611—Amsterdam, 1670), although five or six years younger than Rembrandt.

If in art the palm were given to the wisest, Van der Helst would be the king of portrait-painters. He has not a single noticeable fault: he draws and models with the greatest accuracy; his personages are well grouped, full of character, natural in attitude, and clothed in brilliant

and varied costumes; his accessories are executed as cleverly as his figures and do not attract the attention too much from them; his composition, always reasonable, is often picturesque. Then what is lacking in him to raise him to the level of the greatest? The boldness of composition and the fine harmony of a Frans Hals, the intimacy and concentration of effect of a Rembrandt, and the sober distinction of a Moro; but he who has conceived such immense works as *The Company of Roelof Bicker* (1639), and *The Banquet of the Arquebusiers* (1648), and represented them without the slightest weakness, but with an imperturbable sureness of touch, merits the place that posterity has given him,—a little below the heads of the school.

Great geniuses are bound to their native soil by a thousand mysterious ties: they concentrate in their work previous centuries and enrich art or science with the truth or beauty that they have discovered or created. Rembrandt is no exception to this rule: not only did he know classic art through casts of Raphael and by the engravings of Mark Antony, but he drew from the Italian current, especially created by Elsheimer, his predilection for the effects of chiaroscuro. His two successive masters, J. van Swanenburg and Lastman, particularly the former, were fervent admirers of the German painter. However, after a short stay at Amsterdam with Pieter Lastman, he established himself in the paternal home; and there, with no other master save Nature, he began a long series of studies of his parents, his friends and himself.

Some people like to consider Rembrandt as an artist

by himself, a painter rather than a draughtsman, and a visionary genius rather than a painter. In my opinion, on the contrary, one scarcely announces a paradox in saying that the great Dutchman, with his powerful originality, was an eclectic. He knew perfectly well the works of his fellow-countrymen and those of the great foreign artists of all time. Only he knew how to read in all the masterpieces of art this good lesson written in them: "Follow my example. Consult Nature only!" This he did up to the last minute of his life. He knew all the tricks of his trade; but he never made use of them except as a means of expressing his dream, or I should say to render the aspects of *reality* which were most in sympathy with his dream. At once very subtle and as naïve as a little child, this dreamer was also sanguine, and often jovial; but his soul escaped from the trammels of ordinary life by tenderness and a "kindness carried to the verge of extravagance," as a bird flies out of the open window into the sky. A lover of that chiaroscuro that envelops beings and objects in a gentle penumbra, he brought mystery even into the bright sunlight; and, on the other hand, in the apparent indistinctness of shadows, he gave to bodies volume and solidity.

His direct pupils are innumerable, coming from Germany, as well as his own country. He influenced his comrade, Jan Lievens (Leyden, 1607—Amsterdam, 1674), so that he became his disciple. Govert Flinck (Clèves, 1615—Amsterdam, 1660), attained, thanks to him, mastery in religious pictures as in portraiture. Ferdinand Bol (Dordrecht, 1616—Amsterdam, 1680), is the author of many remark-

able works. Gerbrandt van Eeckhout (1621-1674), is the one who most faithfully followed the master's doctrines. Philips Koninck (Amsterdam, 1619-1688), shows himself a worthy pupil in many fine landscapes. If he had not been taken from his art by the explosion of a powder-mill, Carel Fabritius (Haarlem, 1623-4—Delft, 1654), would have been Rembrandt's best pupil and one of Holland's greatest painters. There is a portrait by him in the Museum of Rotterdam, which was long attributed to his master and which merits that honour. The choice of subject and the treatment of light allows us to place among his disciples Nicolas Maes (Dordrecht, 1632—Amsterdam, 1693). But when the master was not present to force him to contemplate Nature, Nicolas Maes painted prettiness to please his patrons in portraiture, and did this so well that people have thought there were two painters of the same name.

It was under the master of masters that Gerard Dou (Leyden, 1613-1675), received his education; but we should never suspect it, so much did his true nature wander from the grand style. Very clever in selecting subjects that would please the masses and a past master in the arrangement of picturesque detail, he reached the singular result of making his personages mere accessories. Because he made so much of them and noted every reflection of light, he made them transparent! In revenge, the decoration—walls, furniture, hangings, books, lamps and all other small objects—are of astonishing fidelity. They possess in an extraordinary degree aerial perspective, but only when he looked through the little end of his opera-glass; it does not

occur in those works in which the people are of natural size. His most celebrated pictures are *The Night School* in the Amsterdam Museum and *La Femme hydropique* in the Louvre. But if you want to note the difference between a very clever practitioner and a true artist, it is sufficient to go a few steps away in the Louvre to look at *Le Galant militaire*, by Gerard Ter Borch (Zwolle, 1617-1681), corrupted into Terburg. The subject of this picture has not the sentimental interest of Gerard Dou; it is a scene for two persons, but really one does not take the trouble to see what it means. Ask any painter what the subject is and he will say it is of no importance; but question him with regard to its artistic value and he will tell you that it is a little marvel, inferior to a Rembrandt, but particularly interesting on account of its natural attitudes, the broad and clever execution of the heads, the good construction of the figures, and the subordination of all the secondary details.

Ter Borch was born of a family of painters; Pieter Molyn of Haarlem, his master, taught him how to invent and group little figures; the study of genre pictures and probably the civic pictures of Frans Hals, suggested to him the fancy for those fine grey harmonies. He began by little pictures of military life, analogous to those of Molyn, Dirck Hals and Palamedes. But his instinct for the most delicate colour harmonies developed ceaselessly, thanks to his continued researches into Nature's truths. Thus he became one of the first among the "Little Dutch Masters." He has no longer need of "amusing" subjects. A quiet conversation, a music lesson, a woman playing the guitar, a soldier

reading a letter,—those will do for him! Even the luxurious clothes that he painted so beautifully are not necessary to him: his masterpiece, *The Peace of Munster*, represents eight persons in ordinary costumes, nothing more; but in this little panel of only a foot and a half long there is a sincerity of expression and a solemnity of harmony that render it a page of history.

Jan Steen (Leyden, 1626-1679), is a master who must be ranked very high. Physiognomist in the highest degree, he was struck by the passions that animated his characters, most frequently an elemental passion,—coarse gaiety, bad humour, spite, anger, fury and besotted drunkenness; but he expresses all of these with an extraordinary frankness and power. His dominant quality is the harmony of gesture and action with the expression of the face. His habit is to introduce a little scene of comedy, more or less discreet, into his pictures. Was he a drunkard, as certain biographers would have us believe? The number of his pictures and the care with which he executed them give the lie to this assertion, doubtless suggested by the choice of his subjects. It must not be forgotten that this painter was a tavern-keeper in two different towns; he did not have to go far in search of models.

Ter Borch gave lessons to a skilful painter of silks and velvets, Casper Netcher (Heidelberg, 1639—The Hague, 1684), whose works already announce the approaching decadence. He indirectly influenced also a pupil of Berchem, Jacob Ochtervelt (Rotterdam, between 1625 and 1630—before 1710), who perhaps better recalls Metsu. Ter Borch was also the master of Vermeer of Delft.



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Van der Helst.

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Greatly superior to Gerald Dou is his disciple Gabriel Metsu (Leyden, 1630—Amsterdam, 1607). Metsu occupies a place in art near Ter Borch, not only because of his choice of subject, but by his method of rendering volume and thickness, very essential things. In his turn he inspired Johannes Verkolje (Delft, 1650-1693), and Frans van Mieris (Leyden, 1635-1681), who is charming and delicate, but displays a certain lack of breadth and taste which makes one think of Netcher. However, he sometimes reproduced peaceful scenes of common life, and some of his works possess true elegance. Let us take him for what he is,—a little master of the first order, a clear-sighted philosopher, very superior to the persons, frequently coarse, who posed for him without knowing it.

Long unacknowledged, Pieter de Hoogh (Rotterdam, 1629—after 1677, Amsterdam?), is the one who most nearly approaches Rembrandt in his correctness and beauty of *chiaroscuro*. Moreover he borrowed from his master, Berghem, a very strong taste for the frank sunlight; he was not a direct pupil of Rembrandt, whom he did not know till 1668; but, as M. Henry Havard remarks, he knew at Delft, Vermeer, who was the friend of Carel Fabritius, and this explains the correlation. To animate the *interiors* or *exteriors* of his middle-class, and nearly always weathly houses, two or three figures, and indeed sometimes but one person, are needed. Without sacrificing their correctness, he always subordinates them to the principal character which really is the *light*, sometimes direct and sometimes reflected from a court-yard in the background

through an open door. He has no great winged dreams; but no artist, Rembrandt excepted, has understood and expressed as he does, the deep and intimate calm of a house into which a ray of Holland's gentle sunlight strays.

Johannes Vermeer (Delft, 1632-1675), commonly called Van der Meer of Delft, benefited as Hobbema did by a recrudescence of glory; he very admirably understood the laws of light, and his picture of *The Letter* in the Dresden Museum, was long thought to be by Pieter de Hoogh.

Notwithstanding the admirable landscapes of the Dutch Primitives, pure landscape had its birth in Flanders. In the paintings by Patinier (who died in 1524), the country is a little too much composed, but the feeling is already very sincere; Pierre Breughel the Elder placed numerous persons in scenery scrupulously copied from Nature.

But the first great landscape-painter, the precursor of Rembrandt in this branch, is Hercules Seghers (Amsterdam 1590—about 1630), pupil of Coninxloo. His rare paintings and his admirable water-colours represent vast plains bordered with rocks.

Pieter Molyn (London, about 1590—Haarlem, 1661), is also a precursor. His landscapes, thought to have been influenced by Van Goyen, are significant when we learn that he was the elder of the two. But this does not lessen the importance of Jan van Goyen (Leyden, 1596-1656). Pupil of Esaias van de Velde, he learned from him the art of placing his personages in very correct attitudes. Having thoroughly developed, he chose one of the most striking aspects of Holland,—the life of the rivers with distant horizons beneath

vast skies. Despite the rapidity with which he painted his very luminous masterpieces, and the price of from ten to twenty florins that he was paid for them, he had no assured living. He became a tulip merchant and then a picture-dealer, but evil overtook him. The works of his last period are, perhaps, his best.

Among other national painters who were inspired by Nature are: Joris van der Hagen (The Hague, about 1615-1669), whose somewhat slight work does not exclude a very lively feeling for Nature; Philipps Koninck (Amsterdam, 1619-1688), who loved, like his master, Rembrandt, immense landscapes streaked with shadows; and also Jan Wynants (Haarlem, 1620-5-after 1671), perhaps overcharged and somewhat lacking in breadth, but so delicate in his treatment of dunes. The latter has the merit of forming Adriaen van de Velde and inspiring the celebrated Philips Wouwerman (Haarlem, 1619-1668), who made his landscapes the scenes of hunting and war. In his turn, Philipps was the master of his two brothers, Pieter and Jan, who followed him in unequal distances.

Aart van der Neer (Amsterdam, 1603-1677), deserves more than a rapid mention. It is not because of his composition, although it is very broad, but he has such a great feeling for effect. His silhouettes, his simple masses and frankly-placed values express the poetic melancholy of moon-lights, snow scenes, sunrises and sunsets.

Son-in-law of a painter on glass, son of Jacob Cuyp, who was a very remarkable portrait-painter, and nephew of Benjamin Cuyp, who was a very clever disciple of Rembrandt,

✓ Aelbert Cuyp (Dordrecht, 1620-1691), formed in a good school, deserves the title of "the king of Dutch landscape-painters;" and he was more than that, for nobody ever painted better than he those half-real portraits of gentlemen on horseback that made his worldly success. He gave distinction to the humblest creatures: *The Combat between a* ✓ *Turkey and a Cock*, attributed to him in the Amsterdam Museum, is of incomparable fidelity, fury of action and harmonious chiaroscuro. His education was accomplished under his father, and his first pictures were of the monochromatic greyish hues of Van Goyen's; but at length he travelled, as certain of his mountainous landscapes prove. He crossed the Rhine. Did he go as far as Italy? Did he know Claude Lorraine? After all this matters not: he is the eloquent ✓ master of the streaming light. Without any other artifice than the frequent use of a shadow in the foreground, he distributes the rays of the sun with their infinite shades as far as indistinct limit of the vague hills, upon which silhouettes of towns mingle in the silvery vapour of the horizon. As for his skies, so gentle, opulent and caressing to the eye, they are the real charm of his landscapes: as soon as we lift our gaze upon them those beautiful light-hued cows that graze and those elegant gentlemen on horseback that interested us so much in the enveloping light fade away, and our glance never leaves those vaporous clouds, once mother-of-pearl, but to-day golden, across which you feel, as Corot said, "birds could fly." It also pleased Cuyp to paint many barks on the Maas, and he became the broadest, richest and most flexible of the Dutch marine-painters.

What shall we do with Jacob van Ruysdael (Haarlem, 1628 or 1629—Amsterdam, 1682)? Why, give him a high place on a neighbouring peak. He is the most Dutch of all landscapists, never having left his native land. Generally speaking, his pictures have greatly darkened in the skies because he painted a sombre background and in his verdure because he loved to use a very dark green. His early works have retained their clearness, because he represented the greyish verdure of the dunes and the woods near Haarlem beneath the bright sunlight only half-veiled by clouds. His deep melancholy came later, after he had established himself, miserable enough, in Amsterdam about 1660. What especially characterises Jacob van Ruysdael is the extreme conscientiousness of his execution, sometimes carried almost to excess; but when he succeeds in enveloping all details in a powerful unity, the impression is received of a deep poetic feeling that seems to issue from Nature herself without the intervention of the artist. Let us add that his skies, covered or scattered with great storm-clouds, are incomparable in their correct modelling, and that his cascades, imitated from Aelaert van Everdingen (1626-1695), greatly surpass their model. As for his marines, we can appreciate them by the fact that for many years his *Storm*, placed in the Louvre by the side of Rembrandt's *Good Samaritan*, is the only picture that can hold its own with that terrible neighbour.

Meyndert Hobbema (Amsterdam, 1637-8-1709, is a Jacob Ruysdael minus the poetry and unity; but in default of these supreme qualities you find in him many picturesque ones,—the transparence of running water, the brilliant red

of tiled roofs, and strange silhouettes. In his best moments, Hobbema really approaches his master, and many of his works have been sold for Ruysdaels.

Three painters have given the most important place to the human or animal figures that ornament their landscapes. Like many other Dutch artists, Carel du Jardin (Amsterdam, 1622—Venice, 1678), greatly profited by his sojourn in Italy. A pupil of Berchem, he greatly surpassed him in sincerity.

Adriaen van de Velde (Amsterdam, 1635 or 1636-1672), was very prolific during his short existence and possessed judgment, skilfulness and incomparable taste. In his pictures, Italian in style, although he never went to Italy, figures and animals are modelled most faithfully in the light.

Son of a glass-painter, who painted many good military scenes, Paul Potter (Enkhuizen, 1625—Amsterdam, 1654), was a pupil of Van de Velde and Moeyaert. During his artistic career—which only lasted ten years, so precocious was he—Potter lived in Haarlem, Delft, The Hague, and, finally, Amsterdam; but notwithstanding these moves, he produced over a hundred works. Perhaps to him the best paintings of his imitators have been attributed, among others, those of Albert Klomp (Amsterdam, 1618-1688), whose first pictures are dated after Potter's death. Ten works a year, without counting drawings and excellent water-colours, are difficult to admit, particularly when they are by an artist of such extraordinary carefulness. He composed little; he merely opened his window on the meadow and observed. As for the *Young Bull* at The Hague, that is a work of which much good and bad may be said. It is true that the composi-



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tion of this picture is naïve, that the figure of the man is weak, which, owing to the splendid accuracy of the bull, seems to be of the hardness of metal, and that the whites in the work are somewhat chalky; but the distant meadow is luminous, the bull is proudly drawn, his hide being naturally rumpled into rude tufts on his neck, dewlap, shoulders and on his impatient and angry head; the ram's horns are a splendid bit of sculpture; but, on the other hand, the old sheep, with her supple udders swollen with milk, seems to have been modelled by a Primitive. The white head of the cow is the gem of the whole work; that young boy of twenty-two brought to it a kind of wild energy and intimate poetry. His cow, like Victor Hugo's "*reve à des profondeurs où l'homme ne va pas.*" No painter ever concentrated so much life and truthful expression in the face of a ruminant. After this, what matter the reproaches of severe and even just criticism upon this extraordinary work?

The early painters of architectural subjects made no distinction of *genre*: they supplied their personages as surroundings or background with a superb church, or admirable landscape. But the law of the division of labour penetrated even into art. The first individual to take for his subject the *Interior of a Church*, with or without figures, was the Dutchman, Jan de Vries (Leeuwarden, 1527-1604). His pupil, Hendrick van Steenwyck, the Elder (Steenwyck, about 1554—Frankfort-on-the-Main, about 1603), formed in his turn his own son, Hendrick van Steenwyck, the Younger (Amsterdam, about 1580—London, about 1649), the master of Pieter Neefs. Bartholomeus van Bassen (Delft, about

1590—The Hague, 1622), painted excellent interiors of aristocratic dwellings with figures by Esaïas van de Velde. His disciple, Gerard Houckgeest, rose so high that some of his church interiors, by the beauty of their *chairoscuro*, rival the masterpieces of Emmanual de Witte (Alkmaar, about 1617-1692). With him there is neither coldness nor dryness, but a breadth of execution that announces and almost equals Pieter de Hoogh. Following them are the painters of towns, the "exteriors" of architecture, such as the two brothers Berckheyde, for example, Job (Haarlem, 1630-1693), and Gerrit or Gerard (Haarlem, 1638-1698), pupils of Frans Hals. After the fire of 1652, the Town Hall of Amsterdam was painted in a state of ruin by a landscapist of real value, Jan Beerstraaten (Amsterdam, 1622-1666). Finally, Jan Van der Heyden (Gorcum, 1637—Amsterdam, 1712), produced portraits of cities that are sort of "instantaneous photographs" of extreme delicacy.

Imitators are not always men of great talent. In the Sixteenth Century, Hendrick Vroom of Haarlem did some conventional marines. Those of Jan Porcellis (Ghent, about 1580—Leyden, 1632), are free, light and varied. Porcellis had an imitator, Pieter Mulier (Haarlem, about 1600-1670), author of charming light-hued sea-pieces, and through his son, Julius, he exercised a certain influence upon Simon de Vlieger (Rotterdam, 1601—Amsterdam, 1659), whose pictures reveal a very fine sense of the balance of line whether his ships are floating idly in a calm day, or whether they are sharply inclined during a tempest on the agitated sea.

Van Goyen and Cuyp are not counted as sea-painters, and

neither is Jan Van de Capella (Amsterdam, before 1620, after 1680), regarded as a specialist. He painted beautiful winter-scenes, but his marines are works of such broad and supple execution that they make the *Calms* and *Tempests* of William van de Velde the Younger (Amsterdam, 1633—Greenwich, 1707), pupil of his father and Simon de Vlieger, seem a little cold. However, William's *Tempests* are extraordinarily correct, and among the representations of *Calms* it is difficult to find a more exquisite harmony of lines, values and colours than the *Coup de Canon* in the Amsterdam Museum.

Let us place in a higher rank Hendrick de Meyer, and beneath him Nooms, called *Zeeman*; Dubbels; Jan Blanckenhoff; and, finally, Ludolf Backhuysen, who leads us to the threshold of the next century.

There are some painters who have cared to give insects and reptiles a little nook in Nature's realm. It would hardly be possible to carry specialisation farther. Otto Marseus (Nymegen, 1619—Amsterdam, 1678), is the Gerard Dou of this genre.

Melichior d'Hondekoeter (Utrecht, 1636—Amsterdam, 1695), son and son-in-law of a painter, will be called one day the "Raphael of Birds." With him a bird is not merely a motive for decoration. A hen surrounded by her chicks interests him as much as a queen in the midst of her family. He designs and models her with love, rendering the structure of her body and the fragile softness of her feathers with equal power. As for the chicks, lying down peacefully or hunting for food, they are perfectly realistic in their awkward

attitudes, sometimes, indeed, seriously comic; and you feel the softness of their downy feathers as if you really touched them. Moreover, Hondekoeter possesses in a very high degree the art of making contrasts, and if he allows a feather to fall carelessly in his composition, it is to produce an "echo" of the dominating tone. To a genre considered rather modest, he has brought the qualities of a great artist, and many famous painters of Ascensions and Nativities are not his equal.

Jan Weenix (Amsterdam, 1640-1719), in some measure approaches him, but he is rather a marvellous decorator, although the extraordinary finish of his execution and the prodigious care with which he reproduces, for example, the coat of a hare, would seem to contradict this assertion. However, such detail does not prevent this artist from still preserving, with a fidelity already vanishing, the true character of his models, which he groups, more often dead than living, at the base of a superb vase in a sumptuous park.

To find still life proper, we must hark back to Frans Hals and his pupil, Pieter Potter. The latter painted many *Vanitas*, pictures intended "to bring a thought" into a work of art, to symbolise the frailty of human things,—a death's head, or a glass upturned upon a parchment surrounded with scythes.

Similarly, but in a less mournful vein, are the *Breakfasts* by Floris van Dyck (Haarlem, about 1585-1652); those by the real father of Berghem, Pieter Claesz, of singular distinction; those by Claes van Heussen, celebrated towards 1628-1631; and especially those by Willem Claesz Heda

(Haarlem, about 1600-1668). With crystal, Venetian glass, pieces of silver and the remains of dessert, this painter created the richest, most harmonious and beautiful compositions.

Jan Davidsz de Heem (Utrecht, 1606—Antwerp, 1683-1684), is the most illustrious of a dynasty of renowned painters. He abandons the monochromatic *Vanitas* for the delicious and deep harmonies that he obtains with flowers and fruits arranged on richly-carpeted tables. His scholars are first his son Cornelis, then the very elegant Pieter de Ringh, and Abraham Mignon. Must we connect with de Heem that admirable Jacob de Claeuw (Dordrecht, 1615 or 1620-1676), who has given to his picture in the Rijks a Rembrandtesque colour and effect? I do not know. Among his imitators are: Abraham van Beyeren (The Hague, 1620-1674), who has treated fish with the most marvellous finish and infinite diversity; William van Aelst (Delft, 1620-1682), who has painted game, flowers and fruits with the masterly touch of an executant familiar with all the difficulties of the art; Willem Kalff (1621 or 1622-1693), so famous for his "kettles," and he does not exceed Juriaen Streeck (Amsterdam, 1632-1678). But we cannot continue this list, for this genre was much cultivated during the Seventeenth Century.

The artist who is generally considered responsible for the decadence is Gérard de Lairesse (Liège, 1641-1711). Very clever, he certainly is, and capable of arranging a composition according to the æsthetic traditions of Italian art, but, incapable of feeling Nature, he treated historical and mythological subjects; if he had chosen anything else, the result

would have been the same. After him comes Adriaen van der Werff (Rotterdam, 1659-1722), a weak imitator of Frans van Mieris the Elder; he left two sons who did not reflect much credit upon him and "continued" his work in deteriorating, as did the sons of Caspar Netscher, as Nicolas Verkolje the work of his father Jan; as Isaac de Moncheron, the landscape painter (and not quite so badly), his father Frederick; and Jan Van Nickelen, his father Isaac, a reputable painter of architectural scenes.

Louis de Moni (Breda, 1698-1771), imitates Gerard Dou. The only interesting artist is the portrait-painter, Cornelis Troost (Amsterdam, 1697-1750), whose compositions in pastel, representing scenes of comedy, have given him the name of "the Dutch Hogarth." When we shall have recalled a few flower-painters, such as Rachel Ruysch (Amsterdam, 1664-1750), a very remarkable pupil of van Aelst; the celebrated Jan Van Huysam (Amsterdam, 1682-1749), a somewhat cold painter, but truly astounding in his realism and very clever in arranging his flowers; and his two best pupils, Jan van Os (1744-1808), and, particularly, Marguerite Haverman (Amsterdam, 1720-about 1795), there are no more names to bring the century to a close, except Dirck Langendyck (1748-1805), who painted, almost in miniature, spirited military scenes, peopled with a crowd of microscopic personages.

The Nineteenth Century opens modestly with the flower-paintings of the Van Os, father and son; the landscapes of A. Waldorp; Hendrik Ten Cate; Koekkoek (1803-1862), for a time extremely celebrated; Verschuur; W. Roelofs

(1822), some of whose excellent nature studies resemble Daubigny; the clever genre pictures of David Bles; Herman Ten Cate; Bakker-Korf; Nakken; Artz (1837-1891), who has qualities like Edouard Frere and Allebé (1838), who has produced a few but very excellent figure and landscape pieces. Among the painters who began to work from 1845 and 1855 we must cite: Jan Weissenbruch (1822-1880), an unequal but sometimes powerful landscape-painter; P. Gabriel (1828), painter of the polders and old mills; Christoffel Bisschop (1828), a portrait-painter and a superb colourist; and Alma Tadema (1836), the Gérôme of the Low Countries and a naturalised Englishman. This being done, we will describe the phalanx of masters who have conferred the greatest honour upon Holland. First comes Johannes Bosboom (1817-1891), a romantic from the beginning, who will survive as a true master. His interiors of churches are superbly correct, picturesque and original, and filled with golden light. Josef Israels (1824), is before all else a poet, but never sentimental. His persons have the simplest expression and attitude. Less preoccupied in rendering them of solid form than Rembrandt or Pieter de Hoogh, he envelops them in greyish harmonies and the trembling mists of the atmosphere he loves.

Hendrik Mesdag (1831), is very well known by his strong and picturesque marines which grow more and more true to nature. His brother, Taco Mesdag, a landscape-painter, is not so celebrated; the wife of the latter has painted some excellent still-life pictures.

The Maris, three brothers, are painters and masters in

their art,—an uncommon occurrence. Jacob Maris (1837), understands form perfectly; but seeking for precision and correctness of values, he has followed his dream in the open air; what strikes him is the richness of tones in light softened by mists,—and thus he attains to poetry. Matthys Maris (1839), also knows nature by heart. There are more bell-fries in his vision than in reality; but, happily, fairy tales are not simpler than his works; and his idealistic manner does not prevent him from getting character into his figures. Willem Maris (1843), the animal-painter, is thus described by Zilcken: "A true colourist, he always paints his effects in contrasted lights. His delicate, light skies and his solid soil are exquisite in colour. No painter equals him in rendering the charm of the Dutch meadows in the dawn, with the willow trees scintillating with dew."

Anton Mauve (1838-1888), is, with Israels, the most robust of this group of painters. With the fewest lines, he gets the sense of form, and models a plot of ground or a herd of animals in masterly style. According to Ph. Zilcken: "Where Millet sees grandeur and action, and a noble and tragic composition, Mauve is moved by the sentiment of intimacy,—by the life of a blade of grass, by the silkiness of the hides of beasts, and the warm breath of the breeze; he paints rustic life."

Fleurette, a picture by Albert Neuhuys (1844), proves that this artist knows how to paint correctness of form and the distribution of light over a body of elegance.

STATISTICS

E. S.

THE Kingdom of the Netherlands, including the province of Limburg, is 12,650 square miles, with a population of more than five millions. The Netherlands consist of eleven provinces, which, with their capitals, are as follows: North Holland (Amsterdam); South Holland (The Hague); Zeeland (Middelburg); Utrecht (Utrecht); Over-Yssel (Zwolle); Limburg (Maëstricht); Guelderland (Arnhem); Groningen (Groningen); North Brabant (S' Hertogenbosch); Drenthe (Assen); and Friesland (Leeuwarden).

The Queen, Wilhelmina Helena Pauline Maria, born August 31, 1880, succeeded to the throne on the death of her father, King William III., in 1890, but was not crowned until September 6, 1898. During the intervening years, her mother, Emma (born 1858), daughter of Prince George Victor of Waldeck, acted as Regent. Queen Wilhelmina was married in 1901 to Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. She is a descendant of the House of Orange, which originated in a German Count Walram in the Eleventh Century. In 1404, through a marriage, the family became possessed of the barony of Breda, and settled in the Netherlands, where, under the name of "stadtholders" or governors, they attained much influence. This office was declared hereditary in 1747 by William IV. His successor, William

V., fled to England upon the invasion of the French in 1795. After the fall of Napoleon, in 1813, the Congress of Vienna decided that the Netherlands should be a kingdom; and the son of the last stadtholder, William V., was proclaimed King under the title of William I. in 1815. The Belgian revolution of 1830 disturbed this arrangement, and the Treaty of London, nine years later, recognised Belgium as an independent kingdom. In 1840, William I. abdicated in favour of his son, William II., whose heir, William III., succeeded him nine years later. The latter reigned till 1890, when, in default of male heirs, his daughter, Wilhelmina, succeeded. The family of Orange possesses a large fortune entirely independent of the throne.

The national colours are red, white and blue, in three horizontal stripes of equal width, and the motto is "*Je maintiendrai.*"

The Constitution of the Netherlands, as formulated in 1815, was revised in 1848 and in 1887. The executive power belongs to the Sovereign, and the legislature is vested in the Sovereign and the States-General. The latter consists of two chambers: the Upper Chamber, composed of fifty members elected by Provincial States; and the Lower, composed of one hundred, who are elected directly. The Sovereign is aided by a Council of Ministers. I., Minister of the Interior and President of the Ministerial Council, Dr. A. Kuijper; II., Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. R. Melvil Baron van Lijnden; III., Minister of Finance, Dr. J. J. T. Harte van Tecklenburg; IV., Minister of Justice, Dr. J. A. Loeff; V., Minister of the Colonies, A. W. F. Idenburg; VI., Minister



THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

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of Marine, A. G. Ellis; VII., Minister of War, J. W. Bergansius; VIII., Minister of Public Works and Commerce, Dr. J. C. de Marez Oijens. The Sovereign also appoints a State Council of fourteen members. Of this the Sovereign is president, and it is consulted on some executive and all legislative matters.

Each province has its own representative body—the Provincial States—the members of which are elected directly, and for six years. The number from each province varies, according to the population. The Provincial States meet twice a year, exercise control over the municipalities and elect the members of the First Chamber of the States-General. A permanent commission of six members, the “Deputed States,” is charged with executive power in the provinces.

In 1902, the population of the whole country amounted to 5,430,981. The total area of the country is 12,582 square miles.

In 1902, the surface of Holland was divided into land under culture, 869,442 hectares (2.47 acres); pasture-land, 1,186,843; gardens and orchards, 63,016; forest, 253,179; uncultivated land (heath), 585,353; water and morass, 124,223; dykes and roads, 51,019; untaxed land, 78,355; building-land, houses, etc., 44,519. In 1903, the cattle numbered about 1,667,000; horses, 296,200; sheep, 654,300; and pigs, 882,500. In crops, rye led, followed by potatoes, oats, wheat, beetroot, beans, peas, winter barley, flax, summer barley, rapeseed, tobacco and madder. In 1903, the produce of the herring-fishery amounted to 8,586,588 gulden, and no less than 5922 vessels were engaged in the fisheries.

About three-fifths of the population belong to the Dutch Reformed Church, including the Royal Family. The Roman Catholics come next, and then the Jews, who live chiefly in large cities. In Amsterdam there are about 70,000.

Education was made obligatory in 1900, but private establishments are encouraged. Public schools are supported by the State. The returns for 1902-1903 showed about 1040 infants (890 private), and 4660 elementary (1500 private) schools, with an attendance of more than 801,000. In addition to this there are four universities, of Leyden, Utrecht, Amsterdam, and Groningen, 29 classical schools, 168 schools for the working-people, 10 navigation schools, 81 middle-class schools, a national Academy of Art, a Royal School of Music, a national normal school for drawing-teachers, several normal schools for the training of teachers, deaf and dumb and blind schools, several military schools, and agricultural and horticultural schools. There is also a private university.

The Army of the Netherlands is recruited partly by enlistment and partly by conscription. The conscripts number annually 17,500 and nominally serve for eight years. There is also a militia chiefly for internal defence. This is called the *Schutterij*, and is divided into two classes: the active militia and the reserve. The militia numbers two per cent. of the population. The regular army in time of war consists of 68,000 men, not including officers; and in peace includes about 28,357 men and about 11,896 officers.

The strength of the Colonial army in 1902 was 1416 officers and 35,220 sub-officers and soldiers, comprising 12,925 Europeans, 29 Africans, 4239 Amboinese and 18,027

natives. The regular army is not permitted to serve in the Colonial service, but individual soldiers are allowed to enlist. A military academy is established near Batavia. The navy in Dutch East India is, unlike the army, partly colonial and partly royal, and, therefore, its expenses are divided between the home government and the colony. In 1902, it consisted of 20 ships, with 3523 men.

The infantry comprises one regiment of guards and nine regiments of the line; the cavalry, one battalion of sappers and miners, three regiments of field artillery, four regiments of fortress artillery, one corps of light-horse artillery, one corps of pontooneers, and one corps of torpedoists.

The Navy is maintained for the protection of the home coasts and the defence of the colonies. It consists of nine battleships and eight cruisers, coast-defence monitors, iron-clad turret ships, cruisers, gunboats and torpedo-boats. The navy is small and many of the boats of an old type, but the efficiency is rated as high. Seamen and marines enter by enlistment, and conscription is permitted. There are three vice-admirals, four rear-admirals, 27 captains, 36 commanders, and about 440 lieutenants, midshipmen, besides surgeons and engineers, and about 8000 seamen. About 50 officers and 2200 non-commissioned officers and privates constitute the marine infantry. In 1902, the number of vessels belonging to the mercantile navy was as follows: 439 sailing-vessels of 58,056 English tons; and 268 steamers of 338,424 English tons. The number of Dutch vessels engaged in the carrying trade between foreign ports was 4011, with a tonnage of 2,620,308.

Few fortresses defend the frontiers, for the most effective manner of defending this country is by opening the dykes and inundating the country between the Zuyder Zee and the Lek River.

The standard coin is the ten-florin piece, containing 6.048 grammes of gold. The standard silver piece is the florin. The chief coins are the gulden, or florin of 100 cents; the rijksdaalder ($2\frac{1}{2}$ gulden); the ten-gulden gold piece; $\frac{1}{2}$ gulden (kwarte); $\frac{1}{10}$ gulden (dubbeltje) and the $\frac{1}{20}$ gulden (stuivertje). In addition to these, there is one cent, $\frac{1}{2}$ cent and the $2\frac{1}{2}$ cent coins.

The Dutch colonial possessions are large, embracing an area of about 783,000 square miles, counting both the East Indies and the West Indies. The total population is reckoned approximately 36,000,000, seven times as large as Holland itself. The Dutch East India Company was created in 1602, and was not dissolved until 1798, when the colonies became subject to government by the mother country. The Dutch East Indies now comprise Java and Madura, Sumatra, Borneo, Riau-Lingga Archipelago, Banca, Billiton, Celebes, Molucca Archipelago, the small Sunda Islands and a part of New Guinea. For purposes of government these colonies are divided into residences, divisions, regencies, districts and desso (villages). Java (including Madura) is divided into seventeen residences, each governed by a Resident with a corps of Assistant Residents and Contrôleurs, who hold intercourse with the native chiefs; but the superior administration is under a Governor-General and a Council of five members. The Governor-General and the Council are appointed by the

Queen. Java and Madura produce enough food for the large population and raise a vast amount of coffee, spices, etc., for exportation. The Reformed Church and the Roman Catholic Church are largely represented, and also many missionaries of various societies.

In 1902, Dutch East India numbered 8 normal schools with 213 pupils and 4 schools for sons of native chiefs, with 195 pupils. In Java and Madura in 1902, there were 265 government schools with 50,734 pupils, and 326 private schools with 35,098 pupils, and in 1901, in the Outposts there were 317 government schools with 47,805 pupils, and 639 private schools with 34,190 pupils.

The Dutch colonies in the Western Hemisphere are included in the Surinam or Dutch Guiana, embracing 46,072 square miles, with 76,798 inhabitants, in South America; and Curaçao, with five small islands, in South America; having an area of 436 square miles, with a population of 51,524. Surinam has a Governor, assisted by a Council, all nominated by the Queen of Holland. In 1902, there were 21 public schools with 2292 pupils; and 33 private schools with 4860 pupils. The religious denominations are: Reformed and Lutherans, 9543; Moravians, 28,025; Roman Catholics, 13,300; Jews, 1158; Mohammedans, 6071; and Hindus, 11,883. The militia (*Schutterij*) comprised 25 officers and 438 men, besides a large civic guard and garrison. The products are sugar, cacao, bananas, coffee, rice, maize, rum and molasses.

Curaçao comprises the island Curaçao, Bonaire, Aruba, St. Martin, St. Eustache and Saba. The Queen nominates

the Governor and his Council. There is also a Colonial Council of 13 members, also nominated by the Sovereign. In 1902, there were 45,260 Roman Catholics; 7117 Protestants; and 863 Jews. In 1902, there were about 36 schools with about 5194 pupils. The militia consisted of 27 officers and 370 men, and a garrison of nine officers and 196 men. A vessel of the Royal Navy is always cruising along the coasts. The chief products are maize, beans, pulse, cattle, and salt.

THE END.

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